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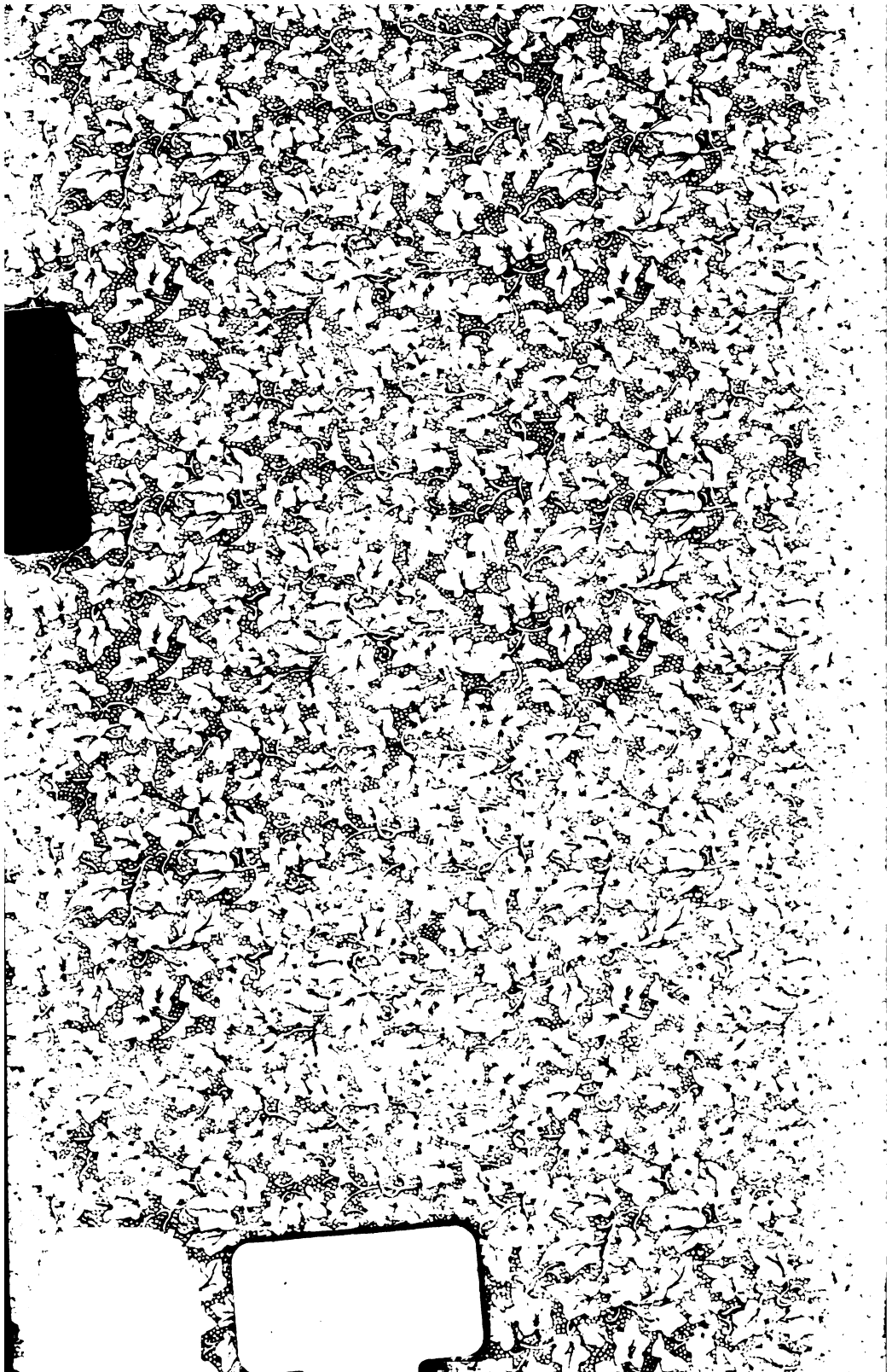


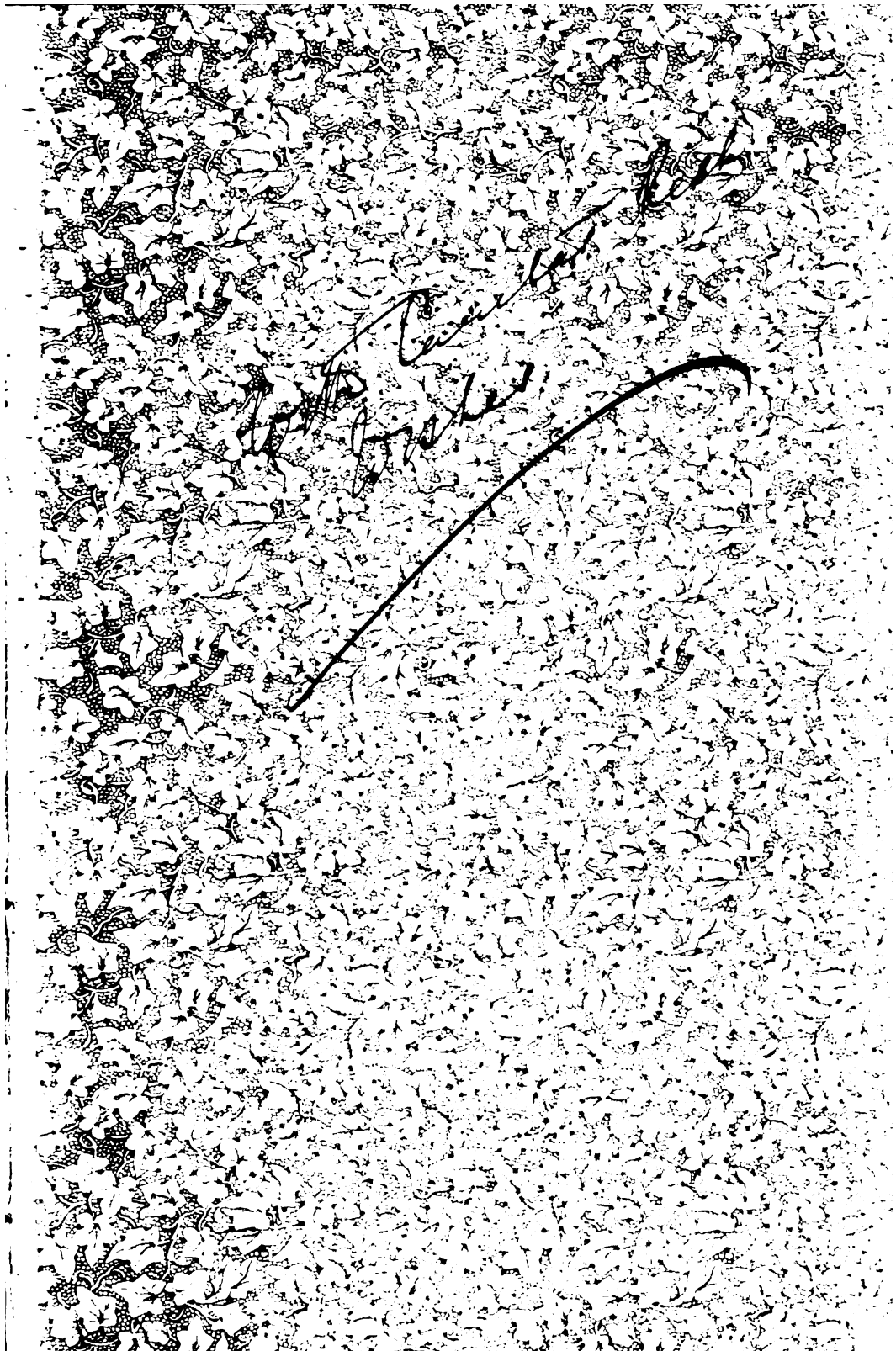
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DAYS IN GALILEE

AND SCENES IN JUDÆA

ALEXANDER A. BODDY





Sylvia Fraser

Field Head

Thorner

N^o 2 Leed.

Yorkshire.

Jan. 1901

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

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DAYS IN GALILEE.

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" BESIDE THE ROCK-HEWN TOMBS."

(From an Oil Painting by Miss Margaret Thomas.)

The Eastern Shepherd brings out strains of melancholy music from his primitive flute. This seems to keep the sheep together, and to be pleasing to them

Days in Galilee

and Scenes in Judæa

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF A
SOLITARY CYCLING JOURNEY IN
SOUTHERN PALESTINE

BY THE REV.

ALEXANDER A. BODDY,

F.R.G.S.,

Member of the Khedivial Geographical Society of Egypt; Member of the Imperial
Geographical Society of Russia; Licentiate in Theology, Durham University;
Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in England;
Vicar of All Saints, Monkwearmouth.

Author of

"To Kairwān the Holy: Scenes in Muhammedan Africa." Etc., etc.



GOING DOWN TO EGYPT.

(From a photo by the Author).

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1900.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



TO MY DEAR WIFE.



CYCLE AND CAMEL AT BEYROUT.

PREFACE.

THE object of the Author's first visit to Syria was to write there a life of our Lord.

"Christ in His Holy Land" was the holy theme he ventured to place constantly before himself during that sojourn in Palestine. Yet, on that, and on a subsequent journey, many other topics pressed themselves upon him, and they found their way into his note-book. He has felt, rightly or wrongly, that some of them were worthy of permanent record. Especially did he feel this to be the case with such subjects as

The Babîs at Acre . p. 17—20.

The Druze's Account of his Faith . p. 25—28.

The Russian Pilgrims and their Consul . p. 269.

The "People on the Wall" at Jerusalem . p. 155.

The Three Mosques of Omar at Jerusalem . p. 240.

The Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway Line . p. 277.

One reader of this work, when in MS., expressed the opinion that

"Cycling in Syria" . p. 289.

was the most novel and interesting portion of the book.

Preface.

The human element, perhaps, predominates somewhat there. The Writer finds it very difficult to keep the natural man in his place for long, even when in that Holy Land. He trusts, however, that there will be found a reverent handling of reverend subjects.

While conscious of defects in style and expression, he hopes that it will be found that there is room even for this non-specialist contribution to Holy Land literature. Previous travelling experiences have, perhaps, enabled the writer to see things with an appreciating eye.

.

The Writer thanks the Rev. G. H. Ashworth, M.A., a former colleague, for many suggestions, and for his careful reading of the proofs. To the Rev. W. M. Teape, M.A., Vicar of South Hylton, his warm thanks are also due. His technical knowledge of matters relating to the Holy Land has often been called into requisition.

To Dr. Conrad Schick of Jerusalem, Dr. Schumacher of Haifa, Rev. J. Hastings Kelk, M.A., and other residents in Palestine whose names appear in this work, are due the Author's grateful thanks for their assistance, and he begs now to tender them.

The Writer's grateful acknowledgments are here offered, also, to Miss Margaret Thomas, the gifted Artist-Author, whose "Two Years in Jerusalem" has been so cordially received by the reading public. The frontispiece of this present work appears by her kind permission.* The American Colony kindly place their interesting photographs of the Holy Land at the Writer's disposal, and he has supplemented them with some of his own. (The copyright of all these pictures remains in the possession of their original owners.)

The last portion of this work ("Cycling in Syria," p. 289) will be found to be more fully illustrated than the earlier parts, owing to the Writer carrying a hand-camera with him on that journey.

* * * * *

THE JAMAL AND THE BABOOR
(A Semi-Oriental Apologue).

One day a certain Jamal,† journeying slowly through the Judæan mountains, came upon a Baboor‡ drinking by the wayside and resting from his labours.

The Jamal, with many groans, after the manner of his kind, settled him down to rest awhile and thus he addressed the Baboor :

*The Tamarik Bedawy, an illustration from her brush for the cover of this book (to which reference is made on p. 160) has been omitted.

† Jamal—Camel. ‡ Baboor—Railway Engine.

Jamal: "O thou offspring of an unbelieving race, wherefore dost thou profane this Sacred Land with thy accursed presence, sending out strange cries in our valleys, and causing the beasts of burden to tremble and swerve from the right path?"

Baboor: "Have patience with me, O noble bearer of heavy loads. Thou wast born in the East and I in the West, but verily the land can be thankful for us both."

Jamal: "But dost thou not know, O Baboor, that to the Nasranîn,* and to the Muslemîn,† and to the Jehudîn,‡ the land is exceedingly sacred, and much to be revered, and that this very *wâdy* ascends to El Kûds esh Sherîf?"

Baboor: "That is true, O son of a patient sire, but remember that I bear many pilgrims of every nation up these mountains, that they may with more ease visit their Holy and Sacred places.

"My western people reverence thy land in their way, as yours do in theirs, and their hearts are often good. My presence brings no profanation. Only the bad heart and the wicked life can profane."

Thereupon the Baboor gave a warning cry, and setting himself to his work he strained, and with

* Nasranîn—Christians. † Muslemîn—Mahometans. ‡ Jehudîn—Jews.

mighty effort he dragged onwards again his great load along the Sikker Hadîd* towards the Holy City.

“Alas,” said the Jamal, as he continued on his way, “how the times change! and yet verily that which Brother Baboor says is not untrue.”

MORAL.—The railway and even the bicycle do not make the Holy Land less holy, nor are they vehicles of irreverence to reverent travellers.

The West may be just tolerated in the East, but the East will ever remain the same.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE,
MONKWEARMOUTH.

(The Writer would call the attention of his Readers to the carefully-compiled Index at the end of the book.)

* Sikker Hadîd—The Iron Road (Railway).

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PART I.

DAYS IN GALILEE.

CHAPTER I.

APPROACHING THE HOLY LAND.

" . . . Those Holy Fields,
O'er whose acres walked those Blessed Feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter Cross."

Henry IV.

A PICTURESQUE place is Port Said, in spite of what is so often written to the contrary. Full of life, and colour, and excitement. Arab swimmers cutting their way through the waters of the canal, gambolling like porpoises round the steamers, and diving swiftly after coins; great lighters full of groaning (singing) Egyptians making their way to some new arrival to deliver coal; a great troopship slowly coming to anchor, and troops eagerly looking out from under the awnings. Constant change, constant excitement. Port Said is in quick touch with the world of trade and the world of active political life.

* * * * *

The evening for my departure to Galilee came, and I stepped into a little boat pulled by gay Arabs, and climbed

up the sides of the S.S. *Hapsburg*. We soon steamed between the piers and out into the Mediterranean. A glorifying sunset turned the sea into an orange-coloured expanse. "To-morrow," I thought, "I shall see the Holy Land." So I turned in and slept for some hours. But the excitement was too much for prolonged sleep, and I came on deck in the star-lit hours of early morn.

I had visited many lands, but nothing in all my wanderings was quite like this first visit to Palestine.

I was actually, on the morrow, to see the land that witnessed the Incarnation of God.

I had come to write of that "Wonderful Life," and to linger on hill and lake hallowed by the presence of Jesus of Nazareth. While this motive and work transcended all others, I could not shut my eyes to scenes which would bring back Old Testament incidents also, or events in the days of the Apostles.

Nay, even the subsequent history of Palestine cannot be put altogether on one side. Its story before and after the time of Christ has been most remarkable. Such a history might contain at least sixteen volumes:—

1. Hittite, &c.
2. Patriarchal.
3. Tribal.
4. Monarchal.
5. The Two Kingdoms.
6. The Days of Captivity.
7. Return.

8. Under Persia.
9. Under Greco-Egyptians.
10. The Maccabees.
11. Herod the Great.
12. Roman Rule.
13. Christian Rule.
14. Moslem.
15. The Crusaders' Kingdom.
16. Arab and Turkish Rule.

In the starlight I walked the deck of the *Hapsburg* as she sped over the waves, and as the dawn began to show I knelt in prayer. Rising upon my feet, and walking the deck alone, I meditated, as many another pilgrim has done on approaching the Holy Land of Christ.

But look! What is that yellow line of sand-hills over yonder, with palm trees here and there?

It is the *Terra Sancta*! The Holy Land! There it grows more distinct as the starlight wanes before the crimson sunshine.

On the forecastle of the *Hapsburg* stands a turbaned Moslem with arms and hands uplifted in prayer, and then he kneels and murmurs, "My God, my God"—"*Allah, Allah.*"

* * * * *

The white houses of Jaffa rise in steps and terraces before us, dominated by a Latin Church high above. Memories of Jonah, and of S. Peter, and of Richard the Lion-hearted rise up in one's mind. It was through the

surf here that our King Richard leapt ashore to do such marvellous deeds of valour.

“Richard that robbed the Lion of his heart,
And fought the Holy Wars in Palestine.”—*King John*.

To the south the yellow coast of Southern Palestine, towards Gaza, stretches sandy and desert-like. To the north the German Temple Colony and green orange groves. Further north the houses become more scattered, and the sandy shore stretches towards Cæsarea. (There is a rough carriage road up the coast to Mount Carmel.)

Our bows are still cleaving the crystal green-blue waves, and nearer and nearer we approach to the Holy Land of Jesus Christ. The engine bells ring, the propeller stops, and we soon ride at anchor a short distance from the jagged reef of chocolate-coloured rocks lying in the sea.

“That is a bad sign,” said a Missionary. “Do you see that the boats are not coming out for us?” It seemed as if we should be taken on to Beyrout and put into quarantine there, for we knew that cholera had broken out in Egypt before we left Port Said. A solitary boat was seen moving through a gap in the reef. Over the waves, on it came. The Arab boatmen rose up together, and putting their feet on the seat in front, gave a great tug at their big oars, their leader crying out “*Ya Allah*.” Up one wave they ride, then they plunge down the next. The boat comes alongside. A ship’s officer descends the ladder and displays the bill of health. The Turkish doctor does not even touch it, but after a moment’s consultation the word passes up to

haul down the yellow flag. Then some of the passengers rejoice, and can hardly refrain from cheering. Mr. Sykes, the C.M.S. Missionary, cried out, "I'm sure that that is an answer to prayer!" Some sixteen boats shot out now from behind the reef, the Arab boatmen yelling as if the fate of empires depended upon their lung power.



FROM A PHOTO BY

JAFFA ON A FINE DAY.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

Taken from a steamer lying in the roads. A boat is coming out for passengers.

I did not fall on my knees and kiss the white dust of the Holy Land as I found myself on shore, though almost inclined to do so; all was rush and excitement, and we went straight into the *Gumruk* (Turkish Custom House).

I was soon treading the narrow by-ways of Jaffa, among

camels, and hammals, and piles of luggage, and piles of fruit, all in delightful picturesque Oriental confusion.

Arabs were selling bunches of sugar cane. Strings of heavy-laden camels, from the far interior, were being led into the town, a little donkey in front, with its owner holding the rope of the first camel, the others tied one behind the other, some with a sweet-sounding bell hung at the neck.

"Your trains run at fifty miles an hour," said a native to me, "but ours go at three miles an hour." He was referring to the trains of camels coming across from Hauran.

I had a useful conversation with one of our C.M.S. Missionaries in his breezy room on the hill top. Mr. Wolters spoke of some of the difficulties in evangelistic work among Eastern people. Their emotional nature would lead some converts to offer up most spiritual prayers at a meeting, and again would allow them to fall into deep sin, perhaps not long after.

He had fears, and grave fears, as to lady workers dealing with Orientals of the male sex, for the men of the East are taught from their earliest days not to look into an unveiled woman's face. He felt that the women's work was among the women and the children.

I passed "the House of Simon the Tanner" (so called). Probably it is very near the original house, as it is thought a tanner's yard would not be moved when once established. It was interesting to look out from the hill top, over the

azure sea and round on the views of coast and country and innumerable white roofs. Such a scene would S. Peter also have on that memorable day when he was commanded henceforth to extend Christianity beyond the narrow circle of Judaism. The unknown west lay beyond those blue waves.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

DRAW-WELL, AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.

The young Syrian is turning a small windlass, and hauling up a pitcher. The large tank is for tanning purposes.

Ere the *Hapsburg* sailed for Haifa, I was leaning over her bulwarks with a lady missionary and talking of the great difficulties of her work among the Moslems. "Do you see that little black boy in the bottom of yonder boat?" Rocking on the waves beneath us was a large boat waiting to take some visitors ashore. It had a crew of dark-

skinned Arabs in bright garb, and one picturesque negro in brilliant colours, whose little boy was stowed in the bottom of the boat, very busy at some little task.

“He is one of the most regular of the boys at our school, and especially at the Bible Class. His father forbids him to come, and beats him often, but little Abdullah will not give in however much he is persecuted. He is such a bright lad.” Abdullah did not know what a good character was being given him!

We passed up the coast as the afternoon sun was beating on the sand-hills and lighting up brightly the mountains of Samaria; Ebal and Gerizim in the distance. As I was writing on deck, under the awning, I heard a passenger say, “I have been underground for seven weeks and have scarcely put my head up in daylight. Now I’m going to Beyrout for a few days.” I was not wrong in my conjecture that it was Dr. Bliss, Jun., whose work at that time lay beneath the remains of the great south wall of Jerusalem which formerly encircled Mount Zion. The Palestine Exploration Fund deserves support for every reason; from those at home because of the valuable information given to the world through its quarterly statements, and from those who travel in Palestine because of its magnificent travelling maps in sections, linen-faced, and bound so as to go in one’s pocket or one’s saddle bags.

We passed Cæsarea and Athlit. Two long years were spent at the former by S. Paul, and I believe that the

Gospel according to S. Luke was written by his beloved physician whilst there, and a great part of the Acts of the Apostles also. During the two years that S. Paul was imprisoned in the Roman buildings on yonder shore Lucanus would probably collect the materials for his Gospel from the lips of those who had seen Jesus of Nazareth Himself, thirty years or so before.

It is said that the last of the Crusaders' defeated forces, leaving the Holy Land for ever, sailed from yonder Athlit. For one hundred years the Holy Land had been a Christian country, divided into parishes, and governed by the Prince of Galilee, and the Dukes of Hebron and of Kerak, all guided by the King of Jerusalem. But they had sinned grievously, and God allowed them to be driven back to Acre, and finally out of the land altogether.

Night came on swiftly as we approached and circled round Mount Carmel, and it was very dark when we anchored in the Bay of Acre. Great waves rolled past us hurrying to the shore. The boats which surrounded us rose and fell and dashed against one another. With bag and baggage I was soon safely established in one of these boats, and looked up at the high sides of the *Hapsburg* as, with the help of the electric light, we took off an Arab family. Veiled women and children were bundled down and soon became very sick with the prodigious motion. At last we extricated our boat from the others and pulled over the black water, making for the distant lamps on shore. Somehow we landed safely

Days in Galilee.

in a dense crowd of Arabs. My passport was satisfactory, my baggage above suspicion, and soon I was in a vehicle passing over the awful upheavals of pavement in Haifa, and then out towards Carmel to the Temple Colony.

In my room at the Carmel Hostelry I received visitors. The Vice-Consul, Dr. Schmit, sent word that he was coming to see me, and soon he arrived. I had corresponded with him from England, and had received a most useful letter at Alexandria, to which I had replied by telegram. To him I was indebted for arrangements for my journey, and for the speedy landing and safe transit through the Custom House. Dr. Schmit, though a German, is our Vice-Consul, and I cannot speak too highly of his endeavours on behalf of an English visitor. (Dr. Schmit was with the first wife of Laurence Oliphant when she died at Dalieh.) In this and subsequent interviews we had interesting conversations on the political aspect of affairs.

Dr. Schmit interested me much by his reminiscences. He told me that a few years back he had found that the Moslem population was being armed, and that their Christian fellow-countrymen were in peril. He had used his influence more than once to prevent matters taking a very serious turn. A massacre of Christians at Nazareth was only averted by the prompt and secret arrest of some of the ringleaders of the anti-Christian movement.

Another rap at the door and a very wet Englishman

presented himself. He had just had an involuntary header into the Bay of Acre. He had been in a great hurry to go off to the *Hapsburg* to bring ashore the lady missionary I had spoken with, and in the dark he had not seen a gap in the quay and had come a "cropper," and had floundered among the fishes. Like an Englishman he bore it calmly, and after being rescued, he went on in a boat to the steamer just as he was. His boat had passed mine in the dark. Dr. Cropper said, "I am going round the Bay to-morrow to Akka. Will you come with me? There is an Arab conveyance, and the fare is a quarter *medjidie*. I am rather wet, so you will excuse me from sitting down to-night." We settled to meet next morning. I slept that night under the shadow of Mount Carmel, only just within the modern Jewish limits of the Holy Land. Haifa is in it, but Akka, i.e. Acre, across the Bay is in the countries of the Gentiles.

Haifa will, I am sure, ere long, become a serious rival to Jaffa. It has a bay which is somewhat protected, whereas Jaffa has only an open roadstead outside a cruel reef of dangerous rocks. A landing can often be effected at Haifa when it is hopeless at Jaffa.

Ere long the railway to Damascus through the Haurân (via the south end of the Sea of Galilee) will be completed. A volume of trade in cereals will pour down to this port, and the harbour will probably be made still safer then.

CHAPTER II.

BEYOND MOUNT CARMEL.

“Not with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead.
Our path is onward till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.
And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy hand;
Thou, Thou art there.”—*The Changed Cross.*

THE first morning which awakens one in the *Terra Sancta* brings a sensation all its own, and which can scarcely be repeated. Haifa is, as I have said, in the Holy Land, but, Akka across the bay is by the Jews of Palestine deemed to be in the coasts of the Gentiles, and no Jew will die there if he can help it.*

In the dawning I lean out of an open window, from which I look northwards over the great bay, and eastwards towards Galilee's hills. The morning light is richly glowing towards the sunrise, and is swiftly increasing in brilliancy, and the sea splashes on the stones a few yards away.

Amid the foliage in a garden below, the birds are twittering happily. Long strings of camels go by softly, their sweet bells announcing their approach; then a herd of

* Mr. Kelk, formerly chaplain at Haifa, says, "A great number of Jews live in Akka."

Beyond Mount Carmel.

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black cattle, then a swift-footed donkey, with its eastern rider sitting well aft. Then a youth in a blue robe and red fez, carrying a very long rod, goes past. He is going to join a group of Arabs about to knock the ripe olives down from yonder olive trees. Across the bay glitters that town of many sieges, S. Jean d'Acre, the modern Akka.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

HAIFA AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT CARMEL.

On the sands of the bay the making of glass was first discovered. Here is the terminus of the new railway from Damascus by the Sea of Galilee.

* * * * *

When I turn my gaze towards the hills of Galilee, and realize that those undulating limestone ranges look down on Nazareth, and Cana and the Holy Lake, a strange sensation comes over me.

For the first time in my life I am face to face with scenes which were, I am sure, honoured by the presence of my Incarnate Saviour. Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, as a boy looked out from those Nazarene Hills towards this Great Sea. As a youthful carpenter He probably came down to this coast in the course of His work. He may have helped to build houses or to repair them even in this vicinity.

Such thoughts as these pass through my mind as daylight comes and lights up these scenes on my first morning in the Holy Land of Christ.

Now the crimson sun peeps over the hills of Galilee, and then boldly rises, blazing and touching all things into colour, and reddening the rocks and stones which protrude from the great flanks of Mount Carmel behind me.

Yusuf Haddad, a young Syrian, comes to conduct me through Haifa to the terminus of the Arab conveyance for Akka. We do some shopping in the fifth-rate Bazaar of Haifa, and after searching for an absent Turkish Postmaster, I run him to earth and buy a packet of Turkish postcards for foreign service. He had never sold so many at once. I cleared out the local stock of His Imperial Highness the Sultan of Turkey.

Beyond the walls a vehicle is found with an awning over its Arab passengers. We climb into our places, and soon roll out on to the sands of the great bay. We cannot realize that we have twelve miles to go, because yonder is Akka, its minarets and white houses clear and distinct, as if less than two miles distant.

Hosts of crabs, like huge spiders, fly across the sands and dive into their holes. Lilies glitter white on the sand dunes. A tiny donkey, piled high with a stack of oak foliage for winter fuel, is driven past, and we can scarcely see anything of the donkey save four little feet. We cross the dry bed of the River of Kishon, and before fording the River Belus the horses have a rest. The sea is so clear that we can see the fish in the shallows, and an Arab fisherman, with his dress girt about him, throws a net skilfully over them. Near this spot, at the mouth of the Belus river, tradition says that glass was discovered as some Bedawîn lit a fire on the sand. The constituent elements were brought together in the flames, and there came out glass.

Our Moslem driver, as he drove his horses along the sands close to the water's edge, sat with his feet tucked up under him on the seat.

A ROBBER STORY.

In response to Yusuf's invitation, the *Arabâggi* told us the story of the Muhammed el Gherra, a notorious Arab who used to frequent these sands and relieve the travellers of their *piastres* and *medjidies*. The Turkish soldiers went after him and found him on the banks of the swollen Kishon. There was no escape but through the river. He had a shirt of mail on. He knew that with it he would sink, so he doffed it with his other clothes, and swimming over, escaped. By-and-by he met a Jew, and knocking him down took his garments, and

said, "Go to the chief of police at Haifa and ask him for my clothes, which his soldiers have got. They will just fit you."

Muhammed, wearied of a hunted life, at last gave himself up to the *Kaimakam*. The latter was so overwhelmed by this chivalrous act that he gave him his liberty upon his undertaking to be good and to cease from killing people. Our turbaned driver, with much gesticulation, gave us the story in Galilean Arabic.

We ford the Belus River. The water is nearly up to the floor of our Arab vehicle. It is a pretty sight to see the camels and horsemen and laden donkeys pass through the water. An overladen pack-horse, journeying towards Haifa, stumbles as we are meeting it and goes down beyond recall—grapes and green figs and other fruits rolling into the sea. Its master and a friendly Arab have great difficulty in getting it up, and have first to unloose the packs.

Outside Akka we find hundreds of camels crouching under the palms. They had come from the Haurân by the south end of the Sea of Galilee, crossing the Jordan fords, and then passing along the plain of El Buttauf and down to the Bay of Akka. They journey all night long, and seem very weary.

"There should be a thousand camels every day at Akka if the grain trade were as it ought to be," said a Jerusalem merchant who was with us. Lying off Akka was a steamer of the Prince Line taking aboard a cargo

of grain in lighters. In the grain market were hillocks of loose corn piled up on the stones.

Akka is a place of banishment for Pashas in disgrace. It is a walled town with only one gateway, through which everyone of course must pass. Akka, like Nablûs and Jerusalem, is a seat of local government, having a *Mutesarif*, who is over the *Kaimakams*. It is a stronghold of fanatical Mohammedanism. There is also to be found here the leader of that strange Persian sect, the Babîs.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF ACRE.

The dome of Jezzar Pasha's Mosque is seen on the right. Acre is at the opposite horn of the Bay from Haifa, and is distant about twelve miles.

THE BAB OR GATE.

The "Bab" (Gate) was the title assumed by Mirza Ali Muhammed, who appeared in Persia in 1844. He claimed to be a successor of the Prophet Mohammed and the forerunner of a greater than he—in fact of an Incarnation of the Deity. The Shah's Prime Minister (the Amir Nizam), whose name was Mirza Taki Khan, acting without the Shah's authority, had the Bab shot by a troop of Christian soldiers from Urumiyeh. The Bab, before death, said that a greater than he should

arise whom they must follow, and eventually many of his disciples chose Mirza Huseyn Ali of Nur, who assumed the title of Beha-Ullah, or the "Splendour of God." Being banished from Persia, Beha was at last commanded to settle at Akka in Syria, and here he remained until May 16th, 1892, when he died. He has been succeeded by his son who is known as Ghusn-i-Azam (the Most Mighty Branch).

Akka is the holy place of the Babís. Hither Persians make pilgrimage to lay their wealth and talents at the feet of their exiled leaders. In the narrow streets of Acre one meets these refined looking Persians, in their white robes and tall white fezzes, with a dreamy, far-away look on their faces.

"That is the house of the leader of the Babís," said a friend to me as we passed by a large gateway. "He is more generally found in his country house (*Behje*—joy) about two miles from the gate. We sometimes see him, but not often."

Beha-Ullah was brought into the Court at Haifa one day to give evidence concerning the assassination of a follower of his rival at Famagusta. (Laurence Oliphant records the scene.)

"Will you tell the Court who and what you are?"

"I will begin," he said, "by telling you who I am not. I am not a Camel-driver (this was a reference to Mohammed), nor yet am I a Carpenter (this was a reference to Nazareth, only a few miles distant). If you

will now let me retire I will tell you to-morrow* who I am." Upon this promise he was let go, but that morrow never came. With an enormous bribe he had in the interval purchased an exemption from all further attendance at Court.

One Persian-speaking Englishman has had an interview with "The Splendour of God." He found him difficult of access. He was kept waiting at Beyrout until a gracious permission was telegraphed, "Let the traveller approach;" and after staying a night in Akka was led to the *Behje* (joy), as the white mansion in the grove is called. During a five days' sojourn in this

HOLY PLACE OF BABISM

he had several interviews with "Splendour of God" himself, a wondrous and venerable figure, crowned with a felt head-dress of the kind called "*taj*" by Dervishes (but of unusual height and make), round the base of which was wound a small white turban. "The face of him on whom I gazed,"† he writes, "I can never forget, though I cannot describe it. Those piercing eyes seemed to read one's very soul; power and authority sat on that ample brow; while the deep lines on the forehead and face implied an age which the jet black hair and beard flowing down in indistinguishable luxuriance almost to the waist seemed to belie. No need to ask in whose presence I stood, as I bowed myself before one who is the object of

* *Bukkra*, the Arabic for "to-morrow," often means "some day," or even "never."

† "A Traveller's Narrative, written to illustrate the Episode of the Bab,"
by E. G. Browne, M.A., M.B.

a devotion and a love which kings might envy and emperors sigh for in vain. A mild dignified voice bade me be seated, and then continued, "Praise be to God that thou hast attained Thou has come to see a prisoner and an exile We desire but the good of the world, and the happiness of the nations; yet they deem us a stirrer-up of strife and sedition worthy of bondage and banishment That all nations should become

ONE IN FAITH

and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of races be annulled—what harm is there in this? Yet so it shall be: these fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars shall pass away, and the 'most great peace' shall come Do not you in Europe need this also? Is not this that which your Christ foretold? Yet do we see your kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would conduce to the happiness of mankind These strifes and this bloodshed and discord must cease, and all men be as one kindred and one family Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind.'"

* * * * *

We wandered through crooked little streets and on to the dilapidated fortifications, where old cannon lay, and Turkish soldiers sat mournfully gazing out to sea.

One looked out towards the white Ladder of Tyre, and tried to picture the scene when S. Paul and S. Luke, and other friends from Asia Minor landed here (Ptolemais) more than eighteen centuries ago.

What scenes of butchery and carnage have been witnessed in the sieges of this Jean d'Acre.

Lieut.-Col. Conder writes in his "Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem":—

"S. Jean d'Acre, as it was called, from the Knights Hospitallers' Church, was at the time of its capture a rich and considerable city. In it were still to be seen the palaces of the Kings of Jerusalem and of the Princes of Galilee and Antioch, with houses of the Lieutenants of the Kings of France and Cyprus, and of the great Barons of Cæsarea, Tripoli, and Jaffa, of the Seigneurs of Beirût, Tyre, Sidon, and Tiberias. Even its churches were fortified. The men of Naples and Cyprus, of France and England, the Italian traders, and even the Tartars, had their streets and quarters in the city. The Guelph and Ghibeline factions quarrelled often within its walls, and bloody fights took place at times between Venetians and Genoese. It was the home of the Legate, and the last abode of the three great military orders."

The terrible siege by Saladin ended in the destruction of the Crusaders. Their fair ladies, with their crowns of gold, were led away captive and sold into the misery of a life in some Mohammedan harim. Akka has run with blood again and again, down to the days of Jezzar Pasha, the "Butcher," as he was deservedly named.

Days in Galilee.

Dr. Cropper was seeking to commence medical work in Akka, and in the empty house which he was to occupy we dined off Jaffa oranges, sweet lemons, a large melon, and some cheese, with Arab bread. I examined the Boys' Schools here, which are in connection with the C.M.S., and received intelligent answers. Their master is Nahum Corban. The Misses Wardlaw Ramsay were doing a good quiet work here under the same Society. English texts were in great demand, and when it was seen that I had given some to English speaking youths connected with the mission I was beset in the Bazaar by a clamouring crowd of turbaned dark-skinned men and boys, with out-stretched eager hands, so that soon my last *sura* was gone.

"Oh, sir," said Yusuf Haddad, "do not do that any more. A Moslem boy took one of your cards to the *Zaptieh* (police), and even now they are inquiring where they can find you."

This was said, however, as we were almost at the city gate, and very soon we were leaving Akka behind us, but half expecting to see mounted Bashi Bazouks galloping to arrest me.

The sun went down into the Mediterranean as, after a long twelve miles over the sand, we entered Haifa once more. Mr. Bergheim and Dr. Cropper went up Mount Carmel to the new Sanatorium on the heights of the "Breezy Land." I returned to the little German Hostelry, and at the evening meal had an interesting talk with a retired English Colonel, who said he should be thankful to

see Russia in possession of Palestine, and the Turkish rulers dispossessed. We talked also of Laurence Oliphant, who lived here for some years. Mr. Oliphant lived on Mount Carmel, near the Druze village of Dalieh. He loved strange religions, and passed through various spiritual phases, but his book, "Haifa," is charming, decidedly one of the very best on modern Palestine; though to me it is strange that he seems in that book almost to ignore the chief figure of this land—our Lord Himself—the Divine Man of Nazareth.

At Haifa has been consecrated now by our Anglican Bishop, an "early English" church, which is dedicated in the name of S. Luke. The church is close to the hospital and schools of the Anglican Mission. An article in "Bible Lands" (Bishop Blyth's Magazine), for January, 1900, says that there is no building like this church in Northern Palestine.

CHAPTER III.

A GALILEAN JOURNEY.

"The kings came and fought;
Then fought the kings of Canaan,
In Taanach by the waters of Megiddo :
They took no gain of money.
They fought from heaven.
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.
The river Kishon swept them away,
That ancient river, the river Kishon.
O my soul, march on with strength
Then did the horsehoofs stamp
By reason of the pransings, the pransings of
their strong ones.—*Judges v. 19—22. R.V.*

SAMUEL HERMANN, one of the "Temple" colonists of Haifa, I engaged for five English sovereigns to take me to Tiberias and back, with a stay at Nazareth, and to make himself useful to me all the time. He was well worth the money. We left the German hotel in the colony about six in the morning. I stopped for a moment at the prison doors, which stood open, and looked in on the very respectable Arab prisoners who gazed through the iron bars at us, as they politely returned my *salaam*. Then we drove quickly out of the town and along the road which lies on the northern flank of Carmel.

We passed many Arabs coming in to the Haifa market. Blue-robed Fellahas (peasant women), carrying pans of milk

on their heads, sullen camels carrying grain. The olive harvest was going forward. The Arabs were knocking the ripe olives down with long poles, or climbing up and shaking the boughs, and then loading the poor women mercilessly with them. The women carry the heavy loads on their heads, they are beasts of burden in this land, slaves rather than wives.

On Mount Carmel's heights are some villages of the Druzes. Other Druze villages are found among the hills of Galilee, but the great body of these strange people live in the fastnesses of the Jebel Druze, to the east of the Haurân.

"Samuel, what is the Druze religion?" I asked.

"Ah sir, nobody knows. They worship a little image of a bull, but they will not let anyone see them. If a man saw them they would follow him for days and months, until one day a chance came and they would just kill him."

The Druze religion is certainly a mystery, but Lieut.-Colonel Conder is probably right in saying it is a sort of pantheistic religion. The Druzes are looking for a re-incarnation. They are said to follow the teaching of El Hâkim, the fanatical ruler of Egypt, whom they believe will re-appear one day. They are also said to believe in an incarnation of the Evil One, who inhabited one of their former teachers, El Duruzi (from which comes the name Druze). In their *Khalwehs*, or open sanctuaries, they meet on Thursdays and repeat chapter after chapter of their sacred books. They are noble men and splendid women, and they possess a great contempt for all other creeds and

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faiths. They call themselves not Druzes, but *Mo-had-in* (Believers).

"Mr. Oliphant, he lived at Dalieh with these Druzes, but they treat him very bad. They got his land away from him a little bit at a time," said Samuel, "until they got it all."*

MORE ABOUT THE DRUZES.

A very unexpected opportunity threw me, after some time, into the company of a Druze who was willing (under the cover of secrecy as to his name) to converse freely about his strange religion.

He said, "We are taught that our religion is the very oldest of all—that it has existed from the beginning of the world.

"God has been incarnate in some measure, we are taught, in the persons of Abraham, Moses, and the Messiah, but they were but prophets. The true Incarnation was, we are taught, in the person of El Hâkim, Sultan of Egypt, who alone was fully possessed of God. We believe in Christ, but he is different from the Christ of the Christian, for we do not believe he was ever crucified, or in fact lived in the Holy Land at all.

"At the end of all things five prophets will come out from China, leading armies. Each troop, headed by a prophet, will have a special flag, red, white, blue, black, and yellow. These troops will utterly destroy all unbelievers and sinners.

*Mr. Kelk, the former chaplain at Haifa, says "Samuel was not right. The land and house at Dalieh still belong to Mrs. Templeton (Mr. Oliphant's second wife)."

“On Thursday evenings, about 7.30, we gather in our *Khalwehs*, under a Sheykh, and the worship lasts for about two hours.

“These *Khalwehs* are just ordinary rooms used specially for worship, but at other times also used for ordinary purposes.

“There are three classes. The fully initiated remain to the end of the gathering, but the other two classes depart soon. First the lamp is brought, and the Sheykh reads an exhortation to repentance, and a call to the ignorant to come to God. Then the smokers, the swearers, drinkers, etc., have to leave.

“Our Sheykh then reads from another book to those who have been grievous sinners, but have repented. They have been murderers, adulterers, etc., and they may never hope to attain to the first class.

“So the second class departs, leaving only the initiated, and our real worship begins, which consists chiefly in the reading of the six books.

“In 1860, some French gentlemen got copies of our books, so there can be no harm in telling you about them.

“They are written in Arabic by four disciples of El Hâkim. They are (1) *Beha-ed-Din*—the Light of Religion; (2) *El Attal*—the Sense or Understanding; (3) *Mouler-el-Naphis*—the Spirit; (4) *Mohammed et Kellima*—the Word; (5) *El Mukdad* or *El Hamza*—the Divider.

“There is also another book called *Kitterb ed Siker*, or ‘Stories of the Prophets,’ this contains, first, Exhortation

to Righteousness, and then stories of the Five Prophets and of El Hâkim.

"The initiated endeavour to lead a very blameless life, and to bring up their children to follow in their steps. They teach their children early to read. I was soon given the *Kitterb er Rud*—the Converted Soul—to read as a child.

"We believe in Transmigration of Souls (that is from one Druze to another), also in the ordinances of Circumcision and Marriage. Divorce is frequent amongst us. Some of our young men separate themselves from the world, and (especially at Hashbeiya) live hermit lives, and spend their days in studying our books."

"I hope you will never let my name be known. If my people came to know that I had told you all this, my life would not be safe for a moment."

"Then, Abdullah," I said, "When a Druze comes to die, is it not a fact that you give him a Mohammedan burial?"

"That is true, 'Howâja, for we are in fear of the Moslems around us, and we do not think it will do the dead man any harm if outwardly we yield to Mohammedan customs when ruled over by Mohammedan people."

In answer to a further question about the figure of the bull, he said, "No, there is no such thing in the Druze religion."

* * * * *

Carmel is a highland district rather than a single mountain. It is some ten miles wide by thirteen or more

long. It contains valleys and hills innumerable, and villages also up in the recesses of "The Breezy Land," as it is called. There are also many wild animals. The monastery of the Carmelites overlooks the sea on its Western side. The place of Elijah's sacrifice, El Muharakah, overlooks the plain of Esdraelon, several hours' journey away to the south-east. Samuel Hermann pointed out the scene to me as we journeyed along, and I turned again to 1 Kings xviii.

We came to the bed of the river Kishon. A stone railway bridge has been completed over it, and a stone bridge for the road almost finished. We had to drive down its steep banks into the dusty bed of the river and then to scramble up at the other side. Not one drop of water in that ancient river of Kishon! Very different are the experiences of travellers a little later, after the rains have come. (There had been no rain for six months past.)

Hermann, the previous December, was returning to Haifa after taking some Franciscans to Nazareth. He came to this river Kishon and found it a raging flood. He stayed one night in an Arab village, but as there was no food to be had, he determined next day to try and get through. A number of persons had gathered on either bank for the same reason. Hermann's three horses made a brave struggle, but one was thrown down and in danger of being drowned. He managed to unloose their traces, and they swam and scrambled ashore, leaving him in the

flood on the four-wheeled vehicle. He had, however, a rope ready. He made one end fast to the carriage and threw the other end to the bank, and the carriage was dragged out. An Arab driver who made the next plunge refused the proffered rope. His two horses were drowned. He lost his head, and was almost drowned himself.

When hearing this recital, ere we descended into the dusty *wady*, one could understand better the words in Deborah's Psalm (Judges v. 21), "The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon."

A word here about the uncompleted Haifa—Damascus Railway line. As we drove out of Haifa we came upon a railway line at the side of the road with a commemorative stone recording the inauguration of the works in 1892. For six miles or so we saw the line (four foot gauge) more or less complete, and now it is being pushed forward again. It is intended to pass by the Plain of Esdraelon, down by Mount Tabor (or by the Wady Jalûd) to the Jordan Valley, and then to the south of the Sea of Galilee. Round the lake to Wady Semakh, and up past the spot where the Gadarene swine once fed, on to the high land of the Haurân. When it is finished passengers will travel in some five hours from terminus to terminus, and there will be a station for Nazareth. It is being worked by an English company.

We leave the plains of Akka, and cross a range of hills on the northern edge of the plain of Esdraelon, passing through a small oak forest. Farther on, at Jeida or Sheida,

we came unexpectedly on a sacrificial scene. A group of Syrian Arabs were sitting under the shadow of some houses, and a man in front of them was solemnly slaying a goat. It seemed that the Sheykh of the village was very ill, and this sacrifice was offered for his recovery. The goat was to be cut up, and every person would eat his share of the warm raw flesh. The presence of an "infidel" seemed very unwelcome to them.

Some time back these villagers saw Satan, as lightning, pass through Sheida. He was seated above two wheels, one very large and the other very small. They hastened to follow him, they thought that by killing him, if he really was Satan, they would put an end to a lot of trouble caused by him in this world of misery. Samuel Hermann also met this Being among the oaks. Hermann was resting his horses, and some gentlemen, whom he was driving, were having their lunch. The traveller on two wheels gave them his card, and lo, he was a German baron, who was for a wager riding round the world on a bicycle (old type). He got into trouble with the Kurds in Persia, afterwards, Hermann said, and he feared he was killed.

"To whom does this good land at the north end of the plain of Esdraelon belong?" I enquired of Hermann.

"The plain is chiefly owned by a Christian landowner at Beyrout.* He lets it out to the Sheykhs and chief men of the villages here, and they get the poorer Fellahin to farm it."

* Mr. Keik tells me "The Sursuk family owning most of Esdraelon are either Greeks or Uniate by religion."

"How much will these Fellahs receive?"

"Nominally one-fifth of the profits, but after the Sultan and the tax-gatherers have had their share, certainly much less."

At the south end of the plain one local landowner—a Moslem—told Dr. Gaskoin Wright that his harvest this year had brought him in 70,000 francs.

After about three and a half hours we rested at Semonieh, in an enclosed lemon garden surrounding a spring. There were many ripe pears on the cactus plants. Some Bedawîn were resting, one smoking a hubble-bubble or *nargilleh*. In gathering some prickly pears, I learned a practical but painful lesson as to their minute, spiny, stinging prickles, though the fruit is pleasant and refreshing in this terrific heat.

Here, at Semonieh, the first

"TEMPLE COLONY"

of twelve Würtembergers died of fever, heart-broken at their non-success. They desired to make the Holy Land all that Isaiah said that it one day should be. But their co-religionists have not despaired. They have established colonies at Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Haifa. Yet they preserve their nationality, and return to the Fatherland to serve in the German army.

Leaving the shady garden, we journey steadily up from the plain of Esdraelon, mounting up into the heart of the hills of Galilee, though for a while we are on the edge of the plain while high above it. Looking over

Esdraelon we have a wide stretching panorama from Carmel and Megiddo to the west across these plains, backed by the mountains of Samaria to the south, and round to Tabor and the Trans-Jordanic range of the Haurân to the east.

One might linger for hours at such a scene, and with Bible in hand trace event after event as in a vision. Nain and Endor and Shunem and the tower of Jezreel, and at the far side of the plain, Jenîn, with its gardens and white buildings. A wonderful scene, whether in connection with Old Testament days, or the times of Christ, or of the Crusaders, or even of Napoleon the Great. The battlefield of Palestine,—perhaps the future scene of the battle of Armageddon.

The road as we approach Nazareth is wonderfully improved. Each village or town, according to its population, is responsible for the road for a certain distance.

The poorer people who cannot afford to pay for a substitute are taken from their homes and occupations and, finding their own food and lodgings, they are compelled to work without any pay until the road is made.

Often they suffer so much from their taskmasters that it costs them more than if they had paid to be let off. Now that the road is made, every person is taxed three shillings a year for its repair, but no repairs are done. "The *Effendi* he eat up the *medjidies*."

Happy is the man in Palestine who belongs to some European nation, and so cannot be the unprotected prey of these Turkish officials, but has his consul to appeal to.

The home of Zebedee (Japhia) on the left, and the Mount of Precipitation before us, tell us that we are approaching Nazareth, and after five and a quarter hours from Haifa we pass round a rocky shoulder, and Nazareth is in full view in its cup-like hollow among the limestone hills of Galilee.

We rested at a clean German hostelry in this "Town of Jesus Christ," and after luncheon drove on to Cana in Galilee,* passing the village of Reineh, where tradition says lived "Joachim and Anna, the father and mother of the Virgin." The 'Ain, or watering place, outside Kefr Kenna is always picturesque. Hundreds of black Syrian goats, and a few eastern sheep, were gathered round the stone trough, which was being filled for them by dark-skinned, sun-scorched Arab women and young shepherds. Girls with earthen water pots, holding half a firkin a-piece, were dressed in loose pyjamas and jackets of yellow and pink, white, or blue, but all tarnished and dirty. Bedawîn, with fierce faces, were watering their horses also, while Hermann gave his three faithful steeds a good drink.

As we left Kefr Kenna we passed the threshing floor, where the villagers were winnowing *sesame*. Then we passed down on to the great Buttauf Plain, along which for weary miles we toiled, until Kurn Hattîn (the Horns of the Hittites) rose to the north of our path—the scene of the

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"Hermann, will you stay here with the horses, and I will make my way across to Hattîn, and climb up to the top?"

*Kefr Kenna is not alone in being considered to be the original Cana, Kenna el Jellî is supported by Robinson and others.

"Very well, sir; but please do not lose sight of me. There are many Bedawîn near. See, down that *wady*, there are some of their black tents."

I promised to be careful, and to be away not more than an hour, that we might reach the hill above Tiberias before darkness set in. It was a very hot climb, and I was rather exhausted when I reached the edge of the cup-like crater, which, worn away in two places, forms those eminences known as the Horns of Hattin. Taking out my note book I wrote:—

"I see the Sea of Galilee now for the first time. It lies hundreds of feet below me (about 2,000 feet) as I look down the Vale of Doves (the Wady Hamâm). I see its northern portion filling the bays with deep blue water, and framed with noble mountains; Hermon rising high above all, and yonder Sâfed, the Jewish holy 'city set on a hill, which cannot be hid' from anyone in this region. Here beneath me, as I sit on the crest of the extinct crater, is an amphitheatre which would hold thousands, all within easy range of a clear voice."

In all reverence I spoke out some of the Beatitudes into that air. No human being was near to listen, but I was convinced that every one in a crowd of thousands in that basin on the mountain top would hear easily. I believe that this was the Mount of Beatitudes, and also that it was that "certain mountain in Galilee" which Jesus appointed after His resurrection as a trysting place, where He should give His "marching orders."

On that occasion, as He appeared on the crest, the waiting multitude of 500 brethren were in the hollow below. He, high up on the sky line, could not be seen clearly until He descended into their midst, and for a time some, like Thomas on a previous occasion, could not believe it was the Man of Nazareth.

I reminded myself of the words in S. Matthew xxviii. 18—20, and read them aloud in that silent amphitheatre, with the blue lake far below down the Vale of Doves.

"The eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted. And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying: All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Then I turned to descend.

The *arabiyeh** was so tiny on the plain below that for a moment I could not distinguish it. The slope was stony and beset with blanched and prickly dead thorns, which rustled in the breeze, while nasty scorpions ran away into their holes. Some camels belonging to the Bedawin were grazing as best they could, but their owners were not near.

Hermann was relieved to get me back again, and, I having mounted beside him, we rattled and jolted uneasily along over the plain. There was scarcely the vestige of a road here, only a camel track. The sun went down, and the Galilean hills were soon all aglow, and Mount Hermon

**Arabiyeh* is the word used for any wheeled vehicle, from a waggon to a bicycle.

was transfigured. I picked up one of the volcanic stones known as "the Nazarene's Loaves," for we were descending a mountain slope where, one tradition (but probably inaccurate), says the miracle of the loaves and fishes took place.

Here we seem to pass over the lip of a volcanic hollow, at the bottom of which lies the lovely blue Sea of Galilee. The road is well engineered in long sweeps, with sharp curves at each end. It descends nearly 1,000 feet to Tiberias, which is just underneath one all the time. Glorious views, first of the northern part of the lake and then of the southern half face one in driving rapidly down these zigzags; for we are fast rushing down into the basin of the Sea of Galilee, which is 682 feet below the Mediterranean.

Dr. Schumacher has placed by the roadside a curious stone, with an eye painted roughly on it. It is on the zigzags descending to Tiberias. It shows the level of the Mediterranean. Every step downwards after it is passed takes us further below sea level. Still far away down below us lies Tiberias, with its old towers and Herodian fortifications, its palm tree and its minaret, and the whole of the Sea of Galilee (save the extreme southern end) lying placid and lovely in the waning daylight. At last we approach and enter the town. We pass within the gateway (which has no gate) and our horses are taken charge of by an Arab watchman. There are no stables in Tiberias, and the horses have to stand in the market place, in the heat by day, and beneath the dews of night, until we leave the lake again.

I find my way to an Eastern house, and sleep in a room opening on to a flat roof above the Sea of Galilee.

“Where are *you* going to sleep, Hermann?”

“Oh, I must sleep beside my horses, sir, in the open air, on the carriage cushions, to see that the Arab watchman does his duty.”

CHAPTER IV.

EL BAHR TUBARIYEH (THE SEA OF TIBERIAS).

"But there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time he brought into contempt the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, but in the latter time hath he made it glorious, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

Isaiah ix. 1—2.

ALL through the earlier hours of the night the dogs of the city went to and fro howling and barking, and when at last their clamour ceased and they went to sleep, the cock-crowing commenced and continued unceasingly from half-past three onwards.

The poultry are everywhere on the roofs of the houses, and as I was a little above the level of the other houses I heard to greater advantage these contests of chanticleers. No wonder that the cock-crowing is referred to in scripture—the early or first crowing, and the second when the sun is rising.

From the minaret of the white mosque the *muëddin*, with high, clear tenor voice, summoned the "Faithful" to prayer, and his strange cry echoed over the town. "God is most great," he sang in quavering semi-tones and

Days in Galilee.

cadences so inordinately prolonged that I wondered how he could take breath enough to carry him through. Here is his cry set to music*—



While the stars were yet shining above Galilee's waters in the early hours of Sunday morning I was out on the flat, white roof.

When day-light dawned I saw many Moslems at prayer on the edge of the lake or mounted on the old battlements. Passing through this strange town, with its many underground tenements, I made my way through the gateway past the *Seräi* and the ruined castle, sorely shaken by the earthquake of 1837, and so down to the beach beyond the city wall.

*See Lane's "Modern Egyptian," vol. i. p. 89.

The Sea of Tiberias.

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Tiberias contains, in addition to its Moslem population, some 3,200 Jews, of whom 1,620 are Sephardim, and 1,580 Ashkenazim. The Sephardi Jews are the Spanish speaking Hebrews who have long lived on the Mediterranean littoral, while the Ashkenazi are the Russian, Polish, German,



FROM A PHOTO BY

TIBERIAS (EL TUBARIVEH).

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

Fragments of the city wall can be seen. The Sea of Galilee fills in the background.

and Hungarian Jews, who use the "Yiddish" jargon—a corruption, the Jews tell me, of German, and written in Hebrew characters. There is a wide gulf between these two great branches of the Jewish race, though in the

Holy Land we now see them brought close together locally, and there are signs of an increasing fraternal feeling.

After a delicious swim in Galilee's waters, I sat and watched the sunrise, and meditated. The waves lapped the broken masses of basalt which at this point line the strand, and the larger rocks standing a few yards from the shore. Strange that the name of the dissolute Roman Emperor, Tiberius, should have been handed down the ages as associated with the name of the Lake, when a greater than he has truly made this a Holy Lake in the eyes of a large part of the civilized world. Why Sea of Tiberias? Why not "Lake of Jesus Christ?"

How peaceful was that Sunday morning! As the sun came up, Mount Hermon to the north, rearing his head ten thousand feet into the sky was lit up and "transfigured," and the other hills and mountains round the lake were tinged with gold. The broad smooth waters stretching from me to the Gadarene littoral were now changed from creamy white to the deepest blue.

Behind me, trains of camels and asses, driven by wild-looking wandering Arabs with strident voices, pass along the path above the strand and made their way to Tiberias.

A boat was rocking at anchor off the shore. It was Sunday morning, and as one read and meditated one passed over eighteen centuries in thought, and the scene came back: "And He began again to teach by the seaside; and there was gathered unto Him a great multitude, so that

He entered into a ship and sat in the sea, and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land. And he taught them many things by parables." The modern Jews have a tradition that the Messiah will rise from the waters of this Sea of Galilee and land at Tiberias, and so they gather here to meet Him.

Yonder up the Wady Fik (at Kalat-el-Husn) is the site of Gamala, or

"CAMEL TOWN,"

so called from the hump-like ridge of hills on which it was built. There, some thirty-five years after Jesus of Nazareth walked on this Lake, Titus and Vespasian besieged the insurrectionists who had fled from the captured cities of Tiberias and Tarichea. Josephus, in his fourth book of the "Wars of the Jews," tells us of the terrible scenes of carnage there enacted.

A very fine series of hospital buildings, just within the walls on the north side of Tiberias, owes its origin to a visit of Dr. Bonar to this district in years gone by.

I went up to visit this Hospital, and was glad to find that the nursing sister was from Tottenham Court Road Institute, which supplies an excellent nursing staff to the Sunderland Infirmary. I went through the wards, and offered up prayer with a Syrian Christian who was recovering from fever, and gave him a "Wordless Book." He was delighted with the lessons of the four pages: Black—Sin; Red—Christ's Blood; White—Justification; Gold—Sanctification and Heaven. It was near sunset

when, in front of one of the houses adjoining the hospital, I partook of an English cup of tea. Out from beneath the pillared portico we could see up to Capernaum and the north end of the lake—Hermon behind and above all. Across the lake were the cliffs and hills of Gadara and Kersa, lit up by the fading sunlight. Down immediately below us a herd of black cattle were being brought within the walls for the night. A flock of black goats lingered on the strand, and their shepherds upbraided them and cried, “Oh ye—will ye not drink?”

Some Ashkenaz Jews had walked out from Tiberias for evening prayer together, and all stood with their faces towards Jerusalem. In their long robes they stood and chaunted in Gregorian-like tones their Hebrew prayers and psalms. Their voices rose up through the evening air, mellowed by distance, and quaint, yet reverent. Soon the lake was starlit and the day was ended.

The little Christian gathering talked of Him who over there did heal all who were brought to Him.

“At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away.”

The Sister told me of some of the trials of faith which this band of His workers had met with.

One after another had succumbed to the malarial climate, and at last their doctor himself was laid low. What would become of the work if he was taken away.

She went on, “He was in a very serious condition

indeed, and we were most anxious to hear the report of the European doctor, when at last, after sending some forty miles for him, he came to us.

"I saw by his face that he feared the very worst, and I came out of the room into the portico here, utterly cast down.

"As I looked up the Lake towards Capernaum, I thought again of the Good Physician, who, over yonder, healed all who came to Him, and I resolved to pray to Him and to trust Him."

"‘Lord,’ I cried, ‘*Thou knowest how our dear Doctor is needed here. Thou canst heal him if Thou wilt. O Good Physician, we will trust Thee, for Thou art worthy of our trust.*’

"When I went into the room again the *change had come* and he rapidly improved, until one day he could be lifted on to a horse, and his faithful servant sat behind him, and with his arms around him held him up until he reached Nazareth, and then went on to the coast.

"To-morrow, when he returns from Sâfed, you will see him."*

* * * * *

By six o'clock next morning I was afloat on the lake, and ready for a long day of reverent and ever-memorable investigation. Our boat was one of twenty now on the lake. It had been built at Beyrout and brought from Haifa on a native waggon. It would be about twenty-five feet long with a six foot beam. It was manned by a crew of five—Ibrahim

*See "Christ in His Holy Land," p. 100.

'Azul, 'Ali 'Azul, 'Achmed 'Azul, Hassan Kartobil, and Tophil Kartobil. They engaged to make a complete circuit of the lake, keeping close to the shore and landing me wherever I chose. They were to receive an English sovereign for the day's work. I gave them also at the end of the day a franc apiece as *bakshish*.

For travellers in the autumn in Palestine everything is less expensive than in what is more generally known as the tourist season, that is, the spring time. Both horses and boats cost less, and so also with board and lodging.

Rowing southward from near the Franciscan Monastery we pass along the ruined town wall and by the Greek Monastery. Then we see the Jews' burying-place. Maimonides is buried at Tiberias on the hillside. A little to the south is the site of Herod's Acropolis and of his Golden House, high up above a strange cliff, the face of which was covered with the caves, said to be those of Christian Eremites, or even of Essenes in earlier times.

"Dr. Schumacher," said Samuel, "told me much about those caves."

As I did not return to Haifa, where this eminent explorer resides, I wrote to him subsequently on the subject, and received this letter:—

HAIFA, 17TH MARCH.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your postal card of the 5th ult. came duly to hand, but owing to a six weeks' absence on an exploration tour

across the Jordan, etc., I have been unable to answer it ere this.

"With regard to the caves below the Kasr-bint-el-melek (acropolis) at Tiberias, I have no theory as to their history; all I quote is a tradition of the local people of Tiberias, who say that they were or are connected with the castle above it, and that they can be reached by means of a pit which leads from the large north-east cave to the Kasr. I am not able to confirm this assumption, but may say that one of the caves is very wide, an irregular labyrinth, and that channels in the ceiling seem to lead a good way up the rock towards the Kasr.

"At Kalât-el-Husn, the supposed ancient site of Gamala (of Josephus), the people of Fîk are digging for treasures, and find large numbers of gold bracelets, rings, and ancient glass ware, also heaps of ancient coins. I visited the place last week and found the coins to be nearly all Gadara and Hippos coins. At Susiyeh (Susitha of Talmud), near Fîk, numerous caves have been found on its southern slopes, and coins of the same city abound—a confirmation that we actually have Gamala and Hippene before us.

Yours very truly,

Dr. G. SCHUMACHER.*

I climbed up next morning to see the ruins, and then descended the face of the cliff until I came suddenly upon a huge griffon vulture devouring a bird; he flew away,

*Dr. G. Schumacher, C.E., is the learned member of the Palestine Exploration Fund, whose books ("Across the Jordan," "The Survey of the Jaulân," &c.) are so valuable a contribution to the literature of Syrian geography.

and I then entered one of these deep caves, and seated in its inner recesses, looked out over the blue lake, with Tiberias far away beneath me, and some Bedawîn from the Haurân riding along the lake side below the cliff, and diminutive in the distance.

Some have thought that our Lord never visited Tiberias, because it was a very corrupt city.* Built on the site of a cemetery, religious Jews would not at first inhabit it, so Herod brought in by various means a disreputable population of freed slaves and heathen folk. The cities of the southern part of the Lake are certainly never mentioned in the Gospels, yet it is said that our Lord "preached in all the cities of Galilee," and we know that He never avoided either sinful men or sinful women. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

A strange scene was witnessed here some thirty years and more after the Ascension of the Man of Nazareth. The Romans had determined utterly to crush the Jews, for the latter had at last risen at Jerusalem in sheer desperation against the Procurator Florus, and subsequently defeated his superior, Cestus, the President of Syria, and destroyed nearly all his soldiery, driving them down the mountains to Beth-horon in one long merciless massacre, and fancying, foolishly, that they had destroyed the Roman power for ever.

*A friend (Rev. W. M. Teape, M.A., author of "Through the Holy Land") writes as follows:—"This is the most probable reason for our Lord's abstention: see your remarks below regarding his attitude towards corrupt people. But as you hint, our Lord probably did visit it: our Evangelists have not told *all* he did. I find, however, from Behrler that Tiberias was probably not built till A.D. 98, or later: it, therefore, might have been only a small place, and certainly was out of the way: perhaps did not exist."

In the pause before the frightful attacks which were at hand, and while the Jewish nation was preparing to resist the return of the Roman armies, a leading man of the Jews endeavoured to discipline Galilee, which was in a sad state of anarchy. This Joseph the son of Matthias, better known by his Romanized name, "Josephus," was successful at Tarichea, at the south end of the Lake, but Tiberias rose up against him.

A RUSE.

One morning, when the mists were clinging to the warm lake, the inhabitants of Tiberias saw two hundred and thirty great galleys and barges lying some distance off the shore. They could see the helmets of soldiers, and soon they discerned the form of Josephus, the great "Pacifcator," on the raised deck of the nearest vessel.

He was speaking. They listened. He commanded them at once to yield, or he would destroy them all. In the face of such an exhibition of force, what could they do but capitulate? Then he commanded them to bring out their ringleader, Clitus, and chop off both his hands.

Clitus pleaded to be allowed to retain one, and offered to cut off the other with his own sword. This Josephus agreed to, and Clitus drew his sword, and with his right hand cut off his left.

The senate and chief men at his direction then surrendered on board the nearest vessels, and went as prisoners to Tarichea.

So the history says, "he took the people of Tiberias prisoners, and recovered the city again with empty ships

(each containing four sailors) and a total of seven soldiers." All his troops at the critical moment of the insurrection were away in other directions. We find this wonderful story in his second book of the "Wars of the Jews," (chap. xxi.).

* * * * *

We continue our journey southwards on the Sea of Galilee. The sun came up when we were abreast of the



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

HOT BATHS ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

These hot springs burst up near the Lake, a mile or so south of Tiberias. They are much visited for rheumatism.

hot springs, which evidence the volcanic nature of this district. They have been famous since the days of Joshua. In 1833, Ibrahim Pasha built the baths (Hammam) at the north side of these springs. Another building adjoining is called Hammam Sheyd Sleman. Rheumatic Jews and

others come out each morning from Tiberias in a *char-a-banc*, to soak in the scalding waters. There are different rooms and different prices. Just before the terrible earthquake of 1837, these springs boiled up violently and emitted volumes of steam, etc. Probably these baths were crowded when Jesus was healing at Capernaum, and many sufferers would sail up the lake to seek Him and His life-giving power.

The hills here seem to rise from the edge of the lake about nine hundred feet, and here and there bear deep washouts, or gullies, scored down their face. Our crew, in their flowing dress and Bedawin headgear, are a picturesque set. They talk volubly in Arabic, and work with a will with their oars, for there is no wind to help us so far. They put on spurts from time to time and make the boat fly with great jerks through the water, their leader crying, "*Yarlah, Yarlah.*" (This is really a corruption of "*Ya-Allah*"—"O God.")

"*Notre Seigneur a marché sur ces eaux,*" said an Eastern dragoman to Sir Richard Temple when they were in a boat upon this Sea of Galilee.

I endeavour to realise that I am floating on the waves where my Lord once walked, but it seems almost beyond me to realize fully, that I am actually on the Sea of Galilee.

We pass point after point. Diving birds perch on rocks standing out of the lake. A few travelling Bedawin are occasionally seen above the strand, making their way towards Tiberias. The water is very clear, and occasionally we see the bottom. The hills are brown and burnt. Zythier and oleander bushes in places grow on the edge of the lake.

Days in Galilee.

"Look! look!" cries Hermann,

"A SHOAL OF HEFARFI."

These fish were leaping out of the water in numbers.

The fish are as numerous in the Sea of Galilee as in the days of old. Dr. Tristram tells us how he has seen them in shoals over an acre in extent, so closely packed that it seemed impossible for them to move. They are taken in nets run quickly round them, and very often the net breaks.

There are some very peculiar fishes in the Sea of Galilee. Josephus tells us of one kind which is only to be found here and in the Nile, and he thought it proved an underground connection between the river Nile and the Sea of Tiberias. Dr. Tristram and Professor Lortel have found fish peculiar both to the equatorial lakes of Africa and the Sea of Galilee—the same fish at Uganda and Tiberias.

It is thought that at some remote period the Sea of Galilee has formed the northern part of one of a chain of lakes reaching to lake Nyassa. The *Coracinus* of Josephus, when caught, squeals like a cat in a fury for hours and days, and can travel overland, wriggling its way determinedly from one stream to another.

In the case of another species, known as the *Chromis Simonis*, the male fish hatches the eggs produced by the female. He carries the eggs in his jaws, and after the spawn is hatched the young ones hide in his open mouth in time of danger.

At Khurbet Kerak, near the departure of the Jordan, we are passing the ruins of Tarichea (or Taricheæ.) *

It was formerly the town where the fish of Galilee were pickled for export, and so it obtained its name (ταρίχη—pickled fish).

As we lay in our boat off this place, we thought of that awful day when this end of the lake was encrimsoned with the blood of hundreds and hundreds of its inhabitants and others. It was during those awful days which preceded the siege of Jerusalem, when Vespasian and his son, Titus, were quelling the disturbances in Galilee.

The insurgents having been driven from the city of Tarichea, went out on the lake in a fleet of vessels. The Romans found other vessels, or built them, and followed. An awful battle took place, and there was such carnage, that the historian tells us that the lake was all bloody and full of dead bodies, for not one of them escaped.

* * * * *

We quietly float into the River Jordan, running smoothly out of the lake. Near the fords I dip seven times in Jordan, and then have a swim. Afterwards I watch the Bedawin horsemen wading across the river, the water up to their girths. We pull now to the eastern shore, passing Semakh with its mosque at the south end.

* Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, in 1877, was the leader of the survey party of Royal Engineers who were then engaged in mapping out Western Palestine, under the direction of the Palestine Exploration Fund. His contributions to the "Quarterly Statement" of that year are interesting reading, especially as they seem to be the only public literary work of the ex-Sirdar of the Khedivial Army. He argued the question of the site of Tarichea and placed it midway between Tiberias and Magdala (P. E. Q. S., 1877, p. 121.) Schurer and Dr. Adam Smith have also written valuable notes as to the suggestion that Tarichea was between Tiberias and Magdala, but the evidence, I think, preponderates in favour of the southern site.

Days in Galilee.

Here is to be a railway station, and the sound of the whistle will ere long be heard on Gennesaret's lake.

A certain Herr Spitel made a miscalculation. He thought, in 1892, that the line would then soon be completed, so he went to Constantinople and obtained a



BEDAWY HORSEMAN.

firmán from the Sultan to run a Steamer on the Bahr Túbariyeh. He ordered in Germany a small petroleum-consuming steamer to be built, which could be carried to the lake in sections by railway and there put together. He would get his fuel by rail also and his passengers. Tourists.

in a hurry would come up from Haifa, and getting out at Semakh station, would travel by steamer to Tiberias. Others would charter his steamer for a tour round the lake, getting back to Semakh in time for the train on to Damascus. To his sorrow, Herr Spitel found that the completion of the railway was postponed, and he sold the steamer "made in Germany" at a considerable loss. (The completion of the line is, however, now assured. It is being pushed on.)

CHAPTER V.

ON GALILEAN WAVES.

"Upon that See went our Lord drye feet; and there he toke up seynt Peter, when he began to drenche with in the See, and seyde to him, 'Modice Fidei, quare dubitasti?' And aftre his Resurrexion oure Lord appeared on that See, to his Disciples and bad them Fysche, and filled alle the Rett fulle of gret Fissches.—*The Voiage and Travails of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.*

THE Turkish post cards (purchased in what by courtesy is termed the "Post Office," at Haifa) now became most useful. A post card acquires a certain value when written on a voyage on the Sea of Galilee. So on the gunwale of the fishing boat, as we journeyed, I wrote from time to time to various friends at home.

Here is one of the post cards handed back to me since my return to England.

UNION POSTALE UNIVERSELLE. TURQUIE CARTE POSTALE.	TURKISH STAMP.
<i>M. Leadbetter, South Hill Crescent, Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland, England.</i>	
N. B.—Ce côté-ci est réservé exclusivement à l'adresse.	

From the Sea of Galilee.

Greetings,

I am travelling round this Holy Lake, so full of interest, visiting scenes one has read of so often.

This morning I dipped seven times in Jordan, and found its waters refreshing, for the heat to-day is almost overpowering.

As I write this I see yonder Capernaum, and on my right the "steep place" above the Gadarene shore.

All around me dance blue waves such as He once walked upon.

I hope to be home about November 17th.

A. A. Boddy.

On a fishing boat.

It will be remembered that we now are afloat near the south end of the Sea of Galilee, and are setting our bows northwards along the deserted eastern shore, so as to make a complete survey of the whole lake. A slight breeze aids the Arab rowers a little now. We have, certainly, from this eastern shore the best views of Tiberias, Hattin, Magdala, &c., lit up by the morning sun with its piercing brilliance.

. "Why does not Ibrahim put the helm down and run us ashore at Kersa, as I told him?"

"He is full of fear," was the answer, "because of the

Bedawîn. Last week they stole all the nets from one of the boats from Tiberias."

I insisted, however, upon their landing me at Kersa, or Gersa. They all kept a sharp look-out to see if any of their enemies were hiding behind the oleanders. It is a little south of this spot where the ground slopes down suddenly, and where the swine could have rushed tumultuously into the water.

We had a race with another fishing boat that was attempting to cross our bows. Intense excitement prevailed until we put on a gigantic spurt that made our boat jump under the strain of the oars. Our Galileans rejoiced like schoolboys. These fishermen had their great nets piled up in a brown stack in the stern.

Noon was now upon us with its raging heat. It was a long pull to the Jordan at the north end. The fierce sun was broiling us in that great hollow. The brown skins of the Arab fishermen glistened with perspiration, for they were "toiling in rowing."

"Pull in first at the Wâdy Mesadîyeh," I said.

So we landed not far from the ruins of what is thought to be Bethsaida Julias, on the slopes behind which our Lord probably wrought the miracle of feeding the five thousand.

As I walked back towards the boat, with its Oriental fishermen in their turbans and long picturesque robes, some on the strand and some on the ship, I pictured to myself without any effort, a scene many centuries ago. A Jewish

Teacher is telling such a crew to get into their boat and make their way across the lake. He then goes up to that hill-top to pray, and when after night-fall they are held by a sharp breeze from the west, and are toiling in rowing, He comes down from this mountain, steps on to the sea as if it were a solid rock, and, walking to them, brings with Him supernatural help, so that they are quickly at the haven where they would be.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

A DISTANT VIEW OF SNOW-CAPPED HERMON.

“Where are the most fish caught on this lake?” I ask.

“At this north end, near where the Jordan enters the Bahr.”

We find that the river Jordan is only a shallow stream here in this dry season (October). We cannot row up, but lie off the mouth awhile.

A loud cry from the shore brings us in toward another fishing boat floating near the strand. The fishermen have gone out of her and are cleaning their nets. A bronze-skinned Arab, holding his gay robes above the waters, wades out to us. He comes on till the water is nearly to his armpits. He holds something very precious wrapped up in his skirts. It is money. Hermann says:

"Up at Sâfed he has sold his fish. He is afraid that robbers will take his money from him, so he is sending his *beshliks** home by Ibrahim."

He was not returning to Tûbarîyeh for awhile.

Coasting along towards Tell Hûm we passed a dozen buffaloes in the lake, their heads out of the water, sometimes only their noses appearing. They were chewing the cud, and seemed to be silently congratulating themselves upon their cleverness in cheating the blood-thirsty insects which in this heated hollow feed upon man and beast, goading both into an evil state of irritation. One's benignity of spirit is in danger under these conditions of life.

For buffaloes are not the only sufferers from insects. I was scarcely ever free from torment all the time I was in Palestine. I sometimes wondered how the saints of old bore it, if this plague was as bad then as now. Tiberias is celebrated for its fleas, but the weather was too hot for them, and it was said they had all gone up to the Jewish city of Sâfed, high up on the mountains, and would stay

*A *Beshlik* is five *piastres*, and therefore nearly equals one shilling.

there till cooler weather. But though "the king of fleas" and his court were not in residence, other pests were, and one's insect powder was in constant requisition.

"Were the Apostles and the first converts to Christianity who lived here as sensitive to the bites of these things as I am?" I pondered at times.

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We stop rowing, and our boat glides inshore to enable us to land and see the ruins of Capernaum at

TELL HÛM.

The ruins of the synagogue are now enclosed by a wall built by the Franciscans, who have been excavating a little. Orders had, however, come from Stamboul that they were to fill up those excavations again until further notice. Thankfully do we enter the cool hostelry into which Father Francis leads us, for the pitiless sun and raging heat are now almost calculated to bring on sunstroke.

The Rob Roy canoe and its captain sought diligently here the remains of an ancient landing place. The terrible earthquakes have most probably depressed the original level of the shore and destroyed any pier. The ruins around seem to point to the existence of an important town. Those at Kerazeh, a couple of miles to the north, seem to be those of Chorazin, and though the question has powerful pleaders, affirmative and negative, I myself like to believe with Canon Tristram ("Bible Places" ed. 1897) that this is Kefr Nahûm, or in its familiar form, Capernaum.

Days in Galilee.

As I sat on the divan of that simple hostelry, I read again S. John vi., and remembered how a pot of manna was carved over a doorway of such a white Synagogue as this, illustrating our Lord's teaching as to the true bread of life. After a long talk we went aboard again.

"Good-bye, Father Francis," we said, "you have been a real friend to us to-day."

This kind-hearted Franciscan, who lives here among the vicious-looking Bedawin, formerly had charge of the Garden of Gethsemane at Jerusalem.

As we rowed southward we passed a large pelican fishing from a rock.

If there can be any part of the Holy Lake more sacred than another part it is this north-west portion, for the Lord and His Apostles constantly trod and re-trod every part of this shore, and sailed again and again over these waters. We now approached

BETHSAIDA,

the House of Fish (Tabîghah). A lovely bay, a strand of fine pebbles, dotted with larger stones, and a fair landing place, sheltered on three sides. An ideal home for James, and John, and Andrew, and Peter, and Philip. On this strand they would receive their second call; and here, perhaps, after the Resurrection, they saw in the early morn their Master beside the fire of charcoal.

The gardens of Tabîghah are irrigated, and produce luscious tropical fruit. I watched a Syrian gardener sending the streams of living water to different beds of vegetables, stopping up a little channel here with his

bare foot, and opening another channel which caused the water to go in turn to every part of his beds.

There stands at Bethsaida a solitary building belonging to the German Catholics. It is a hostelry for pilgrims and visitors.

We launch out into the deep, and journey southwards once more. Some precipitous rocks and cliffs at 'Ain et



FROM A PHOTO BY

FISHERMEN NEAR BETHSAIDA.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

The fishermen were gone out of the ships and were cleaning their nets.

Tin (the Spring of the Fig Tree), on the very edge of the lake, are totally different to the general scenery of the shore, which is generally low at the water's edge. Here the "road" from Damascus touches the verge of the Lake at Khân Minyeh, skirting the low-lying malarial plain of Gennesaret, known to the Arabs as El Ghuweir—yet a plain with marvellous possibilities. Josephus wrote, shortly

after our Lord's time, "One may call this place 'the ambition of nature.'"

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We pass into a breeze, and about 4.30 p.m. hoist our mainsail to the wind. How delightful, after the sickening, raging heat of that long day, to rush along with gunwales almost under water, the breeze from the west fanning our



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

THE SEA OF GALILEE (LOOKING SOUTH).

sun-scorched faces. But it increased rapidly to a dangerous strength, almost a hurricane force, and I appreciated S. Luke's words (viii. 23) "*There came down a storm of wind on the lake; and they were filled with water and were in jeopardy.*"

The squalls came hurtling down the gorge of the Wâdy Hamâm, the romantic Vale of Doves, up which we see the Mount of Beatitudes—the peaks Kurn Hattîn (on whose heights I stood three days before) seventeen hundred feet above us. High up on the sides of the cliffs in the wâdy we see the caves where the almost invincible bandits of old resisted, until Herod (the Great—but then a youth,) let down iron cages full of soldiers to annihilate them.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

NEAR THE HOME OF MARY MAGDALENE.

(Magdala, under the cliffs, is on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee.)

As we neared Magdala it seemed as if our craft must capsize. We all sat on one side of the gunwale, and the Syrian helmsman loosened the sheet, ready to let go if a heavier gust came. The waves rose and splashed into the boat in an alarming manner when we were approaching Magdala, and the Arab crew began to be excited. Soon,

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however, we ran under shelter, and heeded not the wind whistling out over the lake and beating its waters before it.

Magdala obtains its name, like many other places in Palestine, from the Migdol or watch tower, once standing here. This little village has, as it has been pointed out, given its name to one of the chief churches of France's capital—the Madeleine, and one of the best known of Oxford's colleges (Magdalen). From it came Mary to whom the risen Lord first appeared. Mary of Magdala was the first preacher of a risen Christ.

The sun went down as we plunged over the waves, and we did not land. Night came on swiftly, and the stars came out as we approached Tiberias. The great hospital stands out as most conspicuous of all buildings on the lake. We had seen it all day through this deceptively transparent atmosphere. Our faithful fishermen carried us ashore, and we walked up the dark narrow streets of Tiberias.

At the hospital, with Dr. Torrance and his helpers, I spent a happy evening. We sat under the portico; the stars were reflected in the lake, and the lights from the Bedawîn tents twinkled across from the other shore. Our talk was of their good work of healing the sick folk of Galilee and its encouragements.

It is very strange that Tiberias, at first an abomination to the Jews, should become one of their four sacred cities. The others are Sâfed (the city set on a hill), Hebron, and Jerusalem. Tiberias was built when our Lord was living at

Nazareth. It was built on the site of Rakkah (Josh. xix. 35) by Herod Antipas, who gave it the name of his master, the Emperor Tiberius.

“Tiberias, it may be remembered, was built over an ancient cemetery, and therefore abominated by the more scrupulous Jews, as a dwelling of uncleanness. But the Rabbins soon obviated this objection.

“Simon Ben Jochai, by his cabalistic art, discovered the exact spot where the burial place had been; this was marked off, and the rest of the city declared, on the same unerring authority, to be clean. In this noble city on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, the Jewish Patriarch, or Chief Rabbi, made his abode; the Sanhedrin, if it had not, as the Jews pretend, existed during all the reverses of the nation, was formally re-established. Simon, the son and heir of Gamaliel, was acknowledged as the Patriarch of the Jews, and Nasi or President of the Sanhedrin. R. Nathan was the Ab-beth-din; and the celebrated R. Meir, the Hachim, or Head of the Law. In every region of the west, in every province of the Roman Empire, the Jews of every rank and class submitted, with the utmost readiness, to the sway of their Spiritual Potentate at Tiberias. His mandates were obeyed, his legates received with honour, his supplies levied without difficulty, in Rome, in Spain, in Africa.”*

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The next morning I left for Nazareth. As the country was very disturbed, I was by no means unwilling to have

*“History of the Jews” (John Murray).

Dr. Torrance and his gun as companions on the way. The gun, which occupied a prominent position, was only fired at some gazelles, near Lúbfyeh.

"Do you see those three steps by the roadside there?" said Dr. Torrance, pointing to three square basaltic slabs, one upon another—a Calvary without a cross.

"Yes," I replied, "they surely cover a tomb."

"An English lady lies buried there. She came here with a French Roman Catholic pilgrimage, and her body was found in the lake. Some have attributed her end to violence, but it was generally reported that she had drowned herself."

It had been a strange mystery altogether. Her life ended beneath the Galilean waves!

We climbed up and up out of the deep hollow of the Lake of Jesus, the Holy Lake, and turning for one long look at its blue waters below, we set off for Cana, and saw it no more.

THE BATTLE OF KURN HATTÍN.

As we crossed the treeless, desert-like plains to the south of the Horns of Hattín, the October sun blazed upon us. One thought of the awful scene enacted here on July 2nd, 1187. The Holy Land had for a century been under Christian rule. Few of us realize what wonderful years those were, when Palestine was dotted with churches and castles of Christian Princes and Barons.

The Prince of Galilee lived at Tiberias, and the country was divided between the Baron of Hebron, the Earl of

Jaffa, and the Seigneur of Kerak, whilst King Guy reigned at Jerusalem. But evil days were at hand, and the Christian Kingdom was to end. The Kurdish Emir, named Eyûb (Job), held Damascus. He had with him a boy of ten, soon destined to be known as Salah-ed-Dîn (Honour of the Faith), or in more accustomed spelling, Saladin. As he came to manhood he became the leader of the Moslems, and so successful that he was known far and wide among them as "Melek-en-Hasr" (the Conquering King). There came at last a day when the crusading armies were to suffer a crushing defeat.

Saladin was encamped here above Tiberias, near some springs, and King Guy and the Christians were at the other end of this waterless plain, near Sefûrfyeh. About eleven miles separated them. King Guy unwisely yielded to the Master of the Temple, and bid his troops advance. They marched in the terrific blaze of midsummer many hours, in heavy armour. They were harassed constantly by Arab cavalry. They had nothing to drink, and after a miserable night at Lûbîyeh they pushed on next day to seize the springs of Hattîn. Saladin caused the dry grass around to be fired, and then gave the command, "Follow them, they cannot help themselves, they are dead already."

Half the army was slain, and half was taken captive. The leaders gathered on the Horns of Hattîn, and at last surrendered to Saladin; among them was King Guy, and the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital, and

the Bishop of Lydda (who had carried what they believed to be a fragment of the True Cross). Was this indeed the very mount where Christ had preached, "Blessed are the peacemakers?" The plains below it were covered with dead and dying.*

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We passed a Jewish doctor and his family; they were going down to Tiberias. The doctor on an ass, with an umbrella up to keep off the sun; his wife on a pile of luggage on a second ass, and holding a child in front of her; a female servant and child on the baggage of a third ass; and then the muleteer on more luggage on a fourth ass.

The country was in a state of panic, for the Druzes had risen in rebellion, and it was said they had sacked Kefr Kenna (Cana), but on our arrival we found that this was not so. At Cana, Dr. Torrance was stopped by an old priest of the Orthodox Church, and we went to his house. His married daughter lay grievously ill; while he diagnosed her case I visited the Greek Church, and examined the two great water pots of ancient make, said to have been used when our Lord turned water into wine. Then we journeyed on again to Nazareth.

* The story is well told in Conder's "Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem," as well as in other histories of the Crusades.

CHAPTER VI.

NAZARA AND THE NAZARENES.

"I often wandered forth, more child than maiden,
Among the midnight hills of Galilee,
Whose summits looked heaven-laden,
Listening to silence—as it seemed to be
God's voice, so soft, yet strong."

Browning.

A SCARLET donkey is a thrilling object for one's eyes to fall upon unexpectedly! Walking along a quiet by-path on the heights to the west of Nazareth, I turned the corner of a wall and found such an ass on its side, apparently gazing at me with fixed and glassy gaze. It was, however, quite dead, and its owner could not have gone away with its skin many minutes, for the dogs of Nazareth had not yet scented the meal that was waiting them.

The memory of Tourc, the pariah I once brought home from the East, and on whose habits I endeavoured to place the veneer of Western civilization, causes me to take a respectful interest in the pariahs of Palestine, whenever I meet them. I do not believe that their behaviour to Lazarus shewed sympathy with him, but rather an instinctive knowledge that his end was approaching. If one

is to be quite true in picturing Eastern scenes, the repulsive must sometimes be present as well as the beautiful—the insects as well as the sunsets.

“May I ask if you are Mr. Khalil Jamal?” I enquired of an elderly man in Eastern dress, with dark beard and a quick, penetrating eye. Greeting me kindly, he replied that he was. I then introduced myself to him. El Kassib Khalil is the Syrian clergyman of the Church of England Mission. His name, Jamal, is the Arabic word for camel, and is found again in the word *Gamala*. The first name, *Khalil*, means “friend.” It is the name by which Abraham is always referred to in Palestine,—“*El Khalil*.” *Kassib* is priest or clergyman.

I had brought some books from England for one of his sons and a kind letter from the Rev. H. C. Fox, the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. I received at once a most brotherly welcome from this Syrian clergyman.

Our church at Nazareth has a square stone tower, of imposing dimensions and of thoroughly English appearance. I spoke that evening, by interpretation, to a congregation of Nazarenes, in their flowing robes and turbans, the women being on their own side of the church, in their white *izzazs*. Their interest in my message seemed to be very sincere and keen.

Another evening I met a large number of these Nazarenes after an evening meal at the pastor's *Beit*.

Out of winding streets and up a flight of steps I was led to the upper portion of the building, where the better class

Syrians live, the lower part generally being let off to poorer Arabs.

A SYRIAN'S HOME.

Crossing a flat roof (which serves also as courtyard) and passing into one of the rooms opening out from this area, I was introduced into a large apartment, with carpeted stone divan round the walls and a lamp hanging from the arched white roof. A favourite centre piece in the highest portion of the arched roof is a plate, pressed into its place while the cement is soft (often a willow pattern plate), in modern houses.

The patriarchal grandfather was introduced by the son to me. This old Syrian patriarch was the first to introduce the Arabic Bible into Es-Salt, over the Jordan.

He used to travel thither from Jerusalem to buy corn, and he carried with him a copy of the Scriptures. He stayed with a merchant named Kubasy, who became much interested in the book, and persuaded the elder Jamal to give him a copy. The result of his studying the Scriptures was that he and his friends petitioned Bishop Gobat to send over a man to teach them. The Bishop sent Behnam Hassuay, who began the work.

The Rev. Theodore Dowling, for some years the Bishop's chaplain at Jerusalem, told me that it was a wonderful sight to see a large men's Bible-class at Es-Salt composed of wild-looking Arabs in their *abbas* and *keffiyehs* all following the reading in their Arabic Bibles. Old Mr. Jamal, at Nazareth, is eighty-five years of age. Two of his grand-

sons were introduced, one a blooming lad inclined to stoutness, but with pleasant manners, and the little boy, Selim, who evidently was a favourite. We adjourned to the supper room, where a beautiful display of dates and melons, grapes and other fruits, garnished the table, and eastern dishes succeeded one another in hospitable profusion.

When all was over we returned to the entertaining room. Then filed in some twenty Syrian friends, who made obeisance to the host and to his guest, and putting off their slippers, sat and lounged easily on the raised divan, sipped coffee, smoked cigarettes, and conversed on local and other topics.

The Nazarenes are looking forward to the time when the railway from Haifa to Galilee will be finished. There will be a station on the plain of Esdraelon. Our host amazed them by saying,

“Once, when I was in England, I ate my breakfast in the City of London, and that same night I took my supper in a town named Cork. I crossed a sea and made two journeys in that day.”

“Yes,” added others, “what a contrast to this land, where it takes two very long days to travel from Nazareth to Jerusalem. With your railways we might do it in two hours!”

We were conversing upon some more serious subjects when suddenly BANG went a gun. A look of consternation pervaded the assembly, as if a file of Turkish soldiers was

entering the house to arrest us for holding a political meeting.

"I hope that they have shot one of your too numerous dogs that howl all night," I said, and then they all laughed and recovered their composure.

These people wish to be loyal to their Government, but occasionally they cannot help being nervous. They are in a minority in the country, and are unarmed. The military are all Moslems, and not likely to fire on their own co-religionists if an outbreak occurred. As a Christian teacher it was my aim to lead them to prayer for their rulers, even though Mohammedans, and to look to the still more powerful arm of God Himself as their Protection. May He indeed help them !

Habib Mansour, one of the English speaking teachers, accompanied me across Nazareth to my hostelry. He bore a huge lantern with a paraffin lamp in the centre. It was rather larger than one of our street lamps, and carried by a ring at the top. Most useful in a place where the pavement is left a good deal to itself, and where it falls into severe disrepair.

"Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet," has a special meaning for an Eastern traveller. In Jerusalem everyone is directed by law to carry a lantern after dark.

"Is it a fact, Mr. Jamal, that there is not a single Jew in Nazareth ?" I asked.

"Well, there is just one family of Jews, but they can scarcely get along. I have had to befriend them myself."

"Why is it," I asked, "that in Bethlehem and Nazareth there are no Jews, or next to none? Is it from their dislike to the towns connected with Jesus of Nazareth?"

"No, that is scarcely the reason. It is rather that the so-called Christians will not allow them to live in these towns, and *they* are so largely in the majority."

I have read since, in "Lunz's Palestine Almanac," "Bethlehem has 6,647 inhabitants, of whom 6,627 are Christians, twenty Moslems, and three Jews, one doctor and two workpeople, who reside there on weekdays alone, and on Sabbaths and Holy days return to Jerusalem."

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One early morning, at Nazareth, I rose while the stars were still undimmed by the approaching daylight, and set out to climb the hill to the north-east. As I approached the Fountain of Mary (the 'Ain Miriam) I passed a girl driving a donkey with a great water jar in each pannier, and arriving at the spring I found some thirty or forty women there waiting. They were filling their jars at the two stone spouts from which the water trickles in the dry weather.

Among the sacred places in Palestine of the genuineness of which we can be fairly sure is this 'Ain Miriam. It is the only fountain in Nazareth now, and probably has always been the only one. As these youths in their coloured robes and eastern headgear come to carry away water, so would the youth Jesus come. As these women in blue loose garments come, so would Miriam, the wife of Joseph, come in the days gone by.

Now that Nazareth has grown until it contains, it is said, 9,500 souls (6,500 Christians, 3,000 Moslems*), one can understand why thirty to fifty are often awaiting their turn, and why the *Kaimakam* has appointed a man to maintain order and to keep the drawers of water to their right turn. Hard by is the Greek Church, built over the same stream, which flows below in its rocky bed.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

WHERE THE MOTHER OF THE LORD DREW HER WATER.

The 'Ain Miriam at Nazareth is the only Spring, and seems always to have been the one place where the Nazarenes obtained their water.

General Wallace, in his remarkable book, "Ben-Hur," pictures the hero at Nazareth on his way northward from Jerusalem as a prisoner. The young patriotic Jew, Judah Ben-Hur, had been arrested for flinging a stone upon a notable Roman officer in the streets of the Holy City. In the story, Joseph the Carpenter approaches the soldiers

* See Lunz's "Palestine Almanac," published in Hebrew at Jerusalem.

and captive, who are resting by the 'Ain Miriam, and asks the history of Ben-Hur. Then the writer pictures the scene so vividly—

“A youth who came up with Joseph, but had stood behind him unobserved, laid down an axe he had been carrying, and going to the great stone standing by the well, took from it a pitcher of water. The action was so quiet, that before the guard could interfere, had they been disposed to do so, he was stooping over the prisoner, and offering him a drink.

“The hand laid kindly upon his shoulder awoke the unfortunate Judah, and looking up he saw a Face he never forgot—the Face of a Boy about his own age, shaded by locks of yellowish, bright, chestnut hair; a Face lighted by dark blue eyes, at the time so soft, so appealing, so full of love and holy purpose, that they had all the power of command and will. The spirit of the Jew, hardened though it was by days and nights of suffering, and so embittered by wrong that its dreams of revenge took in all the world, melted under the stranger's look, and became as a child's. He put his lips to the pitcher and drank long and deep. Not a word was said to him, nor did he say a word.

“When the draught was finished, the hand that had been resting upon the sufferer's shoulder was placed upon his head, and stayed there in the dusty locks time enough to say a blessing; the stranger then returned the pitcher to its place on the stone, and, taking his axe again, went back to Rabbi Joseph.”

The story of Ben-Hur is wonderfully well written, and the reader is advised to peruse it if he has not done so.

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This morning my object was to climb the hill to the north-east before sunrise. I passed some pariahs



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE CITY CALLED NAZARETH.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

This picture is taken a little above the 'Ain Miriam. It is supposed that the city formerly stood further to the right, up the slope of "the hill on which it was built."

breakfasting upon the body of an ass, and came across an Arab clipping the too abundant hair off his camels' flanks and legs with a pair of shears. So, leaving the houses behind, I climbed up the hillside, rejoicing in the

fresh morning air, every step opening out fresh views as I turned to look over Nazareth and the surrounding country.

ABOVE NAZARETH.

Photographs and drawings never convey the impressions which one receives when face to face with the height of these hills—from 1,200 feet to 1,600 feet above sea level. I sat me down on a slab of rock near the summit of the hill, and wrote:—"The sun is breaking out from a morning cloud on the edge of the horizon, and is lighting up the white houses and flat roofs of Nazareth hundreds of feet below me.

"A babel of cock-crowing rises up, and the clamour of noisy voices, the tinkling of camels' bells, and the hammering of workmen's hammers. Fourteen or fifteen rounded rocky hills, mostly closely wedded to one another, enclose the great basin in the bottom of which Nazareth lies, stretching her arms a little way up three vales. To the north and west are great plains and hills stretching to the sea. In one plain over yonder—the Sahel el Buttauf (the Plain of Asochis) one seems to see another Sea of Galilee, but it is only the morning vapour, lying soft and feathery, waiting for the strong sun to lift it up.

"On yonder hill-top, so clear and distinct, lies Sepphoris, a city captured by the Romans, and for a time the home of the Sanhedrin. Immediately below me a train of camels is winding its way along the road; behind it a string of laden asses, driven by an active Arab. Nazareth is very much larger than I had expected. It lies, a great

cluster of square white houses, and larger white stone charitable and religious buildings, Greek, Latin, and Protestant. High on the opposite hillside is the noble English Orphanage, and nearer, and not quite beneath me, is a beautiful house, empty and desolate, and part of an hospital, which was begun but stopped by orders from Constantinople, as it occupied a 'strategical position'! and, still worse and worse, was in charge of Dr. Vartan, who, though trained at Edinburgh University, had committed the crime of being born an *Armenian*!

"The black goats which have sheltered in the town through the night, are now finding their way over the slopes, led by their shepherd. The sun gets up, and my dark shadow, as I sit on the edge of the rock, is cast far down the hillside. Over bare hills, to the west, I see the long mass of Mount Carmel and the blue sea in the bay of Acre.

"It is interesting to me to think how familiar our Lord, as a youth, would be with the sight of the Mediterranean—the "Great" Sea. To my left, as I sit with my back to the rising sun, and beyond the enclosing hills of the Nazareth basin, is the plain of Esdraelon, with the distant hills of Samaria as a background. Further to the east rises the rounded summit of Mount Tabor, and the Jordan valley lies behind it. Down below me, to my right, on the road leading towards Cana, are the white houses of the village of Reineh, startling in their nearness to Nazareth. Anna and Joachim, mother and father of Mary, are said, by tradition, to have lived there.

"The sun now (7 a.m.) is bearable, for a gentle breeze blows, which also drives away the flies. Quick-witted lizards are running over the rocks and darting beneath them, after having a look at the stranger from the west."

There are some specially solemn moments in one's life, and those spent alone in the early morn on that hill above Nazareth were, for me, to be numbered among them. Buildings may change, but hills do not; and I knew that the Youth of Nazareth, the Son of Mary, would walk up to these hill-tops and look out in those days of old over the same vales and plains and across the same blue sea.

"We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In this despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God."

On my second visit to Nazareth, I carefully examined the boys' schools connected with the C.M.S. I found their knowledge of Scripture decidedly good. The boys of Nazareth have great opportunities to-day, for they can get a good training, and, if they show ability, can go to the higher grade school at Jerusalem, and then if they do well can proceed to the further training at the *Preparandi* (practically the Diocesan College) and become superior dragomans, schoolmasters, or even eventually pastors of Syrian congregations.

The girls are well-looked after by the Society for Female Education in the East, and in the English Orphanage,

standing so very conspicuously on the western hill above the town, many receive an excellent training.

I could not but take an interest in the boys and youths of Nazareth. As I examined the higher classes in the boys' school, I looked into some faces which, under Eastern head-dresses, seemed reverent and thoughtful beyond their age. The Bedawîn head-dress, the *keffiyeh*, or kerchief over the the fez, fastened by horse-hair bands, and the long, graceful, bright coloured dresses, were all in keeping with the Galilee in which they lived. They sang an Arabic hymn for me about the Year of Jubilee,* and then they attempted "Rock of Ages" in English. This they sang without (for the most part) knowing a bit what it meant, as the language was foreign to them. I scarcely liked to suggest, that they sang it twice as fast as we ever hear it at home. I gave every boy in the school a pretty text card in English, which delighted their hearts. These boys can play at see-saw and "tiggie," and more distinctively Eastern games, with much zest, and are always graceful in dress and carriage.

I sat from time to time in a carpenter's shop in Nazareth, where three Nazarene youths were at work, Abdullah Shephanin, Selman Ibrahim, and Habîb Lahman. I sat on a stock of an olive tree, with my feet among sweet-smelling shavings; the youths were hard at work. The place was whitewashed, and had an arched roof, and through an open door the blue sky seemed all the bluer by contrast. By the door bright-robed Fellahîn and

*Not, of course, the Jubilee of the Queen-Empress, but the Spiritual Jubilee.

Bedawîn passed in the brilliant sun, and swift donkeys, bearing white stone for some new buildings, trotted by. There were tools in racks on the walls and benches, and a box was being made by one of the youths to travel with the *'Howâja* to an island in the north. In their flowing dress and loose nether garments, and with fezzes on their heads, they reminded one again of the Young Carpenter of Nazareth.

One afternoon I went to call on the widow of a former missionary. Mrs. Huber lives in one of the highest houses on the west side of Nazareth. Cypress trees grow in the garden. I climbed the steep hillside, and near the summit paused and turned. The great plain of Esdraelon was spread map-like before me. Shadows of clouds were chasing each other over the hill-sides and across the vales. The hills beyond Jordan were alternately in light and shadow, and so also were Mount Tabor and Jebel Duhÿ. I looked down the stony path, and saw a Nazareth maiden in pink eastern dress, with water jar on her head. At Mrs. Huber's I found my friend, Dr. Torrance, and his fair-haired little boy. They were seated under the verandah, and native servants brought us afternoon tea. I was introduced to Dr. Torrance's mother and sister, who had come out to spend the winter with him at Tiberias, and were waiting at Nazareth, before descending to the lake, until the heat should subside a little.

The Sirocco had been blowing for some days, and it had taken all the energy out of some of us. I could only

rest and write up my diary, and have long talks with Mr. Jamal. These were always helpful. We conversed chiefly of our Lord's life in Galilee. The Syrian clergyman's



FROM A PHOTO BY

A SYRIAN HORSEMAN.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

knowledge of his Bible and of spiritual truth is great, so that it is a privilege to hear him. His greatest longing was for a fuller spiritual life in his own congregation.

“If you like to change your plans, and ride through

the country to Jerusalem, I can get you a reliable Arab with two horses," said Mr. Jamal.

"Well, if you think it is safe, I should much like to go through Samaria," I replied.

"You may trust yourself with Mustapha el Sharowi. He is a descendant of Robi, the Moslem divine, a strong Mohammedan. He cannot speak anything but Arabic, but he is to be trusted."

"Let Mustapha come and see me," I said.

CHAPTER VII.

NAZARETH TO SHUNEM.

"In that Hill of Tabor, at the day of Doom, 4 Huncles, with 4 Trompes, schulle blowen and reysen alle men, that hadden suffered Dethe, sithe that the Worlde was formed, from Deth to Lyve; and schalle comen in Body and Soule in Juggement: before the face of oure Lord, in the Vale of Josaphatte."—

(Maunderville.)

"A TURKISH officer from the *Kaimakam* desires to see your passport, sir," said my German host, Herr Heselschwerdt, to me one evening.

I found a Government official had come from the *Seräi*. I bade him be seated, and after lighting a cigarette, which in accord with eastern etiquette I offered, he began to examine the passport which I handed him.

"Yes," he said, between the puffs of smoke, "this seems in order; but where is your *teskerah*—our Government's permission for you to travel in the *interior* of this country?"

I explained to him that I thought that a properly *visé* passport was sufficient, and showed to him the signature of Emin Pasha.

"Perhaps it might be well for you to see our *Kaimakam* to-morrow," he said, and retired.

I found on enquiry that the Ottoman Government had become very strict recently. A party of Christians, boys

and youths and a girl or two, had the week before been journeying up to Jerusalem, to missionary boarding schools there. They had succeeded in getting as far as Nablûs, when their *teskerahs* were demanded. These children had none. They were imprisoned for some days, and, but for good friends, would have suffered from hunger. At last they were marched back to Nazareth in charge of soldiers, and their parents were heavily fined. Undaunted, however, the children set out on that long weary journey again, after a week or so, all provided this time with proper documents.

I felt it wise to see the *Kaimakam*, and next morning, with a Syrian friend, Nikolai Hawar, I went up to his house, as he was then not sitting officially in the *Serâi*. The black soldier who took up our message came down to say that we could be received, and led us up to the high chamber opening out of the elevated courtyard or roof. Saluting at the doorway, we entered. The Lieut.-Colonel arose, and some six or seven officials rose also. We saluted by shaking or touching hands, and by the usual Eastern gesture of laying the hand on one's forehead, lips, and heart.

We sat down on the divans. Cigarettes were brought and coffee handed round by a serving boy. I asked Nikolai to commence proceedings. All must be very deliberate in the East. Haste is unseemly and a sign of weakness. Nikolai then opened the case for the Englishman. The passport was put in as documentary evidence. The *Kaimakam* examined it, and also the Turkish *visa*. The case was clearly stated.

The reply of the *Kaimakam* was deliberate, and delivered between puffs of smoke. "The '*Howája*' ought, at Haifa, to have obtained a *Teskerah* with the assistance of the English Vice-Consul there As there is no English Consul at Nazareth, none can be granted here. The '*Howája*' may proceed across the plains to Jenin and Nablús. If trouble arises at these places he will be at liberty to telegraph here to me to establish his identity." Then he puffed a little more at his cigarette. The *Kaimakam* appeared to be about forty years old only, was dressed in European clothes, but with Turkish slippers and fez, which latter was tilted towards one ear—perhaps by accident. Three village Fellahín, in their long robes and turbans, now came in on business, leaving their slippers at the door, appearing to be fearfully nervous. They were ready to kiss the ground on which the officials trod. So many slippers had now accumulated at the door that the black soldier had to plough a path for me through them. This he did without ado, using his foot hurriedly. With many mutual *salaams* we left the presence.

Nikolai took me to visit his Syrian home. We clambered up the stone steps to the upper chamber. The Arabs who lived down below were filthy in their habits, and I wonder that Nikolai and his family have not fallen victims to fever. His Syrian wife speaks English fluently. She had been educated at Beyrout and had acted as school-mistress in C.M.S. Missions in Palestine. She showed me some pretty cards of dried flowers gathered round Nazareth, and I

bought two from her. She is sister to Mr. Jamal. Another brother of hers is a well-known dragoman at Jerusalem, who is highly respected. He accompanied Mr. Fox, and, I think, Canon Tristram also. A nephew is the courteous and refined Curate of Christ Church, Jerusalem, whose cultured reading of the prayers and lessons made one forget that his face was not as fair as an Englishman's.

In Nazareth they carve some pretty models of the 'Ain Miriam in soft white stone. These are sold at half a franc each. There are also models of oil mills and grind-stones, water jars in stands, native shoes, all made of stone, and little ploughs made of wood.

"Samuel," I said to my Temple-colonist friend, "ask these Nazareth Fellahs to sell me one of their shepherd-clubs."

He stopped in a bye-street and spoke to a group of youths. One of them scampered off to his home and returned ere long, bringing a *Narboot*. So after a little bargaining with him I persuaded him to part with his "companion," and thus I became possessed of one of the staffs of the Fellahin. It has a huge knob at one end, and a short loop of rope at the other to hang on the wrist. This is probably the shepherd's rod of Psalm xxiii. A rod to guide with and a staff for defence.

* * * * *

The original Nazareth was probably further up the hillside, and has, as it were, gradually come down into the valleys. S. Luke speaks of "the brow of the hill on which the city was built." (S. Luke iv. 29.)

I cannot, after what I saw behind the church of the Maronites, imagine how anyone can locate the "attempted murder of Christ" on what is called the "Hill of Precipitation," nearly two miles away. I stood beneath the cliff, some thirty feet high, at the foot of this hill, now in the heart of the town, and I could see that its base is covered now by the rubbish of centuries. It may have been at one time twice as high (or as deep).

Even as it now stands it would mean almost certain death to anyone who was suddenly thrust over it. The synagogue would probably then stand high up the hill, and the tumultuous crowd would pour down the slope which ended at this "brow of the hill." All seems to fit in naturally with the narrative of S. Luke.

* * * * *

The early mornings of these hot October days were indeed the choicest time. I used to be up long before daybreak and out in the starlight on the hill sides, watching for the sunrise. One morning I climbed the hill opposite the German Hostelry, and soon after six I was near the door of the Latin Church, taking in another extensive view of Nazareth. There had been no rain for six months, and the rainy season was due. Heavy thunderclouds were piled up in the sky, and occasionally a great drop of warm rain splashed down.

On the hillside, just opposite, were a few houses, and Mrs. Huber's villa stood alone on the top. More to the right lay the main part of Nazareth, dominated by the

fine buildings of the Orphanage. A good many cypress trees can be seen from this point, and this softens the scene, especially in early daylight. Along the paths leading along the nearer hillside strings of laden donkeys go, and black cattle wander, while camels pass on the road below. Distant rumblings of thunder are heard. About half the houses of Nazareth have flat roofs, and others have red tiled roofs of more modern character. Near the door of this little church I get a view over the plain of Esdraelon, across which are darted streaks of ruby light from the sun just risen.

I can heartily recommend the German hostelry kept by Herr Heselschwerdt and his family. It is clean and free from insect life, and very reasonable in its charges. The tranquil happiness of the days I sojourned among the Nazarenes was enhanced by having a quiet, clean, homely room, where at any time I could retire to meditate behind the mosquito curtains.

Other visitors came and went while I was there—Dr. Falscher and his wife from Nablûs, on their way to the Sea of Galilee, also a Scotch lady, travelling alone through the Holy Land so economically, that she barely afforded herself the necessaries of life.

“Good-bye, sir,” said some Nazarene schoolboys with *keffiyehs* on their heads.

It was one of the few English expressions these young Nazarenes knew. So I gave the most polite of these boys a “Wordless Book”* as I rode away on Amdani up the

*See page 43.

hillside, and they went on to school. I reined in on the crest and took a last look at Nazareth, and thought of the good friends I was leaving there. We were soon descending the rugged glen which leads down to the plain of Esdraelon.

I had sent Hermann back to Haifa with five English sovereigns and a special gift of ten shillings because of his willingness and usefulness. Mustapha el Sharowi was to accompany me across country up to Jerusalem.

Mustapha rode the pack-horse and I followed on Amdani, a grey mare (nearly white), with Eastern trappings and a jerky kind of trot, but a good walker. The horse-flies and heat were very trying to her, and she had a strange fashion of endeavouring to clear off the flies under her body with one of her hind legs. This always brought us very suddenly to a standstill, and was embarrassing to a meditative rider.

As we descended the rugged winding glen from the crest of the hills to the south of Nazareth, we had an extensive view. Across the broad plain of Esdraelon we could just see the white minaret of Jenin, where we were to sleep that night in an Arab hostelry. To the right, far away, lay the Carmel range, almost merging at last in the mountains of Samaria towards the south. The great plain, now known as the Merj (Meadow) Ibn Amir, lay almost wedge shape in the midst, the mountains of the Gilboa range being on the east, and the Galilean hills behind us to the north.

When we got down on to the plains I began to put

Amdani through her paces, but a smart gallop excited Mustapha much and he cried, "*La, la, 'Howaja, malaish, malaish.*" "No, no, honoured sir, it is very unnecessary."

Before crossing to Jenîn, we turn aside up another *merj*, a broad meadow-valley leading eastwards.

MOUNT TABOR.

On Mount Tabor's summit are monastic buildings, both Latin and Greek. In the days of the Crusaders'



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MOUNT TABOR FROM NAIN.

A "Kopje" in the Holy Land, but note the Camels feeding in charge of Bedawin.

kingdom the castle and monastery of Mount Tabor were celebrated. Long before that there was a fortress on Mount Tabor, even in Josephus' days. Josephus tells us, ("*Wars of the Jews,*" book iv., chap. i., sec. 8), that he surrounded the whole of the level top of Tabor with a wall in six weeks, when the Romans were preparing to attack the inhabitants and fugitives gathered there. Tabor is a regular South African *kopje* planted down in Galilee.

"Do you think the Transfiguration took place on Tabor?" I have been asked.

The Russian and Greek pilgrims and others hold to the tradition that our Lord was here transfigured; but the Gospels tell us that He and His Apostles were at Banias (Cæsarea Philippi) at the foot of Mount Hermon, a few days before the Transfiguration. Tabor's summit was then inhabited, though now it is generally lonely enough save for a few monks. I have no doubt that the Transfiguration was on one of the spurs of Hermon, and in a very lonely place.

Turning westwards now, and keeping that rounded oak-covered summit to our left, we approach Nain. "Nein" is on the lower northern slopes of Jebel Duhy, or Lesser Hermon. The path from the south end of the Sea of Galilee would approach it round the base of Mount Tabor in the distance. As I rode up toward the present village, my thoughts were picturing that day when two processions met just here—one coming out from the gate of the city down toward the tombs, the other coming up from the Sea of Galilee and meeting it.

One procession was composed of fishermen from the lake, and artisans and country folk in their picturesque dresses. They were following a wonderful Teacher, who was probably some thirty years of age. Coming down from the city gate was a funeral procession, escorting the body of a youth borne on an open bier, to be placed without coffin in its last resting place. Death and life meet. He who is

"the Life" touches the bier, stays the clamour, and brings back from the Unknown the soul of the only son of that widowed mother, and there is much joy in that hamlet on the slopes of Lesser Hermon.

When, in after years, this young man of Nain came to die the second time, was death more pleasant ?

Surely it would be, for he would have learnt to know, that belief on this Christ meant eternal life, and that death to the true Christian is no death, but the very gate ! of a glorified immortality.



FROM A PHOTO BY

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A PANORAMIC VIEW OF NAIN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The little village stands behind the white Church. To the right are the slopes of Lesser Hermon.

Mustapha el Sharowi leads the way up to Nain, and we halt within the precincts of a Greek church, built there in later days. There is no wall round Nain now. A Moslem *Wely* on the Hill bears the name of the "Shrine of our Lord Jesus" (*Sidna 'Aissa*).

After giving *bakshish* to the old man in charge, we rode away along the slopes of El Jebel Duhy, the Lesser Hermon.

No one can give a satisfactory reason for the Crusaders' name of "Lesser Hermon." The name is not a Biblical

one. Just from this point, beyond Nain, Tabor and the true Hermon come almost into line, and the Psalmist must surely have been familiar with this view when he sang (Psalm lxxxix. 12): "The north and the south Thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name." The south and the north of this part of Syria are thus represented by Tabor (about 1,800 feet) and Hermon (about 10,000 feet), the one a mile or two away, and the other fifty or sixty miles beyond.

We make a long, weary circuit round this hill. A Bedawîn encampment sends out a pack of dogs which rage around us. A writer on Palestine says that these dogs do not bite. That may be true, but I am glad all the same to be a good height up from the ground on Amdani's back.

I remember similar scenes when approaching the Sarcee *Tepees* (tents) in the Canadian "North West." And it is true, that the fierce-looking dogs used to turn tail and run home when I got down to pick up a stone for their benefit. I propose to Mustapha that we shall ride up to the *douar*, and enter the *sheykh's* tent and call for *leben*—"the butter in the lordly dish" of Deborah's song. My *mukarri* seemed to have had less pleasant experiences of Bedawîn life than his master. He was horror-stricken at the suggestion, and urging on the horses, referred to these wanderers and their belongings as "*mushtayib*."

Under a cruel sun, which now pitilessly beat on the great plains and scorched the hill sides, we approached

Shunem. I could not but see a remarkable connection between the raising from death of that only son of his mother at Shunem and the miracle at Nain, just round that projecting hill, El Duhy. If it was a scorching day like this, when the great woman of Shunem made her servant urge on her ass at full gallop fifteen miles across to Carmel; such an undertaking showed a mother's love indeed (2 Kings iv). We know that it was in the heat of the harvest time.

No wonder that a rich woman lived at Shunem. There is water there, and the great plain yields abundant harvests when properly treated. Her dwelling was, as it were, a half-way house between Abel-Meholah, Elisha's native place in the Jordan valley to the east, and Carmel, his prophetic abode across there to the west. Mustapha el Sharowi piloted me among the mud houses of Shunem, and suddenly disappeared to purchase some barley. I dismounted to give Amdani a rest. The brown Arab boys and youths of Shunem now seized their opportunity. Surrounding the '*Howāja*', and with open hands thrust up into his face, they cried, and echoed again the cry in louder and more insistent keys, "*Bakshish, bakshish, bakshish.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF ARMAGEDDON.

“. . . Spirits of devils, working signs, which go forth unto the Kings of the whole world, to gather them together unto the war of the great day of God, the Almighty, and they gathered them together into a place which is called in Hebrew HARMAGEDON.”—(*Rev. xvi. 14-16 R.V.*)

“*Bakshish mafish; imshi; ruh!*” “There is no *bakshish* for you; be off; quit!” I answered, as the dark-skinned Canaanites of Shunem beset me on every side. Innumerable open hands were rudely held out, and increasingly insolent demands made for money.

I did not give them one *bishlik*, but, swinging myself into the saddle as soon as my Moslem *mukarri* appeared, we rode out together on to the great plain, and headed for Jezreel's tower.

The sun scorched and blazed down with sickening heat. High up in the sky circled two vultures with keen eyes, watching for the death of ass, or camel, or dog, and ready to swoop down in a moment.

Mustapha el Sharowi is perched on the pack horse. He had filled up his great fodder bag at Shunem, and skilfully squats upon it, smoking *papyrosi*, carolling

melancholy Muhammedan chaunts, or repeating for the benefit of his *infidel* master,

"Eshchedu ana Muhamed Rassool Allah."

"Eshchedu ana Muhamed Rassool Allah."

My light-grey mare, Amdani, nimbly steps along over the dusty track, and after a long ride we draw near to Zer'in, the ancient Jezreel.

Crossing the head of the Wady Jalûd, which runs down to the Jordan valley from this great plain of Jezreel, we clamber up the limestone rocks to the entering into Jezreel, the sometime royal city of Ahab. Here the dogs ate up Jezebel, and their descendants still prowl round the city with the same cruel instincts as of old. The vultures above and the pariah below are the scavengers of this land.

Looking down the Wady Jalûd, we seem to see in fancy Jehu urging on his chariot, coming up from the Jordan with his captains and supporters.

The watchman on the tower sees them, and reports. The driving is furious; no one flings along in that mad fashion but the son of Nimshi.

King Joram at last drives to meet him, and is promptly slain, while his friend Ahaziah, King of Judah, is sore wounded, near to the 'Ain Jalûd (2 Kings xix).

Here, then, at Jezreel, the wicked Queen-mother Jezebel, all tired and painted, was thrown from the upper window and trodden under foot by the chariot horses of Jehu.

Mustapha discouraged any stay at Zer'in. The inhabitants seemed to be a vicious set of untrustworthy Muhammedan Canaanites, so we did not loiter, but rode through the outskirts of the village of square flat-roofed houses, where the Fellahin were repairing their flat mud roofs for the approaching rains.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF PALESTINE.

A few cloudlets streamed across the sky from beyond Mount Carmel, some no bigger than a man's hand. They lingered in the brazen vault above, and sheltered us for a time from the smiting of the fierce sun. I dismounted. Mustpha laid the sack of fodder on the ground. I rested, and ate my lunch a few yards away from the caravan track.

Then I wrote: "The immense plain of Esdraelon lies around me, and Mount Gilboa's eastern boundary rises a mile or so away behind. Fourteen miles to the west is the Mount Carmel range; less than a dozen miles to the north the hills of Galilee, and the higher white houses of Nazareth peep above the hill tops. To the south the nearer mountains of the land of Samaria rise and close in the plain some ten miles or so away.

"Perhaps twenty-one miles by fifteen—the Garden of Palestine—this magnificent cornfield of the Holy Land stretches out.

"The scenes of the past rise up again. The camp of the Amalekites was yonder, and Gideon, that mighty man of valour, fell upon them in his night attack and followed them down that valley to the Jordan.

Days in Galilee.

"Sisera and his host were entangled over there in Kishon's swollen stream and perished before victorious Barak inspired by Deborah the Prophetess.

"Ahab used to drive past this spot from Samaria to Jezreel; up there, on the slopes of Gilboa, Saul miserably ended his life. Our Lord Himself travelled over this plain on His way from Nazareth to Jerusalem."

(Heavy drops began to patter down from clouds crossing the sky.)

"I seem to see Elijah running before Ahab's chariot across from Carmel to Jezreel over yonder, as the rain begins to come down. Saul and the Philistines, Josiah and Pharaoh Necho, Napoleon and the Moslems, found here their battlefield. Here, say some, will also be fought the last great battle of all, great Armageddon itself."

But we must journey on now. Here and there are mud villages with great hedges of cactus around them. The Fellahin who till the soil live in these huts, working for the Sheykhs, and they in turn looking to the greater landowners.

Bedawin pass by with lovely white camels. The soil here is sprinkled with millions of small stones. It is bare now (October.) All is safely gathered in. In the spring, this bare plain is verdant and blooming, a very "Garden of the Lord."

Late in the afternoon we are approaching the southern limit of the plain, and entering the old region of Samaria.

Ginea, the modern Jenin, was probably that "village

of the Samaritans" where our Lord was repelled because His face was set to go to Jerusalem that city whose temple rivalled their Samaritan temple on Gerizim.

We could see afar off the white minaret, the mosque, and official buildings, and the gardens with their palm trees. It is as of old, when known as Engannim, the Spring of the Gardens.

I never saw such swarms of fine lizards as those which ran from under Amidan's feet and made for the shelter of the cactus hedges. I put up at a native *khan*, and, notwithstanding the intense discomfort, the fierce barking of dogs, the cry of the *madiv*, and an Arab musical party under the palm trees, I fell asleep at last.

PART II.

SOUTHWARDS TO JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER I.

ISSACHAR AND MANASSEH.

“ I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.
Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came ;
These hills He toiled over, in grief, are the same ;
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His Brow.”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

WITH faces set southward, Mustapha el Sharowi and his master thankfully ambled out of Jenîn in the early morn, ere the sun began to scorch. Jenîn is a fanatical town, and its *khan* is dirty.

Leaving behind the palm trees and the gardens of cucumbers, and the shady bowers where the Jenînites “make kief,” and mysteriously play oriental music on the *Gimbrih*, we left, also, the minaret whence the *mueddin* sent out his cry:—

"Heia 'ala ssalah.

Heia 'ala lfelah."

"Hark for salvation,

Hark for prayer."

We now passed from the plain of Esdraelon and entered the ravines of Samaria.

Jenfn, or Engannim (then Ginea), was the northern outpost of the Samaritans in olden days—the first village to which the Galilean pilgrim came if he journeyed by this way toward the Holy City.

Probably it was, as I have said, that village of the Samaritans upon which James and John would fain have called down fire from heaven (St. Luke ix., 52—54) because of its repulse of their Master.

It was doubtless that Ginea of which Flavius Josephus writes ("Antiquities of the Jews," book xx., chap. vi., section 1.) He describes it as being inhabited by Samaritans, and as being situated on the limits of Samaria and the Great Plain. Here the Galilean caravans on their way up to Jerusalem for the Passover and other festivals were waylaid, and fierce fights took place.

An appeal was made to Ventidius Cumanus, a successor of Pontius Pilate in the office of Governor (and the immediate predecessor of the Claudius Felix of Acts xxiii.)

But Cumanus was heavily bribed by the Samaritans, and refused to listen to any complaints.

Then the Galileans took the matter into their own hands, and, marching behind two valiant chieftains, they

“called down fire from heaven” by burning the first Samaritan village they came to.

Then Cumanus marched his Roman cohorts against them and was assisted by the Samaritans, whom he armed. Jerusalem was in an uproar, and a national rising was threatened, but for a time it was averted. Cumanus and his chief captain, Celer, were summoned to Rome and condemned. Celer was sent back to Jerusalem to be dragged through its streets and beheaded, and the ring-leaders of the Samaritans were put to death.

The secret of this action in favour of the Jews was that at that time Agrippa was in great power with the Emperor Claudius at Rome.

We quickly ambled out from the narrow streets of Jenin, that October morning, saluting such of the long-robed inhabitants as did not shun us. Then for miles we rode along a winding narrow valley, bounded by low limestone hills. Here and there were patches of arable land where the valley widened for a space. I wonder if through these valleys will one day run a railway from Nazareth to Jerusalem!

Up on the side of the steep hill we saw Arabs quarrying lime from a softer stratum. Their efforts left long cave-like openings, such as we so often see in this land. Emerging at last from this long ravine, we enter a meadow-like expanse, almost free from the stones one sees in such profusion elsewhere.

Mustapha waves his right arm in an all encircling

manner, and cries to me "'Howaja, es moe el Merj el 'Arrabeh"—"Master it is called the Merj (Meadow) el Arrâbeh."

DOTHAN.

Later we enter a basin of hills with a level space in the midst. Yonder rises a smaller hill—a *Tell* (mound of ruins), and Mustapha, on the pack horse, cries to me "*Ya Sidi, Tell el Dotain.*"

One's thoughts go back now to very ancient days, for here Joseph found his brethren and his Egyptian enslavement, and here Elisha was protected by the chariots and horses of fire from the Syrian soldiers.

It was one of these bottle-shaped cisterns in the limestone rock into which Joseph was let down and imprisoned until the caravan from the Haurân passed by on its way, viâ Gaza, to the Egyptian Delta. (Gen. xxxvii.)

Here, in later centuries, Elisha was abiding, when the King of Syria's soldiers made a cordon round the *Tell*, in order that he might not escape.

Then this mountain land around was filled with the glorious and mighty angel host, and, when the eyes of Elisha's serving man were also opened to see spiritual realities, he knew how true the prophet's words were—"They that be with us are more than they that be with them." (2 Kings vi. 16.)

The view across the vale of Dothan was that of a pastoral scene. Arab shepherds wandered along the slopes, with goats and sheep and herds of diminutive black oxen, no

higher than a man's waist. I think that a St. Bernard dog that I once *rode* for a yard or two, at the top of one of the Swiss Passes, was quite as large as these oxen.

Ploughing was going forward. Generally two of these little black oxen were attached to a light plough which the ploughman easily carried on his shoulder to the scene of his labours. On the hill-sides and in the valley were little strips of land where the oxen were hurried across the patch and then back again. So resonant and clear is the dry air, and the voices of those Eastern countrymen are so high-pitched and powerful, that one can hear them talking when nearly a mile away. It helps one to understand such scenes as Goliath's defiance (1 Sam. xvii.), or David's appeal to Saul (1 Sam. xxiv.)

We passed over the boundary of Issachar, and entered Manasseh. Another long ride brought us to Silet-ed-Dhahr. We circled round above the white flat houses far below us among the olives, keeping well up on the hills.

The perennial streams make Silet a green oasis in this dry weather. Fig-trees and olives luxuriate.

We halt about mid-day. Mustapha prepares a resting place under a fig-tree near the spring, high up on the hill side; and, dismounting from my grey mare, I thankfully recline in the shade upon the long fodder sack, over which is spread the horse-cloth. A movement in the branches above attracts my attention, and I see a barefooted Arab boy creeping from bough to bough. At last he descends and offers the '*Howája*' the gleanings of the figs; but they were, I am sorry to say, only "very naughty figs."

Other Arab boys in romantic colours, but very dirty, accumulate in the vicinity, murmuring the inevitable word. Mustapha cleverly beguiles them to a little distance, and entertains them with interesting converse.

The two horses are tethered to the branches of the fig tree, and they nibble bits of dry grass, pluck off leaves,



FROM A PHOTO BY

WOMEN OF SAMARIA.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

On their way to the 'Ain to draw water.

and frantically try to kick off the flies which worry them in impossible places near their girths.

Under that blessed shadow, in the scorching blaze of noontide, I thought and read again of that Nathanael who was seen by his Lord as he meditated on some holy

theme beneath such a fig tree as this. Down by the spring the Syrian women were beating their clothes in the water with a wooden bat, and others filled their jars and bore them down to Silet.

I asked for a drink out of one of the jars, and met with a wrathful repulse. The young woman of Silet, with disgust written on every feature of her face, bore away her jar in haste lest I should defile it with my lips.

"How is it that thou being a Kâfir askest drink of me which am a woman of Samaria?" Such words I fancied I heard as I thought of a wonderful scene by a well not far away from here.

So, having rewarded the young Arabs who had left me in peace, I remounted my grey mare Amdani, and we climbed to the summit of the limestone ridge which had screened from us the ruins of the city of Samaria.

All along the road which we now traversed from Dothan did Elisha lead the army of the king of Syria in a dazed condition, until they allowed themselves to be led over this ridge to the very gates of Samaria itself. On the summit Mustapha paused and turned, and reining in his horse, he shaded his eyes, and, looking intently for a moment northwards, he pointed out to me Nazareth peeping over the Galilean hills.

We could just see, through the clear atmosphere, some of the white houses near the orphanage on the crest of its western hill, miles and miles away across the great plain of Esdraelon.

It was our last sight of the city where He was brought up, and Mustapha, with finger pointed and out-stretched arm, cried dramatically, as was his wont—

“NAZARA, NAZARA.”

No doubt our blessed Lord passed along this very pathway over the limestone hills more than once in going and returning from Nazareth to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

“The pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps still
Truer than these,
Where'er the poor, and tired, and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead.
Our path is onward, till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.”—*The Changed Cross.*

CHAPTER II.

SAMARIA AND SHECHEM.

"The folk of that Contree, that men clepen Samaritanes, have dyverse Clotbinge and Schapp, to loken on, than other folk have ; for thei wrappen here Bedes in red Linnene Clotbe, in difference fro othere, and the Sarazines wrappen here Bedes in white Linnene Clotbe, and the Christene men that duellen in the Contree wrappen hem in blew of Ynde."—(*Maundeville.*)

DESCENDING that October afternoon from the limestone ridge on the north of Samaria, I entered a vast khaki-coloured amphitheatre of hills. Down below rose a central mount, a lonely tortoise-shaped hill, crowned by a Moslem village and some strange ruins and pillars. This was Samaria. Yet not the abode of the religious community known as the Samaritans, who are now very few in number and live at Nablûs, under Gerizim their sacred mount.

Enemies, in olden time when they encompassed Samaria round about, could always look down into the besieged city through the clear air. If they had had ordnance from Elswick, or Krupp guns, the sieges would have been very short. But though the armies on these heights could see and be seen by the besieged and starving inhabitants, they were well out of the reach of arrows or catapults.

On that burning October afternoon one's eyes wandered westward to the blue strip of Mediterranean far away, and

the sight of a modern steamer passing up the coast made one think for a moment of the great Western world.

But one's thoughts came back to the East as we turned and looked down into the huge hill-surrounded basin beneath us, in which lay the island-like eminence, at the more eastern extremity of which, as on a dromedary's hump, stands the Arab village of Sebastiyeh, with its white houses and minaret.

Amdani, my Arab mare, carefully followed Mustapha el Sharowi down the tortuous path by the olive groves, where the dark-faced women were picking up the olives which were being beaten down by Arabs up in the branches.

Then we ascended to the site of Samaria, and in thought I met the two leprous men who, escaping from the beleaguered city, found that the enemy had fled and left their tents and their abundant food behind them. How suddenly that awful famine ended when the starving populace, tumbling in their weakness and treading on one another, charged down these slopes to get food and "loot" from the runaway enemy's camp (2 Kings vii.)!

Here, according to the Revised Version, in later centuries, when fierce persecution oppressed the Christians at Jerusalem, came Philip the deacon, and found the people willing to listen as he told them that the MESSIAH had come. The Apostles at Jerusalem received a message telling them of the success of his mission, and St. Peter and St. John journeyed down to Samaria to hold here the first solemn "laying-on of hands."

We rode up and examined the ruins. We passed along Herod's colonnade, placed there when he rebuilt the city and named it Sebaste, in honour of his Imperial patron at Rome.

"Is there any reason for thinking that John the Baptist was executed here?" I am asked.

It is believed by many, in spite of Josephus, that John the Baptist was beheaded at Sebaste, and that Herod Antipas was holding his gay court here rather than at gloomy Machærus by the Dead Sea. The Muhammedans have a tradition that John was here decapitated, and is here buried. The tradition, in fact, goes back to the days of Jerome. The Baptist's later preaching and baptisms took place, it is thought, at the head of the Wady Far'ah, only a few miles to the east of Samaria. It would be more likely that the Baptist would, on his arrest, be brought to the dungeons beneath Herod's palace here, than to distant Castle Machærus.

The ruins of the Crusading Church of St. John the Baptist have been converted by the Moslems into a mosque. These people of Sebaste are bigoted followers of the Prophet of Mecca, and are notoriously turbulent, so we did not prolong our stay.

As we left Samaria behind us, we probably passed over the void place where King Ahab gathered the prophets together that they might give their approval to his expedition to Gilead. We almost certainly passed the spring where Ahab's chariot was washed, and where the

pariah dogs of those days licked up the blood of the royal murderer of Naboth (1 Kings xxii.) We climbed again out of this amphitheatre on its other side, passing now and again flourishing villages.



WHERE AHAB'S CHARIOT WAS WASHED.

Water is flowing from a spring at the left hand of the picture. On the hill of Samaria is seen the Mosque now standing on the site of the Crusading Church dedicated to John the Baptist.

Going over these limestone passes, one wonders at the patience and carefulness of the Syrian horses as they pick their way gracefully up and down the stone-strewn hills. In

Days in Galilee.

some places every horse and camel must perforce plant its foot down in the very same place, and it seems as if the wear of centuries had deepened the groove more and more intensely.

Long trains of brown hairy camels come up the hill as we descend into the vale of Shechem. Some of the camels have a sweet-sounding bell hanging at the neck, which tolls



THE CAMEL'S WALK.

From a snapshot taken by the Author.

solemnly from time to time. Looking down on the long file of camels coming up towards us, their undulating backs carrying sleepy drivers, these Arabs all appear to be bowing and nodding in an exaggerated fashion, but in reality this is caused by the lift and drop of the back of the *Jamal*. The camel walks in a unique fashion—both right legs together and both left legs move together.

The valley of Shechem is full of olive trees, and the olive harvest is at its height. Everywhere are young men in the trees with poles, and women and older men below gathering up the olives as they fall, and then bearing them away in baskets. The valley resounds with their cries and strange exclamations, and one hears the wailing of neglected babes, whose mothers are too busy to satisfy their hungry offspring.

We met a dark-skinned prisoner handcuffed to a *Bashi-Bazouk*. He was hurried along, wildly protesting, but there was a mounted Turkish *gendarme* behind him in turban and flowing robes, with loaded gun laid across his knees, ready in case of attempted flight. Further on we met more of these Arab cavalry intent on some urgent affair.

We approach the town. It is Saturday, near sunset, and some of the few Jewish inhabitants in their Sabbath garments are gathered under the olive trees. Children use objectionable epithets, and older folk scowl at me.

As we approach the gates of this, one of the oldest cities in the world, we ask the passers-by, "*Fén el beit el Hakím Ingliz?*"—"Where is the English Doctor's House?" As I slid down from Amdani's back I leaned against a stone wall, and nearly fainted right away. I had never felt quite myself since swimming in the sea of Galilee and the Jordan. Now I knew I was attacked again by malaria.

In sub-Arctic Russia, ten years before, I voyaged on a mighty river into the interior.* One bright midnight I

*See "With Russian Pilgrims," p. 257.

was helping to load our little flat-bottomed steamer with fuel. The malarial mist rose like fleecy down from the river and entered into my system. I had an attack of malaria then at Vologda, and I was impregnated with a liability to it which I suppose I shall always carry with me.

Mustapha el Sharowi leads the horses away to the *khân*, and I entered the house of Dr. Gaskoin Wright, formerly of Uganda, and then nobly ministering to the sick folk of Nablûs—both high and low—though of course more chiefly to the latter. I bore a kindly note of commendation from Rev. H. E. Fox, the Hon. Sec. of the C.M.S.

“Come in, Mr. Boddy, I am delighted to welcome you.”
How sweet those words sounded.

I do not know when I ever felt so thankful as that night when I rested under the mosquito curtains in Dr. Wright’s room.

His house was some little distance outside the city gate. I was feverish, and the night went by slowly. A hyena laughed at the back of the house, and then seemed to be chased up the slopes of Gerizim by a pack of pariah dogs of the city. How Eastern dogs do bark, and how the cocks do crow!

I was glad when the sun arose once more, and heralded

A SUNDAY AT SHECHEM!

Shechem is one of the oldest cities in the world, in a vale which our blessed Lord undoubtedly visited, leaving a glorious record for us in the fourth chapter of St. John’s Gospel, in the words spoken to the woman of Samaria.

Across the valley is Mount Ebal, towering into the blue sky. In front of Dr. Wright's house is a garden, a few yards long, sloping towards the road, but ending some fifteen feet above it, and held up by a stone wall. This main road, passing the garden, enters the city a few hundred yards from us beyond the great caravanserai, the yard of which is filled with camels and beasts of burden. Along this road are often passing strings of camels, and once I saw some vehicles journeying direct to Jaffa, by a rugged pass down the mountains.

I was so much better that I felt able to walk quietly to church at 8.30 on Sunday, the hour for the morning service. The church at Nablûs is a comely, reverent, plain upper chamber, and approached by a broad flight of stone steps leading to a portico. The bell was ringing as we approached, and a number of men in fezzes and long robes were passing up.

I could not help noticing a bad expression on the face of some passing Moslems, who stopped and watched the congregation pass in. In the church the men sat on the right hand of the clergyman, the women, in their simple white dress, being on the left side of the church.

Selim el Gomri, a Syrian deacon, took his place at the prayer desk as a voluntary was being played upon the harmonium by Miss Falscher, the European missionary's daughter. Three English ladies were also on the women's side, one of them being a nursing sister at the hospital (C.M.S.) which Dr. Wright has charge of. On the men's

side were the doctor, the school teachers, the Bible man Abu Miriam, the dispenser in the hospital, and the native attendants for the men's ward. There were also the boys of the schools, and then a certain number of other men.

The church was only a small building, and the congregation numbered fifty to eighty. The building is arched like all the oriental rooms, and is perfectly white, the roof being partly supported by wooden beams. At the east end is the sanctuary and the Communion Table within the rails, and as a reredos the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed, all in Arabic. The eastern window had a covering within to soften the dazzling sunlight. The south windows were shaded by the foliated green trees in the garden.

The service, all in Arabic, was very hearty. The Venite and Benedictus were chanted to well-known English tunes. Two hymns in Arabic were also sung to well-known tunes. Some of the men took off their *tarbúshes* and others kept them on. Three handsome lamps hung from the roof. Through open doors and windows the twitter of sparrows came, and the bells of a passing caravan occasionally chimed as it moved along the road. The prayers were reverently read and the preacher's gestures were dignified and attractive. Selim, the deacon, had the attention of his congregation as he preached from Ecclesiastes vii. 29. "*Lo, this only have I found, that God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.*"

After luncheon everyone in Dr. Wright's house retired to rest, as this is absolutely necessary in the hot weather. There was a great silence until about 3.30 p.m., when tea was served, and then the household went out to the Arabic evening service, which was held at 4 p.m. I was not well enough to go again, and I stayed in charge of the premises.

(From my note book). "I sit out in the garden in the shade, with my Bible and note book, and muse awhile. I look out into the vale of Shechem, and in imagination I see Abram* coming hither thousands of years ago on his first entry into the Land of Promise, and building yonder an altar, and 'calling upon the Lord.' I look out again into the vale and my eyes travel up yonder red rounded rocky slopes of Ebal. I see Joseph† searching for his brethren, and, after questioning a passer by, going on again northwards to Dothan. I seem, then, to hear the roar of a great multitude beyond the city there where Ebal and Gerizim draw nigh to one another.‡ Joshua is reading the curses and the blessings, and the great multitude of immigrants, with one voice, are echoing 'Amîn, Amîn.'

"I look towards yonder city gate, and remembering that this—one of the oldest cities in the world—was appointed a City of Refuge,§ I seem to see yonder a man running for his life towards that gate. He has accidentally slain another, and behind him, panting along the road, is the Avenger of Blood. But the Manslayer is safe—he has staggered through the gate.

* Gen. xii. 6-7.

† Gen. xxxvii. 14-15.

‡ Deut. xxvii. 11-26.

§ Joshua xi. 7.

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“ But a greater than all has made this valley a holy place. For God Incarnate came and sat beside that Well* down yonder, and a few days later, after a wonderful visit, He and His disciples passed along this very valley up to Galilee.

“ The sunset draws nigh. It is nearly five o'clock, and I go up on the flat white roof. I can see plainly in the west the deep blue line of the Mediterranean. The sun is going down behind Mount Gerizim, and its large shadow is rapidly passing across the valley and up the slopes of Ebal. The Shechemites are now coming out to walk in the cool of the evening, strolling beneath the olive trees. There comes a clamour of Arab tongues from a circle of women gathered for converse beneath yonder tree. Up the slope behind the house is a narrow, steep, stony road, leading up the hill, and slow-stepping camels with stately gait come down it.

“ The shadow of Mount Gerizim still creeps steadily up Ebal. Its ruddy-brown earth becomes more red in the brilliant sunset hues. And now the sun has gone down into the Great Sea, and the Sunday at Shechem is ended.”

There are a number of extra-mural buildings at this end of the town, and among them the temporary hospital. Beyond it the handsome plain church and other mission buildings. The minarets, domes, and flat roofs of the walled city are further south.

Bertie Wright, aged 9, made a mistake about the minarets. He wondered why there were so many *light-houses* in Nablûs, when it was not near the sea. Bertie had

* St. John iv. 6-6.

the privilege of seeing the fag end of the tail of a live snake soon after his arrival in the East. His father was away one hot afternoon, and all were resting, when one of the Syrian servants discovered a snake making a noise behind a door in one of the smaller rooms. There was a great uproar as the snake was being dispatched, and Bertie and his sister Dorothy arrived on the scene in time to see the last convulsive wriggles of that tail ere the snake expired.

We walked a little distance along the paths on Gerizim after sundown. Dr. Wright told me how the Sultan, the previous week, had sent a telegram to the *Mutesherif* at Nablûs, to be read in the court, saying that he was now at peace with the European Powers and all was going to be good now for everybody. Meantime, however, all the preparations were for war, every available man being called out and sent away no one knew whither.

I was shewn the three cemeteries at Nablûs—the Moslem, the Jewish, and the Christian. The Moslem cemetery is full of very fine monuments, the Jewish cemetery is surrounded by a broken wall, as is the case also of the Christian cemetery. No monument is permitted by the people to remain, and Christian graves, if distinguished at all, are marked off only by rough stones taken from the field and laid round. A strong wall round these Christian graves would protect them from profanation. While staying at Nablûs I examined the schools and saw the working of the Medical Mission. Standing with the Syrian dispenser inside his little dispensary, I looked on as

the Arabs came up to a sort of booking-office window in turn to be served. A grizzled old *Sheykh* pushed in a great black bottle which he wished to be refilled with good strong medicine as before. It seemed so strange to see an old Oriental grasping a big black bottle and asking humbly to be physicked. The Medical Staff do a good work in breaking down prejudices, and every patient hears something of the Living Christ who can live in His faithful followers.

With Selim el Gomri I walked in the bazaars of this, one of the oldest cities in the world. I noticed again the unfriendly looks of many of the more fanatical of the people.

In the Samaritan quarter of Nablûs, between Ebal and Gerizim, there are some forty families of "Samaritans." In walks through Nablûs I came to this quarter, and soon met one of their priests in his scarlet turban. Passing along dark roadways, arched over by the houses above, we found the house of the High Priest, who received us courteously in an upper chamber, where we sat or reclined on carpets and conversed together.

Yakoub (Jacob) Aaron, the present High Priest of the Samaritans, is a fine looking man, perhaps over fifty years of age, with Semitic features, and with considerable self-possession. After an interchange of civilities we entered upon an interesting conversation, of which I can give some fragments.

"What is the hope of the Samaritans?" I asked the High Priest.

"We believe that Messiah will appear on Mount Gerizim, and then all religions will join us, and all will be one."

"We are the true Israel. We accept the first five books of Moses, the true Torah, and receive no traditions of men. We sacrifice the Passover every year on Mount



JACOB AARON, THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE SAMARITANS.

From a photo given by him to the Author. The ancient roll of the Law and its covers.

Gerizim, where the Tabernacle is buried, and where Abraham offered Isaac."* (?)

The High Priest took me into the small synagogue of the Samaritans and showed me two old rolls of the Torah, or Law, which he brought from behind the veil

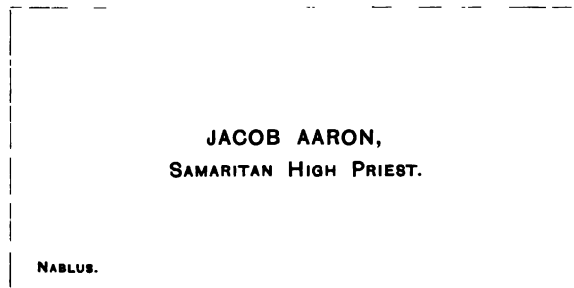
* Dean Stanley in his "Jewish Church" inclines, it will be remembered, to this view, as to Gerizim being the place of Isaac's offering.

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of yellow silk which hangs in front of the "Mizbah." One, which he said was twelve centuries old, is kept in a brass cover on which is engraved a plan of the Tabernacle.

Then as a greater privilege, not often accorded, he brought out a second roll, not generally shown, which he assured me dated from the days of Abishua, the son of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. This is only shown, even to his own people, once a year—on the Day of Atonement. I owed my good fortune to the presence of Selim el Gomri.

I have among my cards this one which Jacob Aaron gave me with his photograph :



I catechised a number of their children in our Missionary school, which they gladly attend, and I found them familiar with the New Testament, and perhaps especially with the story of the Good Samaritan.

The Samaritans are a dwindling race. They only intermarry among themselves, and do not exceed now

some forty families. At the time of our Lord's visit they would number many thousands.

• • • • •

With Selim el Gomri, the Syrian deacon of Nablûs, I sat on Jacob's well. We looked down into its depths, and then we lowered some lighted candles on a small frame, and as they slowly descended they lit up the old stones placed there in the days of the Patriarch, and which actually were there when Jesus rested here, and heard His Voice.

"You might wonder," said Selim, "why Jacob made a well here, when already there were so many springs of water in this neighbourhood. It was, I think, that he might avoid strife between his herdsmen and the men of Shechem. This would be his own well, and so none could complain."

(It is thought by some that this well or pit was chiefly a store for surface water, and that it contained softer water than could be found in the abounding springs of this Shechem Vale. It must be remembered that the word used in S. John iv. 6 is *πηγή* and is translated in the margin of the Revised Version as "spring," yet at the present day it is fed more from surface water than spring water.)

"Will you tell me," I said to the deacon of Nablûs, "why the Samaritan woman came to this well, and why she came at mid-day?" *

"I think she was at work in the fields here. She would bring out from home in the morning some food for her

*Dr. Westcott, in his "Commentary on St. John," places these events at six in the evening. The words of the Gospel run: "It was about the sixth hour."

dinner, and also her small jar and a long light piece of rope. At noon she would leave her weeding for awhile and come here to drink this water. She belonged, I think, to El Askar, that village at the foot of Mount Ebal, over yonder. That is where Sychar is said to have stood in those days."



FROM A PHOTO BY

ABOVE JACOB'S WELL.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

In the early days of Christianity a church was built above this well, the chancel being just over a crypt which covered the original well-mouth. A flight of steps led from the side of the chancel (as at Bethlehem) to the venerated spot. In the picture the shape of the chancel or apse can be traced.

As we talked we were seated upon the stone mouth of the well. It is only a foot and a half in diameter. Below

the mouth it expands to a diameter of seven and a half feet. Over this well, in early Christian times, they built a church, just as they did at Bethlehem over the cave of the Nativity. The altar was elevated, and was just above the well. The mouth of the well then was in a crypt, or little chapel below the eastern apse.

In the troublous times of the Moslem invasion, or in those of the wars and defeat of the Crusaders, this church was wrecked and laid low. Many of the stones fell into the well, which was said then to be one hundred and fifty feet deep; others were cast in during the centuries that followed, until now it is only seventy-five feet deep.

The ground has been purchased from the Turkish Government for 70,000 *piastres*. It has been walled in, and some steps have been taken to restore the church. The crypt has been cleaned out, so that we descended by steps to the interior of this little chapel, and the Syrian caretaker stood by as Selim el Gomri sat on the well and told me these things.*

A few yards away we found Joseph's Tomb, recently restored as a Moslem *wely*, and in charge of an aggressive deaf and dumb Arab youth to whom we gave *bakshish*.

On the last day of my stay I walked up the slopes of Mount Gerizim to Jotham's Rock, and looked out over the innumerable flat white roofs of the town beneath us. A babel of strange noises floated up from this Eastern town. We could easily picture the men of Shechem all coming out

* See "Christ in His Holy Land," pp. 80-83.

on to the roofs of their houses as Jotham cried aloud to them his parable of the trees choosing a king (Judges ix.) Hard by we found an enormous limestone cave in the side of Gerizim. It would hold a thousand people. From the minarets of the mosques of Nablús the *mueddins* were calling the faithful to evening prayer, and proclaiming

“ALLAHU AKBAR.”

“God, He is most great,” and soon the daylight, with its waning colours, was replaced by moonlight of Eastern intensity, like brilliant electric light.



THE TOMB OF THE PATRIARCH JOSEPH.

It is not far from Jacob's Well. To the left are the slopes of Mount Ebal and, very faintly seen, some of the white houses of Askar (Sychar.)

CHAPTER III.

LAST STAGES IN THE PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM.

"And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet,
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone.
Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power,
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE end of October was approaching, but the scorch of the sun was still somewhat terrible. To get well away on our journey before his power was overwhelming, I instructed my *Mukarri* to be ready with the horses at a very early hour. Long before the sun was up, Mustapha brought round the horses from the great *khân*. My effects were loaded upon the pack horse, and Amdani stood waiting for her master.

I took my breakfast by lamplight, waited upon by silent Syrian servants. Then I went out into the darkness. The stars were twinkling. The stilly night was in the last watch. Dogs occasionally barked, and an uncanny cock crew now and again. Beneath the stars I grasped the hand

of my kind host, Dr. Gaskoin Wright, and thanking him with all my heart, bade him farewell. Then I swung myself into the saddle, and we were off.

"Give my love to Bertie and Dorothy when they awake," I cried to him as we went down the hillside.

We skirted Nablûs in the dark. Lepers sat by the wayside begging, and moaned as we passed. Mustapha el Sharowi gave them *bishliks*. We silently passed the Turkish Barracks, where within the lights were being lit, for the soldiers were beginning to rise. (A fortnight later these troops attacked the mission with stones, but the riot was stayed.) On we went. Ebal towered above us on the left and Gerizim on the right. We left Joseph's Tomb and Jacob's Well behind, and passed out on to the plain of El Mukna (the "Encampment"). We saw signs of the dawn over towards Jordan, and ere long the sun came up.

SOAP.

Great piles of ashes lie near our path as we skirt the village of Kefr Kullin further on. The olive harvest supplies the native soap works, which, in a primitive way, turn out enormous quantities of soap. The other year the export of soap from Palestine was 4,250 tons of the value of £108,000. The refuse from the oil presses is burnt, and we see mammoth piles of olive ash. Along the stony valleys of Ephraim we journeyed for hours, scorched by the fierce sun, on and on, until I thankfully hailed the sight of a halting place, though a very primitive one. It was the Khan-el-Lubban (Lebonah). The ruined *khan* had a rough

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roof or verandah of brushwood, under which I was eager to creep, so as to be out of the blaze, and recline on the matted *diwân*. In front of us, at the 'Ain, the Bedawîn women quarrelled as they were filling their water jars, and



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

RUINS AT SHILOH.

Here the Ark of God in the Tabernacle rested for 300 years, until, in the days of Eli, it was captured by the Philistines. Here Samuel ministered to the Lord as a child. It is now a lonely scene of desolation.

shepherds watered their flocks, and wandering Arabs their various beasts of burden.

It was about ten o'clock now, but it seemed a long time since we left Nablûs. The Greek priest of Ramallah, with

long auburn hair streaming over his cloak, was journeying home from Nazareth. He ambled up to the *khán* on a gaily caparisoned diminutive donkey. He alighted and came beneath the shade of the brushwood covering. "*Naharrack syida, Kassís*"—"May your day be blessed—Clergyman"), He politely said.

Then some fierce-looking and dirty Turkish *Bashi-Bazouks* joined us. We ate grapes and fell asleep. It seemed but a moment when I was awakened by Mustapha, who pointed to the sun, now high in the heavens. We had to be off. "*Howaja, howaja, mush tyeib*," he cried. The heat was now sickening. We climbed by zigzags another glaring limestone ridge, and passed a little to the west of Shiloh—a desolate, stony expanse, burning in the glare of the noontide sun. The fever and the terrific blaze so prostrated me that I could only just hold on to Amdani and bear it, and look forward to the next rest.

After some hours over the hills we paused again at the Robbers' Fountain, a romantic oasis in this dreary scenery. It is called "'Ain-el-Haramfyeh," and its romantic position and history may have given rise to its name. A narrow rocky defile; on one side precipitous cliffs, on the other terraces up to the sky line, and groves of olive trees. I reclined on the fodder sack very thankfully for half an hour, and felt sure that here the Lord and his Apostles would rest on their journeys between Jerusalem and Galilee. I rejoiced in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and was very loath to journey on again.

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Two hours more in the fierce sun over the hills and stony paths of Ephraim, and we drew nigh to Bethel (Beitîn). These stone-covered bare hillsides do not help one to conjure up that evening when Jacob rested at



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

WHERE JACOB'S LADDER WAS SET UP (BETHEL.)

GEN. xxviii., 11, 12.—"And Jacob took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and laid down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

Bethel, but it was here doubtless that he cried, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven." As Mustapha and I rode on we passed some Turkish cavalry patrolling the rocky mountain path, for two of the villages of Ephraim were at warfare

with one another, and each evening the Fellahin sallied forth to damage each other's crops and stock. I caught a glimpse of a landmark near Jerusalem at this point, and, though tired and fever-stricken, I took courage. It was the Russian Tower on the Mount of Olives, a mere pin point in the far distance.

I heard the sound of voices speaking English, and looking back I saw, for the first time in Palestine, some Europeans, as I thought, on horseback, hurrying as if to overtake us. We paused, and a gentleman, riding a white horse and wearing a felt helmet, came cantering over the stones, and behind him were two ladies on mules, and some Arab drivers. It was Mr. C. M. Jones, then President of the Friends' School at Ram Allah, (an American gentlemen,) with his wife and a lady friend. They had been visiting some Christian villages and holding Bible readings, and now were returning.

We had some pleasant conversation as we rode along the hills together to Beeroth (Bîreh), said to be the place where the Holy Family rested at the end of the first day when, returning from the Passover, they discovered they had lost the Child Jesus.

We turned to the west for a mile or so from the direct route to Jerusalem, and descended to Ram Allah, the ancient Ramah. Here I found hospitable quarters with a good Dutch Missionary. I watched the sun set in the Mediterranean beyond Jaffa, and gazed round at the wonderful panorama of biblical scenes in which the

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Neby Samwil (the Mont-joie of the Crusaders) was most prominent.

In the morning I set off for the last stage, in that terrific heat, over stony tracks, with the heat glaring from below as well as from above—the height of Neby Samwil (Mizpeh) to the right, and historical scenes all



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

NEBY SAMWIL—THE ANCIENT MIZPEH.

This Mosque on the top of the commanding eminence is seen for many miles all around—both among the hills and toward the sea. It is "Mont-Joie" of the Crusaders, whence some of them first beheld Jerusalem in the distance.

around. This stony country of Ephraim is far less picturesque than sweet Galilee. At last, after three hours under the broiling sun, we crossed a low hill, and I became aware of scattered houses and white buildings to my extreme right, but some distance away. Surely they

must be a fringe of the north-west suburb of extra-mural Jerusalem! Then we reached the crest of the hill. It is part of Mount Scopus.

Mustapha again reins in his steed, and waving his hand with extended pointing finger cries "*El Kúds, El Kúds, esh Sheríf.*"—"The Holy City—the Holy and Noble City.") Yonder I seem to recognise the Mount of Olives from the pictures one has seen since childhood, and the Vale of Kedron, and the Temple area, and the "Beloved" City rising gently towards the west, and the wall circling round the northern suburb stretching along the Jaffa Road. Yonder my Saviour died! for there was

" . . . The Green Hill far away, without a city wall."

To a reverent mind such a moment is impressive, for whilst looking at the actual, one also looks forward to the spiritual, for one thinks of the day when one may see the Heavenly Jerusalem also for the first time. Fatigue, fever, faintness are forgotten for the moment in the thought, "Thank God, I have lived to see Jerusalem."

* * * * *

Even in the unromantic nineteenth century, and after one has travelled scores of thousands of miles to and fro over this fair earth, this is to the Christian a sensation such as nothing else can ever supply. I can enter into the emotions of the writer who describes the Pilgrim-Crusader overcome by joy at the sight of that City, and falling "dead at the goal." Reverently turning her story into parable, it

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will be remembered, she writes :

“And we have seen, on many a pilgrim's face,
The rapture at the goal ;
This joy in death, which comes by God's good grace
To the departing soul.
These, too, had travelled by as weary road,
Till, as the end drew nigh,
They saw the Holy City, God's abode,
Smile in the Eastern sky.
And at this vision, heavenly and fair,
And pure without alloy,
Infinite answer to a life-long prayer,
They, too, have died of joy.”—*B.M.*

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGERS IN JERUSALEM.

"In Jerusalem are all manner of learned men and doctors. All the year round, never are her streets empty of strangers. He who is of the sons of this World, and yet is ardent in the matters of the next, may find here a market for his wares."

Mukaddasi the Arabian (A.D. 985.)

IT would be about ten o'clock that ever-memorable morning at the end of October when I reined in my horse on the hill slopes, and gazed for the first time, and with strange emotions, upon Jerusalem. Then I followed my *Mukarri*, Mustapha el Sharowi, over the white dusty tracks which led toward the city. Past Jewish colony houses (in monotonous rows like the cottages in a colliery village) where Ashkenazi Hebrews gazed at the travellers with some appearance of interest, and then we ended our journey at a gateway where were painted the words,

"OLIVET HOUSE."

I was both sorry and glad to say "Good-bye" to Amdani, my Arab mare, who had borne me all the way from Nazareth.

I patted her grey neck as the saddle bags were lifted off and taken into the house by Mustapha.

"Oh, it is Mr. Boddy!" exclaimed a cheery voice in English, and never did English sound sweeter.

"Why!" continued Mrs. Hensman, "the Bishop's chaplain has been asking for you every day for a week past, and my husband has been meeting all the trains and looking for you. We did not know you were coming overland."

I paid Mustapha and gave him what I thought handsome *bakshish*, but of course he wanted more. When, however, the wily Arab found he was not to succeed, his righteous indignation ended in a smile, and bidding me an affectionate farewell, he set off homewards towards Nazareth.

Passing underneath the vine trellis into the entrance hall, I next found my way up the narrow stairs, and then was led out on to a balcony passage which brought me to my room. One window looked on to Mr. Wilson's verandah (C.M.S.) and the other opened out towards the Mount of Olives, with the great Russian tower on its summit. But nearer than the Mount of Olives was part of the Jerusalem wall, and just yonder, but a few hundred yards from where I stood, was the spot where my Saviour died. God Incarnate—in the Person of Jesus Christ—suffered there, for us men and for our salvation. I sought in the quietness of my chamber to realize something of this and many other wondrous events that have happened in the presence of these "Hills that stand round about Jerusalem."

* * * * *

A black servant in flowing robes (from Gaza, a freed slave and a Christian now) came and roused me from my reveries. A messenger had come from the Bishop's, and I

was to go at once. Mr. Hensman, who had come in now, went with me. Mr. Eno Hensman is the right man in the right place. He was for a time at the head of the Jews' Industrial Home, but being obliged for the sake of Mrs. Hensman's health to live outside the city, he resigned his position, and took this pleasant home (Olivet House) to be a boarding house for missionaries, clergy, ladies, and travellers.

He is well known by the Sheyhks of the various Bedawin tribes, and by all the Syrians round Jerusalem. He is constantly saluted by them with affection.

He rode a good little white horse, and had at that time two capital asses, which trotted along at a useful pace (at my second visit he had added to his mounts considerably). We went along to the Bishop's house.

Walking along the road by which I had come in, we passed the mounds of ashes (said by some to be refuse-heaps formed by the ashes of sacrifices in the Temple, brought out to this north side of the city, and by others to be the product of soap factories), and then we approached one of the more substantial of the large white houses which lie on this northern side of the city. This is Bishop Blyth's residence.

THE BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN.

We found our way out of the dusty white road into an Anglo-Oriental garden, and round the house to the front door. Here lounged some Turkish *Cavasses* in dark blue uniform. The various Bishops in Jerusalem are always preceded by two such *Cavasses* as they go abroad. They

are Muslims always, and are members of the Turkish army, though paid by their immediate employer. If they became Christian they would forfeit their posts, and perhaps also their lives.



A CAVASSE (OR KAWASS).

Military Servant to Consul, Bishop, or Official.

The Bishop's *Cavasses* rise and salute, and then another Eastern servant takes our message, and we wait a moment in the hall, and look up at an engraving of "The Return from Calvary."

The Bishop was still in England, where I had spent an evening with him, talking over my plans and receiving his very kind advice. He had written to his chaplain to prepare the way for me.

The Rev. Theodore Dowling came quickly out of his study, and led me in for a talk, but first of all, before he would say a word, he put in my hand a pen filled with ink, and insisted on my placing my signature in a large autographic album, where Bishops and Consuls, and great and small travellers had signed their names.

Then he placed me in an easy chair, and began swiftly to plan out my stay in the neighbourhood of the Holy City. Would I like to be introduced to his Most Reverend Eminence the Patriarch Gerasimos? Could he take me to the Russian Embassy, to have a talk with M. Arsenieff, the Muscovite Representative? Should he visit with me the Deir Mar Saba? Would I like to celebrate in Abraham's Chapel, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? Would I preach in the Bishop's Chapel on Sunday afternoon, when a large party visiting the Holy City would be present? Would I go with him on Saturday to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? And would I go to hear a lecture, that night, to visitors staying for a few days in Jerusalem.

Here certainly was an embarrassment of riches, but I thankfully accepted some of these hospitable offers.

I was, as many would reckon, a fortunate wayfarer, for I had also a bundle of letters of introduction in my pocket from the devoted Secretary of our Church Missionary Society, and ere long I was calling on the Rev. J. Longley Hall, who guides the Society's work generally throughout Syria.

His house is somewhat more to the north-west. Entering the garden, I tied up my ass at his door, and then had an interesting chat with him. We talked of General Gordon, and afterwards of Bishop French 'of Lahore.

General Gordon, he told me, had often in that room discussed with him some of the questions in which he was so much interested. Mr. Hall led me out on to the balcony, and we looked across to "Gordon's" Calvary, and to the great wall of Jerusalem beyond.

General Gordon had a strange theory that Jerusalem resembled a female figure stretched along the ground, and that Golgotha was the place of her head (or skull), her body and limbs reaching to the valley of Hinnôm. With a model of Jerusalem before one this idea can be understood better.

Mr. Hall then spoke about that remarkable Bishop of Lahore, Dr. French.

Bishop French rode on his horse to Jerusalem from India, and arrived quietly one day without anyone knowing

whence he had come. He was, indeed, a holy man, but very absent-minded. On one occasion when Mr. Hall and he were conducting a service in one of the Mission Churches, Bishop French went and knelt down at the stove instead of the reading desk. If the stove had been hot he would have found out his mistake to his cost, but as it was he *never* seemed to notice it.

I called on the Rev. C. T. Wilson, the head of the local C.M.S. work at Jerusalem. He lives next to Olivet House, and so opposite the Arabic Church of S. Paul. We talked together of the moral atmosphere of the Eastern Churches. His views and the views of the other earnest C.M.S. workers are, of course, diametrically opposed to those of good Bishop Blyth on the subject of holding strong fraternal relations with the "orthodox." It may be that too extreme a view is taken by one, and too lenient a view inclined to by the other.

The Bishop feels that an important part of his work is to promote friendliness between the Anglican and Eastern Churches. The C.M.S. workers, on the other hand, truly long to advance the kingdom of Christ, and they feel that they ought to be outspoken if they have, as they think they have, great reason for it.

The Bishop disapproves of proselytism from "Orthodox" Churches, while the C.M.S. workers say that they cannot refuse to receive Syrians from these Eastern Churches, if they long for a full and pure Gospel.

Mr. Wilson told me of some cases of the conversion of the Muhammedans, but they were, of course, comparatively few.

The law of Muhammedan lands awards death to a Muslim who becomes a Christian, and death, if possible, also, to the teacher who converts him. Death by misadventure or some mysterious disease will do just as well as judicial condemnation.

Mr. Wilson rented a shop just outside the Jaffa Gate, and in the evenings he sat there with his harmonium and gathered Arabs, Syrians, Bedawîn, and Turks, and talked to them. He is very brave. The Turkish officials have endeavoured to stop him again and again, but he goes on. I often saw him, when I was passing, holding earnest conversation with some brown-skinned Oriental, who had been attracted as he journeyed by. May our God bless him and uphold him in his difficult work!

One day I went with him to visit the various C.M.S. Schools in the Holy City. The Boys' School in the Bezetha quarter was up at the top of a high white building, not very far from the wall. Good work seemed to be going on. I had a bright text card for all the scholars. This, of course, delighted them.

We visited the Girls' School. A number of pupils were absent owing to its being St. George's Day. They were children of the "Orthodox." The Girls' Boarding School, for daughters of Syrian pastors and masters, seemed to be doing an excellent work, training these girls to become

teachers to their own people. It is in charge of our lady missionaries. Some of these girls had been in prison a few weeks before at Nablûs, for travelling up to Jerusalem without having obtained the special *Teskerah* or Turkish passport, (see p. 88).

The night of my arrival in Jerusalem I attended a lecture in Howard's Hotel, near the Jaffa Gate, to a number of recently arrived English folk. The lecture was given by the Rector of Christ's Church, Jerusalem, the Rev. A. H. Kelk; it was entitled: "A Walk round the Walls of Jerusalem." It would be a help and a stimulus to many present. In the ante-chamber below, native Syrians were selling Bedawîn costumes to young men, and the dress of Bethlehem to smart young English ladies, who walked about in great glee in Syrian attire; while others were arranging for journeys to Jericho, &c.

I walked home in the moonlight with the Rev. A. H. Kelk, and had a helpful talk with him. How reverently romantic everything seemed to be as we walked and conversed by the way, and the great moon shone on the holy scenes around.

Mr. Kelk's special work is with the Jews of the Holy Land. He has two clergymen assisting him—one a refined Syrian gentleman, Mr. Jamal; and the other an Englishman. He has also a staff of workers, a Home for Enquirers, a House of Industry, Boys' Schools and Girls' Schools (Day and Boarding), and a fine hospital in the north-west suburb.

I went into Christ Church one week-day morning about half-past nine. It is close to the Jaffa Gate, and opposite the Turkish Barracks. Troops were marching, and unmusical trumpets braying, when I passed into the Church. Some fifty sons of Jewish parents were being catechised in English by Mr. Kelk. It was most interesting to see their thorough knowledge of the Acts of the Apostles, and to hear them answer questions concerning S. Paul's arrest in this Jerusalem, and his speech on the steps of the castle. The story as told by Jewish boys, descendants possibly of those who sought S. Paul's life in this very city, came home with special force.

One Saturday afternoon I rode with my friend and host, Mr. Hensman, up the Mount of Olives, to enquire after the health of a missionary clergyman who then lived near the village of Et Tûr. Mr. Atlee had some time before lost his fellow-worker and wife, a lady beloved by all the Arabs of the place. The Moslem *Sheykh* of the village and many of the leading Syrians had followed her remains to the English cemetery on Mount Zion.

Mr. Atlee was very ill, and asked me to kneel in prayer at his bedside. In that room high up on the Mount of Olives, we had a time of great solemnity together, and helpful spiritual converse.

His good daughter, and nurse, and companion, carried on her mother's work among the Arab women, telling them of the Friend of down-trodden Eastern women—"Isa" (Jesus).

The Turkish *Zaptiehs* endeavoured to stop this good work, and stood at the door and took down the names of the poor women and tried to frighten them away, but in time they came back again. On December 23rd, 1898, Helen Atlee also passed from the Mount of Olives to meet her ascended Lord.

That night I slept on that Mount of Olives, and in the early morning watched the day break on the city below. I wrote these words (some of which are to be found in my book "Christ in His Holy Land") :

DAYBREAK ON OLIVET.

"It was wondrous to fall asleep on the Mount of Olives, after leaning out of the lattice and looking down on Jerusalem lit up by the full moon. A great while before day I left my room and went out, and up on to the flat white roof, and looked toward the East. The moon was shining brightly, and a great planet hung in the air, and many stars were twinkling, but there was no sign of daybreak yet.

"Turning round, and looking down into the vale of the Kedron, I saw the olive trees near the Garden of Gethsemane, and beyond them the walls of the Holy City, highest where they enclose the Temple Area, and the great Dome of the Rock, standing where the white marble Temple buildings of the Father's House once stood.

"The whole city rose behind it in the moonlight, with its hundreds of flat roofs, step above step, the highest part (Mount Zion) at the back. Lights twinkle here and there. Dogs barking, and cocks crowing one to another, break in a little on the great silence.

“ I now turn with my face to the East and look again for the dawn.

“ At last, and suddenly, a glow of pale-tinted light spreads quickly along the horizon and shoots upwards. Now it is turning orange and setting a rosy flame to long lines of feathery cloudlets lying in the Eastern sky.

“ As yet the moon in the west dominates, and, holding her own, casts massive shadows eastwards along the ground.

“ Along the crest of the hill (which rises higher than the flat roof of the Eastern house on which I stand) the olive trees are silhouetted clear and black against the brightening sky—gnarled trunk, crooked branch and foliage are cut out distinct and sharp against the delicate tints of green and blue and orange.

“ A few buildings are clustered together here, the Moslem village of Et Târ and the round dome of a Moslem Wely.

“ But high, high, above all is a tall square tower, three stories high, with large windows, so that we see right through the openings. In the middle story a huge bell can be seen.

“ This great tower has a high pitched roof, surmounted by a golden cross, which has glittered in the moonlight through the night. The tower is somewhat like the campanile of San Marco at Venice ; it is a feature in the Jerusalem landscape, and a modern feature. It is the church tower belonging to a Russian church, built on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

“ But to continue. From our post on the Mount of

Olives we turn once more and look down on Jerusalem, which has been bathed all night in the moonlight.

“The same full moon is still shining powerfully, but the quick coming day is lighting up first the higher parts of the city, and then the lower parts down to the walls above Kedron.

“Weird masses of white mist are slowly passing away to the north and lying for a while over Bethel.

“Lights which twinkled a moment ago are disappearing. The Temple area now stands out clear and distinct, and all the countless houses seem to turn their faces this way to greet the coming day.

“Great church bells in Jerusalem boom out their rhythmic sounds in varied tones, calling men to Christian worship.

“Country Arabs pass down the rugged road beside me, birds are carolling, the Moslem minaret is lit up on its eastern side—sunrise is approaching.

“Now let us hasten up to the crest of this Olivet, and climb up the great tower before the sun peeps over the eastern hills. Up and up the dizzy winding staircase, until at last I step out into the morning breeze at the very top.

“What a wondrous view. Below me lies the Dead Sea, as clear in the morning light as if only four or five miles away, and the entrance of the Jordan into it is distinctly seen; immediately below me the winding road leading down to Jericho, and there is dear Bethany nestling in a hollow yonder near that road, and a glimpse of Bethlehem to the south.

"Now at last the sun peeps fiercely over the mountains of Moab, and soon touches all into light, and his rosy beams spread over the white houses of the Holy City, and glorify old Hermon rising high over all to the north.

"I see yonder a secluded hollow towards Bethany, where the Ascension of the dear MASTER may well have taken place."

SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM.

It was Sunday when I rode back towards Olivet House, pausing for a while at El Hieremiyeh. I rode up to the top of the Place of the Skull, disturbing the pariahs that lurked among the Moslem graves, and after meditating awhile, as the chanting of the Dominicans in S. Stephen's, hard by, accompanied my solemn thoughts, I returned to my Jerusalem home.

At 10.30 I crossed over the road to the Arabic C.M.S. Church. The men were on the right hand of the preacher, and the women on the left. There was a good congregation of Syrians, and Missionaries, and English lady workers.

El Kassfs Ibrahim, otherwise the Rev. I. Baz (pronounced "Batts,") the Syrian pastor ordained by Bishop Hannington on his way to Africa, preached on the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, (Daniel iii. 17,) "Our God is able to deliver."

The Holy Communion followed, when Mr. Baz was assisted by an English Missionary. The words of administration in Arabic sounded sweet and smooth in the Syrian Pastor's mouth but guttural and strange when spoken by the Englishman.

That afternoon I was to preach in the Bishop's Chapel. Mrs. Blyth had invited some visitors to Jerusalem to afternoon tea. After introducing me to some of the guests, the chaplain took me down to the little chapel and arranged the details of the service. Dr. D'Erf Wheeler played the harmonium, and the congregation sang very heartily. I was glad, for many reasons, to see Mr. Longley Hall, (C.M.S.,) at the service.

Mr. Dowling duly vested me in white cassock, such as our clergy often wear in hot countries, "made at Zanzibar," by ladies of the U.M.C.A., he told me. The stole, a coloured one, was a gift from America, and the surplice from England. We were in Asia, (at Jerusalem,) and Mr. Dowling delighted to point out how, in these vestments, Europe, America, and Africa were represented. The text was, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."*

That night I also stood in the pulpit of our church on Mount Zion. Jewish choir boys sang sweetly the Psalms of David. A Syrian clergyman read one of the lessons, and both travellers and residents were present.

Imagine a Christian Church almost in the gardens of Herod the Great, who sought the young Child's life! It is almost impossible at times to realize that this is Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is a strange meeting place for many religions; there are here Muhammedans (Shiah or Sunnfyeh), Jews (Sephardi, Ashkenazi, or Karäite), Greek Christians, Copts,

* The Sermon is printed at the end of this book.

Armenians, Jacobites, Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and then the "People on the Wall."

THE PEOPLE ON THE WALL.

Readers of the life of Laurence Oliphant will remember that he and his wife came completely under the domination of an American "prophet," a Mr. Harris, who held fascinating views of Christian Communism, and endeavoured to put them into practice. I cannot help thinking that the members of the "American Colony," who used to be called "The People of the Wall," hold much the same views. They are most charitable to the Muslims; they live in community, but husband and wife are, from entering their fellowship, to be only brother and sister to one another.

I twice called on Mr. Baldwin, the head of this establishment, a very determined, gentlemanly American. I was shown, together with some friends who accompanied me, into a spacious, artistically furnished, drawing-room. While the leaders of the party were taken up to the roof of the house to see the fine view, I conversed with Mr. Baldwin.

Their object in coming to Jerusalem was not, as so many said, to watch for the visible coming of Christ from the wall of the Holy City. They had, he considered, been led by the Holy Spirit to come to Jerusalem. They wished, he said, to live out the Christ life in unity there, that people might see its possibilities and be convicted of unworthiness and failures.

They lived in community and told one another kindly of each one's faults.

Mr. Baldwin's belief is, that Christ's Second Coming is primarily in His people. He came the first time through Bethlehem, Galilee, Gethsemane, and Golgotha, and He comes again by being born in the Christian, passing through everyday life to a spiritual crucifixion and to resurrection power. This surely is, in part, a belief not exclusively the property of these earnest folk, but of many Christians. Mr. Baldwin said that he and his people had lived together fourteen years in America and Jerusalem. They had, he said, been persecuted and gibbeted, but they could not expect to be treated better than the MASTER had been.

They hold evening conversaziones, at which Turkish officers and other Muhammedans are welcomed. Music and singing, etc., are enjoyed, but there is no pressing of their religious views on any. If folk ask about these things they tell them willingly. Their house is an open house and visited at all times by Muhammedans and others. On my second sojourn in Jerusalem I found that they had removed to a large house to the north of Jerusalem, near Bishop Blyth's Episcopal Buildings. They gladly gave me permission to reproduce any of the fine photographs which have been taken by members of their community. They make photography one of the professions of their community.

Mr. Baldwin pointedly said, "the number of our disciples is about one hundred and twenty." In answer to some pointed enquiries as to the doctrines of "The American Colony," as the "People on the Wall," seem

to term themselves, I received this letter from one of their number.

JERUSALEM, APRIL 24TH.

REV. ALEX. A. BODDY,

“DEAR SIR,

“Your kind note of inquiry came to hand a few days ago.

“We have no printed matter dealing with our ‘religious position,’ for it is as difficult to express ‘spirit’ in ‘letter’ without having it materialized and made to ‘kill,’ as it is to secure ‘righteousness’ by enactments and legislation, which in its application is made to serve the opposite purpose than that for which it was intended: we see Christ Himself did not ‘write’ and describe His religious position; this was done by others, and what is the lamentable picture presented to-day by the adherents of those writings in their varied applications of fragments of those writings?

“It was the view presented by the Christianity of to-day that threw us back upon the Bible, and compelled us to seek there for the underlying, fundamental, and entire purpose and plan God had, in His revelation to and dealings with man.

“There we saw, that the principle He had in His mind when He gave the law, and what He intended it should convey, was, that man might love his neighbour as himself. We found that in the New Testament the plan, that Christ intended His example to teach and cause us to follow,

was, that, as He was perfectly one with the Father, and in His interests devoted His life for the manifesting of the Father to the world and the bringing it back to Him from whom it had wandered, so we should out of love to Him, and being ravished by that spirit, devote our lives to His cause, to manifest His love to the world, and His devotion and unity with the Father, and thus draw all men,—by the beautiful love and unselfishness existing between those following and obeying Him, whereby men were to know that we were His,—and bring into the glorious liberty of the children of God even groaning creation! Here again we see the purpose of the whole New Testament and the life of Christ was to teach ‘love your neighbour as yourself.’

“This has been the desire of each one of us, from whatever country we come, out of whatever sect we happened to belong to. This has drawn us together.

“Nearly nineteen years ago Mr. Spafford, the author of the well-known hymn, ‘It is well with my soul,’ with a few others who had mutually found in each other the longing which each individually had felt when isolated and not knowing one another, drawn by this common bond, came to Jerusalem. Since that time, without any organ or propaganda, others unknown to each other or to them, but controlled by the same desire and hunger, have from time to time learned about and joined themselves to the family, there finding a realizing of their gnawing heart’s desire.

"This harmless and uninterfering course has, strange as it may seem, brought down upon our heads, even as we see it brought down upon Christ's head, such relentless opposition and persecution, such virulent animosity, slander, and libel, as is perhaps best illustrated by the treatment that our poor and certainly unoffending dead have had meted out to them.

* * * * *

"In the interests of humanity, and for the vindication of the trampled name of Christ and His beautiful Christianity, I have written out for you the skeleton of facts connected with the sale of the cemetery.

"Should your blood be stirred for the dishonoured name of Christ, to whom you vow allegiance, and you should make public these horrible facts, either in your book, or in any other way you may see fit, we should feel, for the common cause of humanity and the holy name of God, under the greatest obligations to you.

Yours truly,

JACOB ELIAHU,

American Colony.

"P.S.—Mr. Baldwin, whom you addressed, is at present in Constantinople on this errand. J.E."

There is much that is sadly painful in the charges which the writer makes in his letter, and which I have omitted. I am not in a position to make these charges public, as I am not able to substantiate them, not knowing all sides of the question involved. If the omitted statements

can be proved they will produce a very profound feeling in the United States of America, I am sure.

• • • • •

At Olivet House there was staying a lady artist with her lady friend. Miss Margaret Thomas had made a noteworthy collection of her pictures of the Holy Land. She often had an Arab from Silwân (Siloam) sitting for her. I coveted a very fine picture of a Yemenite Jew, which, by the generosity of the artist, would have decorated the walls of my vicarage, if it had not been lost at Port Said. The frontispiece of this book has been reproduced from a striking oil-painting made by Miss Thomas in the valley of Hinnôm, and on the cover is reproduced in gold one of her able works among the Tamarîh Bedawîn. Miss Thomas is the author of "A Scamper through Spain," beautifully illustrated by her own pencil, and now has published "Two Years in Palestine," with coloured reproductions of her work.

She used to think that the religious Europeans of Jerusalem were "dreadfully cliquy." She said, "If you haven't got the right letters of the alphabet pinned on after your name, you are just nowhere. I never saw such people! It must be C.M.S., or S.P.G., or Y.M.C.A., or U.M.C.A., or A.B.C., or D.E.F., or G.F.S. You are quite out of it, unless you have just the right ones." There is some truth in this, I am afraid, both at Jerusalem and elsewhere.

The annual conference of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society was approaching. It was for all the missionaries of Syria. They were coming up to Jerusalem

from Kerak, and Ghuzzeh (Gaza), and Es Salt, and from Galilee and the North.

I had a letter of introduction to Dr. Sterling, of Gaza, and was glad to meet him. He was both a clerical and medical missionary at Gaza, and is now, I believe, in the Soudán. I fancy the strain of his work had told terribly on him, for he was only then recovering from a sad illness, which had brought him very low.

Mr. Dowling, the bishop's chaplain, told a humorous story of a visit to Gaza. He had a tent, and as it was very hot weather was going to sleep in it at night. He was persuaded by some European friends to stay the night with them, and the attraction was that he should sleep in the bed which General Gordon had occupied, when once he stayed at Gaza. This to Mr. Dowling was a very great attraction, as he venerated the Martyr of Khartoum and his memory.

He left his airy tent and comfortable tent bed, and occupied this historical bed once "slept on by General Gordon."

A force of stinging, minute Gazan sand flies soon found him, and made his night wretched beyond description. "I'll bear it all," he heroically said to himself, "for the sake of 'sleeping' in the bed occupied by General Gordon."

Next morning, at breakfast, he was anything but soothed when it was said, "Oh, I say! we are awfully sorry, Mr. Dowling, but after all you were not put in the right bed. We find that it was not the bed General Gordon slept in." I did not hear whether he tried a second night.

Strangers in Jerusalem.

A MAN OF KERAK.

I had also a talk with Mr. Forder, the hero of Kerak. Kerak is now a C.M.S. station, and Mr. Forder went there before to work as an independent missionary. Kerak is across Jordan, and to the east of the Dead Sea.

When Mr. Forder went there first it was the centre of feuds and tribal wars between the various Bedawin. He lived amongst them as a Bedawy, and went from tribe to tribe healing their sicknesses, and endeavouring to heal their feuds. They used to say, "Stay with this tribe, if you go to our enemies we will surely kill you!" But he replied, "I can only die once; I am come to help all, and not one tribe only." They made him their banker, their confidant, their adviser.

He used to come up occasionally to Jerusalem in his Bedawy dress, and scandalized some of the respectable staid Europeans by his disregard of the conventionalities of western civilization. "Why, he actually went about in bare feet!" I heard it said in horror. (I expect he had sandals on.) He is a man of God, and much used in leading the Arabs to love the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Turks have taken Kerak now, and the Missionaries have many obstacles put in their way, though no doubt there is far greater safety for life and limb than in those days. Mr. Forder now works with the Christian Alliance in the districts south of Hebron, journeying among the Bedawin there.

On the Sunday of the conference, I attended the special service in S. Paul's, when Rev. E. Sykes preached from

Habakkuk, "I will stand upon my watch." He has done a good work at Es Salt, and now is in charge of the Nazareth district.

The work of the

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND

was, at the time of my first visit, along the line of the old wall to the south of Zion.

Dr. Bliss had recently uncovered the steps leading up to the Temple from the pool of Siloam. I used to meet him from time to time, though I did not descend the shaft. I had long talks with the venerable Dr. Conrad Schick, who is a leading authority on ancient Jerusalem, and with very great experience. He is a retired Missionary of the London Jews Society. He is architectural adviser to the Sultan in matters connected with the Temple Area, the Haram, and the Kubbet es Sakra. He is a constant contributor to the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

He designed a series of models of the Temple, shewing the Rock Platform; in turn placing upon the Rock the Temple of Solomon and of Herod the Great, the Church of Justinian and the Dome of the Rock. Then he also made the model of the City of Jerusalem, showing the position of the different walls at different times. (Photographs of these can be obtained from the P.E.F., 38, Conduit Street, W.)

I asked him to trace for me on his model the various journeys of our Lord during the twenty-four hours preceding His Crucifixion.

Taking up a pointer, he said, "The Passover was eaten

with the Twelve here at Mount Zion, then they proceeded to Gethsemane, crossing the Tyropæon Valley ("The Cheese-monger's" Valley) to the south of the Temple, and through Ophel, which was then within the walls.

"Here is Gethsemane on the east bank of the Kedron. When arrested, the Lord would be brought back the same way to the High Priest's House, which was on Mount Zion. Thence across the city to Antonia, north of the Temple, thence to the Mansion of Antipas in the Bezetha suburb, thence again to Antonia where he was condemned, thence by the Via Dolorosa to a gate near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and He would, I think, be crucified just outside that wall, where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands."

Herr Schick, in his model, places the City of the Jebusites at Ophel, west of the Kedron Valley, and facing Siloam.

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One afternoon, Mr. Hensman and I rode along the Bethlehem Road a little way, and then turned to the east and climbed up again to Mount Zion, where stands the C.M.S. training college for masters and pastors, by name

"THE PREPARANDI."

The young men (about nineteen of them) were quietly writing copies in Arabic. Different styles of writing were produced, the plain and the ornate Persian styles. Some of them gave me their copies to keep, signing their names at the foot in Arabic and English. They were writing with

a reed pen, and though they had desks upon which to write, they seemed to prefer writing on their knees or hands.

وَالْأُمُورُ لِلْإِثْمِ الْعَظِيمِ فَاتَّقُوا اللَّهَ يَوْمَ تَكُونُ الْأُفُفُ

وَأَلْقِ الْأَجَمَةَ وَالْأَعْوَانَ إِنْ فَعَلُوا
فَأَغْنِ الْإِنْسَ حُرْمَتًا عَنْ يَدَيْهِ

[Signature]

صاحب محمد مراد مراد مراد مراد مراد

مسعود

Hubert Chase

سید

[illegible]

ہفت روزہ

Abraham C. Henry

ARABIC WRITING (REDUCED TO ONE HALF THE SIZE).

From the specimens of handwriting handed to the author by members of Bishop Gobat's Training College at Jerusalem.

Then we went into the Bishop Gobat School. It is a boarding school to which the best of the boys from the schools at Gaza, Nazareth, Acre, Nablûs, etc., are sent. They are the pick of the Syrian boys, and they answered

most intelligently when catechised. Bright looking lads are they, reflecting credit on Mr. and Mrs. Ellis who are in charge.

We sat for a few moments in Mrs. Ellis's drawing room, on Mount Zion, enjoying the view across to the Bethlehem Road, where a party of Russian pilgrims were journeying past the British Ophthalmic Hospital.

Mr. Ellis was out; he it was who had his donkey shot dead under him by the Bedawîn near the Dead Sea.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY ON MOUNT ZION.

Adjoining these institutions is our English cemetery, also on Mount Zion, so that they who are buried here are near to the spot where King David sleeps with his forefathers.

One noticed Bishop Gobat's tomb, and Bishop Alexander's grave, and among the more recent, that of the saintly Mrs. Atlee, of the village of Et Tûr, on Olivet. Beside the mother has now been laid the devoted daughter, Helen Atlee, who gave her life too for those Moslem women on the Mount of Olives. Of her it might well be written, "She counted not her life dear unto her, so that she might finish her course with joy, and the ministry which she received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God." (*Acts xx. 24.*)

CHAPTER V.

EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM.

"Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

'Glory to God!' the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven's eternal King.'"

OUTSIDE the walls of El Kûds may be found in these days some fifty or sixty carriages, with leathern sunshades. Their drivers are mostly Israelites, though some of them are Moslems, and a few are "Christians."

On a Saturday morning, or even on Friday if the drive is to be long, one must seek a disciple of Islâm or a Syrian "Christian" driver, as the Jerusalem Jews most strictly keep their Sabbath.

One October afternoon, towards the end of that month, we stepped into a two-horse *calèche*, and told the driver to take us out to Beit Lahm—the House of Meat; better known to us as "Bethlehem."

Our Jewish driver, in his picturesque long robes, brought his carriage up to Olivet House from the stand near the Jaffa Gate, and we got in and arranged the leathern sunshades.

With a cracking of the whip our two horses tear along the road, deep in white dust, and the native pedestrians quickly get out of the way. We are passing through part of the new north-western suburb of Jerusalem, where the armies of Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, of Titus and Vespasian once encamped. Here, where the great battering rams were brought up, and where, in after years, eager Crusaders made the air ring with their battle cry, there has sprung up "a second rate Italian town," as Dr. Tristram said to me one day.

As you approach the walls of Holy Jerusalem, from the north-east, you pass a line of shops kept by Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, or Germans; a chemist's, a haberdasher's, a photographer's, a beer saloon, etc., past whose doors goes a ceaseless stream of eastern and western humanity—Bedawin with camels, Turkish soldiers on the march, Franciscan Friars, Sisters of Mercy, Greek priests with flowing locks, and drivers of heavily laden asses, etc.

Here is the Jaffa Gate, known as Báb el Khalíl, or Gate of the Friend. The personality of Abraham, the friend of God, gives its name to Hebron, his burying place, which is known as El Khalíl, and this, the gate for Hebron, is thus known as the Báb el Khalíl by orientals, but by people from the west, ascending from Jaffa, as the Jaffa Gate.

We do not enter the city, but leaving the tower of Hippicus (built by Herod the Great, yet known as the "Tower of David" by the Crusaders), we descend the smooth white macadamized incline to the Valley of Hinnom.

The western walls of the city are now high above us on our left, Birket es Sultan (from Sultan Solieman, who restored its walls) called by some the "Lower Pool of Gihon," on our right. (Isaiah xxii. 9—11.)

My friend, Rev. W. M. Teape, wisely points out that the pools Isaiah refers to are doubtless the Virgin's Fountain and the Pool of Siloam (close by which latter the inscription of his time was discovered). Gihon is now usually thought to be the Virgin's Fountain.

In the bottom of this vast dry reservoir, a cattle market. was being held, and the little black oxen of the Syrian peasants lay there or stood about in the hot sun chewing the cud. It is also a favourite place for the potter to knead his clay with tremendous vigour, making his wares from old broken potsherds ground to powder, and mixed with fresh clay. We crossed the lower end of the reservoir, and above us, to the right, stood the windmill and ugly houses of the Montefiore colony of Jews. Then we come up out of the valley, on to the plain of Rephaim, and leave Jerusalem at our backs, the Hinnôm vale here turning eastward to join the Kedron Valley.

We see, to our left across Hinnôm, the Diocesan School and College and the Protestant Cemetery on Mount Zion, and then we pass the door of the British Ophthalmic

Hospital, which is such a boon to the poor sufferers in Syria.

Now we are in the open country of Judæa, driving along the back bone of Palestine, some three thousand feet above sea level.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY

THE BETHLEHEM ROAD AT JERUSALEM.

Leading down towards us from the Jaffa Gate (Bab el Khalil) and David's Tower, past the Birket es Sultan.
It is the road also to the station.

We pause by the gate of the Syrian Convent of the prophet Elijah—the Deir Mar Elias. There is a cavity in the rock by the roadside, said to have been made by this accommodating and respectful stone when Elijah slept here as he journeyed from Carmel towards Horeb. It is hollowed almost to fit the form of a sleeping man.

Elijah is a name venerated in the Eastern Church. Russia, when in possession of Alaska, left that name on its

highest peak, "Mount Elias." In Greece we note again and again a Mount Elias, and monastery after monastery is known by his name.

The Greek Church unhesitatingly canonizes the Old Testament worthies, so we hear of Saint Elijah, Saint Abraham, Saint Jeremiah, etc. Why not?

Soon we look down to the beautiful blue waters of the Salt Sea, and beyond them, very clear and distinct in the brilliant afternoon sun, are the mountains of Moab rising like a wall boundary beyond. Mount Nebo (Pisgah) rises just a little above the general line of Moab's hills.

Ruth, the ancestress of David, came up from yonder land to this Bethlehem, whose white houses we soon see in front of us, dazzling white in this Syrian sun.

We push on further, and see on our right, and high above us, Beit Jala (the ancient Zallah) a town perched on the backbone of white limestone, and beautifully environed by olive yards. Its present prosperity is partly owing to the fact that it is Christian, and freed from some taxation, for it belongs chiefly to the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

From Beit Jala you may look down on the one side to the distant waves of the Mediterranean, and on the other into the deeper hollow, where lie the blue waters of the Bahr Lût, the "Sea of Lot," as the Arabs call the Dead Sea.

For some time now we have seen Bethlehem before us—evidently a larger town than one anticipated.

Below it, on the slopes stretching toward the distant Dead Sea, we see the Shepherds' Fields, where a Church

has been built to commemorate the wonderful visit of the Angels on that first Christmas Eve to the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night. It was actually yonder that the Angel of the Lord came down. He descended



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE SHEPHERDS' FIELDS.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

"Where shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

through this same Syrian sky, and *there*, just there, was that angel the first preacher of the Gospel.

"Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
O'er silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music in the air."

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high."

Lyra Americana.

But here we are at the white dome of Rachel's tomb, a Moslem wely, a Jewish praying place, and also an object of reverent regard with the Christian.



FROM A PHOTO BY

WHERE BENJAMIN WAS BORN.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

The tomb of Jacob's beloved wife Rachel, who gave up her life here.

Poor Rachel! It is many a long year now since she journeyed from Bethel, and was making her way on toward Beer-Sheba when she suddenly gave birth to little Benjamin, and died here by the way. Here, and not at Machpelah, was she buried.

Ere long our Arab carriage was passing the so-called well of David (a rain-water cistern), and rattling through the narrow stone streets of Bethlehem, so narrow that two carriages could not possibly pass. We were in a Christian town, and for the first time saw a huge fat pig! "Pigs and Crosses," said Saladin's followers contemptuously; "out with them both." Pork is forbidden to the Moslem as well as to the Jew. The men of Bethlehem are generally stone masons. You may tell them by their turbans—white or coloured (it is unusual for Christians to wear turbans, they generally just wear the red fez)—and the women we know by their high square head-dress. They are often cooks and domestic servants in European families. But some of the men remaining at home are workers in mother-of-pearl, and olive wood, and the black stone from the Dead Sea. We had glimpses of these as we rattled up the narrow main street. The men sat at their doorways, or near open windows, hard at work making baptismal shells, rosaries, crucifixes, etc.

At the Market-place we found a Moslem minaret and Mosque erected in this hitherto almost exclusively Christian town! We left our carriage and quickly entered the Church of the Nativity—perhaps the oldest Christian Church in existence.

The doorway is not more than four feet high. This prevents cattle from straying in, and also, no doubt, has been useful in disturbed times, preventing any rush of armed men to seize the place. It has been pointed out that it

also compels even the unbeliever to bow in homage as he enters the birthplace of Christ Jesus.

The church was built in the fourth century. Its high altar is carefully placed just above the rocky cave, which was once an outhouse of the well-known Bethlehem Caravanserai ("the Khân of Chimham," says Hepworth Dixon). Steps



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM.

The low doorway of entrance is seen at the end of the market-place. To the left is a Moslem burial ground. The Church is surrounded by Monasteries, etc.—Latin, Orthodox, Armenian.

on the right and left of the altar lead down to this cave. The approach may formerly have been by a different way, yet a Palestinian ass or horse would find no difficulty in ascending or descending these steps.

"Would you mind waiting for me here?" I said to my Jerusalem friend; "I specially wish to be alone down there."

I hastened to descend to the cave. It was afternoon, and such services of the day as take place in the cave were over. The last procession had gone and left a fragrant smell of incense behind. In the adjoining Church of the Latins a chaunt rose and fell from the voices of the men and boys, but it was mellowed by distance.

I went down, through darkness, into a blaze of some fifty beautiful lamps. There were just two Turkish soldiers there; one was ending his guard, and the other beginning it.

I looked round and found myself in a small cave whose sides were covered with costly carpets, and from whose roof hung priceless lamps. There seemed to be one special shrine and other lesser ones.

I knelt on the rocky pavement and reverently touched a metal star let into the rock, round and above which blazed twelve handsome lamps. On the star are the words, in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

Thousands and thousands of pilgrim souls, now in Paradise, came down these steps in the days of their life on earth and knelt at that star. The centuries have rolled on. The years will go by, and if the End does not first come, hundreds of thousands more will come from all the quarters of the globe. What touching scenes has the cave witnessed during the ages that have passed.

Hard as it is to realize fully, yet it was probably near

this very place, within a few feet, at all events, of the spot where I knelt that the Maiden Mother brought into the world that Child of Judah by whose Name we are named, and in whom we are saved; for Jesus Christ was in this cave born of the Virgin Mary!

Among the fifty silver-mounted lamps of different coloured glass, were two of green colour.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

"HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST."

"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," are the words round the Silver Star in the Cave at Bethlehem.

The Moslem soldier said that they were placed there to show that the Moslems also revered Christ.

I did not find, however, that his statement could be corroborated.

To prevent strife between the various Christians, the Ottomân authorities approve a time table for the various

services by the Orthodox, the Latins, the Armenians, the Copts, etc. The whole routine is arranged from Constantinople. Perhaps it is better so.

At one side of the Cave I saw a lower place—a recess where it is said the Manger stood in which the new born King of the Jews was cradled.

I visited an adjoining cave, where for so many years lived the great divine and translator of the Holy Scriptures, Jerome.

In the great Church of the Nativity, above these caves, was crowned King of Jerusalem, Baldwin, the second leader of the Crusaders.

We return to the Market Place, where we were beset by Syrian dealers. They had shops where relics and olive-wood carvings were sold. At one of them I purchased what I needed, and proceeded to the carriage.

“Oh, sir, come to this shop. I will let you have beautiful things for nothing at all,” cried a Bethlehemite. I replied that he might put what he chose into my carriage on those terms, but, strangely enough, he did not give me one carving, and we drove again out of Bethlehem. He had indulged in Eastern hyperbole.

On the way back to Jerusalem, my friend, Mr. Hensman, stopping the carriage again near Rachel's tomb, led me a little distance from the road, and showed me the old stone water pipes which conveyed the water from Solomon's pools to Jerusalem, but which, alas, are entirely disconnected.

The sun was now descending towards the great Sea,

and the mountains of Moab were lit up in an amazing manner by the sunset rays. They literally burned as if red hot, incandescent as if lit up with "transfiguration-glory" from within. This wall of glorified mountain on the far side of the Dead Sea thus silently glowed, but only for a few minutes, and then suddenly all was gone, and in the place of blazing mountains we saw dark rocks only. Night had swiftly come, and lamps were lit ere we were back at the Holy City.

"Did you notice the mountains of Moab lit up by the sunset this afternoon?" said Miss Margaret Thomas, at dinner.

"Indeed, we did," I replied, "I have never seen anything more unearthly than that wonderful glory."

Readers of "Two Years in Palestine and Syria" will remember its writer's description of these sunsets when, as she writes, "Moab was deluged in splendour."

CHAPTER VI.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

"I arose in the night, I and some few men with me; neither told I any man what my God put into my heart to do for Jerusalem: neither was there any beast with me, save the beast that I rode upon. And I went out by night by the valley gate, even toward the dragon's well, and to the dung gate, and viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and the gates thereof were consumed with fire. Then I went on to the fountain gate and to the king's pool: but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass. Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall; and I turned back, and entered by the valley gate, and so returned."

Nehemiah ii, 12—15 (R.V.)

THE great full-orbed moon was literally blazing down from the Syrian Sky, and Jerusalem lay very still and white in the warm midnight air.

Our black servant, from the borders of the desert, saddled the asses carefully, and nimbly they stepped down the stone steps into the dusty road.

Away we cantered! Down towards the Damascus Gate, past the black goat-hair tents of the Bedawîn, and past El Heiremyeh (called by some Heidemyeh), perhaps—

" . . . The green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

It was near midnight, and everyone was asleep. Nothing could be heard save the pattering of the little feet of our nimble asses.



FROM A PHOTO BY

GETHSEMANE.

THE AMERICAN COLONY

A Midnight Ride.

We passed down into the Vale of the Kedron, bathed in moonlight, the olive trees casting dark shadows on the ground beneath them. No beggars or lepers about now, all very still. A dog in Siloam raised its voice, perhaps hearing us through that still air.

The white tombs of the Moslems lay in the moonlight beneath the walls and facing the east. Now we were near the bottom of the vale. I asked my friend to take my beast, and I went apart awhile under the olives, hard by Gethsemane. I sat and knelt in the shadow beneath one tree, and thought of another moonlight night in the ages gone by, when the Divine Sufferer was here arrested and taken up through yonder gateway in the Jerusalem wall.

“Beyond where Cedron’s waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

“He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts His mournful eyes above—
‘My Father, can this cup remove?’ ”

On my return I found Mr. Hensman talking with some Arabs, who were journeying down to Jericho with a number of horses for a large party who, on the morrow, were to visit the Fords of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We mounted our asses and rode past the so-called Virgin’s tomb, and up the steep ascent to the Mount of Olives, turning now and again to look down on Jerusalem as we rose higher and higher.

We passed Mr. Atlee's house (where on another night I stayed), and then past the Moslem Wely, which for the Muhammedans and some Eastern Christians commemorates the Ascension. Through some cracks in the door we could see the lamp burning within, in honour of the prophet Isa (Jesus). But we read, "He lead them out as far as to Bethany." (S. Luke xxiv. 50.) We passed through the Moslem village of Et Tûr, and then rode up to the great Russian Church tower or campanile which I had seen from Bethel.

"What a glorious scene!" I cried to my companion, for I could scarcely control myself as I looked down on the Holy City, "holy" alike to Christian, Jew, and Moslem, and lying like a white model in the brilliant moonlight.

"The full moon rose o'er Anathoth,
And gleamed upon the lone Dead Sea,
Threw silver spears o'er Olivet,
And touched each hoary rock and tree.

"In solemn darkness Kedron lay,
But all her wealth of light was poured
Fondly upon Jerusalem,
The ancient city of the Lord."*

Then our sure-footed asses found their way down again into the Kedron valley. It was noticeable that they always endeavoured to get to the shady side of the road in the moonlight. I cannot think that this was owing to any noxious influence which they felt from the moon. It was a habit acquired in the fearful singeing heat of the day, when every animal naturally seeks the shady side. Unthinkingly they continue this habit in the brilliant moonlight.

*From "Two Years in Palestine and Syria," by Miss Margaret Thomas.

Recrossing the Kedron valley, we rode boldly up to the Bab el Sitti Miriam—the Gate of our Lady Mary as the Christians call it, the Bab el Aswât (Gate of the Tribes) as the Moslems name it. It is the Eastern Wall of Jerusalem.

We knocked loudly with our sticks. The Turkish guards within began to bestir themselves, and one soldier opened



THE GATE OF THE TRIBES. (BAB EL ASWÂT).

The Sultan Suliman caused these lions to be carved on either side of the gate in memory of a strange dream in which he saw lions fighting. Lepers are always sitting and standing near the Gate. It faces the Mount of Olives and was the first by which I entered Jerusalem (by moonlight).

the gate a very little. My impulsive donkey promptly pushed itself into the aperture, and scraped through and nearly pushed the soldier over. I clung to my ass vigorously though my feet were knocked out of the stirrups. My

friend's donkey was not inclined to be left behind, and kept his nose against my ass's tail, while Floss, our dog, was under the donkey's legs, and, to the astonishment of the guard, we successfully invaded Jerusalem. The Turkish soldiers took it good-naturedly and returned to their brazier, after pushing the gate back to its place.

Inside the gateway was a pack of pariah dogs, who promptly set upon poor Floss, and would have torn her in pieces if Mr. Hensman and I had not charged vigorously and laid on with our sticks, and so dispersed these "dogs of Jerusalem."

This was my first entry within the walls of El Kûds—the Holy City. Everyone was asleep, and we had the silent narrow streets to ourselves as we trotted the whole way across the city from east to west. Our little donkeys' footsteps echoed in the narrow empty streets, patches of moonlight fell here and there, and then we passed under cavernous dark archways where pariahs slept and occasionally watchmen cried to one another. Surely Jerusalem is never so romantic as by moonlight. We passed by the Via Dolorosa and Christian Street and on through the sleeping city and out by the Jaffa Gate.

* * * * *

Those moments in the silent moonlit city were to me like a solemn service in some great cathedral. It was Jerusalem, the city of God, which we had passed through, and I was as one who comes out into the starlight from a solemn Watch-night Service in the first moments of a year that has just been born.

**UP THE SORROWFUL WAY.**

Here is the traditional station of the Cross connected with St. Veronica ("true-image"), who wiped our Lord's face with her handkerchief, and received upon it (according to the tradition) a picture of the face of her Saviour.

CHAPTER VII.

SCENES IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

"Here is the Tomb which the Christians call Al Kayâmah (the Anastasis), because of their belief that the Resurrection of the Messiah took place here. In point of fact, however, the name is Kumâmah, not Kayâmah, for the place was the dunghill of the inhabitants of the city, and stood anciently without the town, being the place where they cut off malefactors heads, and where they crucified thieves"

** Yakut the Moslem (A.D. 1225.)*

I ROSE early one morning, and looked out towards the Mount of Olives, where the dawn was just breaking. The sky to the east was being swiftly lit up in glowing orange hues, and one could see right through the great windows of that Russian Tower, which has been such a prominent object of late years in the Jerusalem landscape. The other buildings on the crest of Olivet, with domes and minaret, stood out in sharp relief against the early morning sky.

Nearer to me, and a little to my right, as I looked from my balcony on Olivet House, lay the flat-roofed houses of Jerusalem. The inhabitants seemed to be kindling their charcoal fires, for a haze of smoke floated upwards, and was transfigured by the rising sun with a feathery-downy effect.

**From Guy le Strange's "Palestine under the Moslems," p. 208.*

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Olivet House is not far from our Bishop's. It was Thursday morning, and I went to the early Service, where the Rev. Theodore Dowling officiated. After breakfast I entered Jerusalem by the new gate at the northern side.

I was impressed with the height of the Syrian camels as compared with those with which I was more familiar in Barbary. The Bedawîn, perched high up on the baggage, looked down from quite a lofty elevation.

We visited the monastic buildings clustered round the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There is quite a colony of monks—Armenian, Greek, Coptic. A pleasant odour of viands being cooked wafted up to us. From the flat roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre we looked over Jerusalem and towards the Mount of Olives.

The great dome rising above us was the proximate cause of the Crimean War. It sadly needed repair, and both the Latin Christians (French chiefly) and the Russo-Greeks claimed to be the Guardians of the Holy Places, and each strove to prevent the other from undertaking the work. Then the Turks stopped both parties, and Russia commenced war.

We descended from the roof into the large quadrangle in front of the entrance to the Church. Here were many dealers in Rosaries, in figures of the dead Christ, muslin palls the size of the Stone of Anointing, gaudy pictures of Jerusalem wherewith to deck many a far off Russian *izba*, and candles of all sizes—from tapers upwards. The goods were spread out on the ground. Russian *moujiks* seemed to be the chief purchasers.

"I too must take some of these things home," I said to myself, and I picked up two palls, with Slavonic characters stamped upon them, while down the centre was a picture of the inner shrine of the Sepulchre, and another of the laying of the dead Christ on the Stone of Anointing.

Outside the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre we paused.

"This is said to be the grave of an Englishman," said my friend. The Knight D'Aubigné is buried at the threshold of this wonderful sanctuary. Woe betide any Jew who would presume to cross this the doorway into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or indeed to approach its precincts. He would be almost torn to pieces in a paroxysm of fury by the Greek Christians.

Passing the Muhammedan custodians, we entered the Church itself. I found it more impressive than I had expected.

THE STONE OF ANOINTING.

Near the entrance the pilgrims were lovingly kissing the long slab on which they are told the Body of the Saviour was anointed.

Hard by is "Calvary" (in the church), some fifteen or twenty feet above us. We climb up the stairs to these gorgeous chapels, where is shewn a cleft in the protruding rock, which was caused, it is said, by the earthquake, and I was shown "the very hole in which the Cross was placed."

But the central object of veneration is the Holy Sepulchre, which is, as it were, encased within a gorgeous

building under the great dome. A church within a church. This is said to cover "the very Tomb in the Garden" from which Christ rose. It is a gorgeous mass of marble containing two chambers—an ante-chamber with a stone on which we were told Christ's Body rested for a moment before being taken into the Sepulchre, and the inner sanctuary where is shown the marble slab on which the Body was said to have been laid.

PILGRIMS IN THE SEPULCHRE.

It is touching to spend some time in watching the Christian pilgrims from all parts of the world as they pass in to kiss this most sacred slab of rock.

Eastern visitors take off their slippers, and often also doff their tarbûshes and turbans. They prostrate themselves on the marble floor before the entrance, and then, rising, they go into the ante-chamber, where fifteen silver lamps are always burning. They kiss the stone, and again kneel in prayer on the floor.

But the climax and the goal of their long journey is the inner chapel, where fifty lamps are burning. Only two pilgrims can be admitted at once, in addition to the Greek priest always on guard.

The pilgrim, in an ecstasy of devotion, now prostrates himself by the slab and kisses the floor and everything he can kiss, and prays for a moment, believing that no pious prayer that is offered there can remain unanswered, and when obliged to retire he passes backwards through two doorways, kneeling again in the outer chamber and on the floor outside it.

During some afternoon hours I sat near the entrance to the shrine, and was deeply impressed by the devout behaviour of these worshippers of Christ from all lands.

Now a black Abyssinian reverently approached, now some Russian pilgrims, now a Frenchman, now a Greek in his national costume, now a Franciscan in his grey habit, now some Syrian women in white *izzars*.

One after another they passed in, while outside, round and round, pass processions of Armenians, or of Copts, censing the Holy Tomb. (All services are regulated by a Constantinopolitan time-table). From time to time I saw a monk or a Syrian layman carrying a box of dried flowers or other souvenirs, lay it for one moment on the marble slab and bring it out again. Most of the flower cards from Jerusalem bear the words, "Placed on the Holy Sepulchre."

THE CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION.

East of the Tomb is the large Greek Church of the Anastasis. In the middle of the floor is a low pillar. As you rest your hands upon it you are leaning upon the pivot of the world, for this marks "the centre of the earth." It is said to mark the spot where the holy women caught sight of the Angel at the Tomb, as they went to anoint the body of our Lord on the first day of the week. But a curious tradition has grown up around it, because of Psalm lxxiv. 12, which says, 'God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth,' as if within this tiny area in which are enclosed Calvary and the Tomb,

and the scenes where our salvation was accomplished, was to be found the central point of the earth's surface." (Bigg's "Six Months at Jerusalem," p. 98.)

To the North is the Latin Church. They have recently placed an organ in it. When it is played, the sound travels through the whole building, to the great scandal of organ-hating Greeks and Armenians. Here also are shown the spurs of Duke Godfrey the first Christian "King" of Jerusalem. He refused to wear a kingly crown where his Lord wore for him a Crown of Thorns.

"Where is Abraham's Chapel?" I asked of Mr. Dowling the first time I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

"I will get the key," he said. We went out of the Church and across the quadrangle, and up some flights of stairs, and we came to a little room, very plain and unornamental. This, it seems, is Abraham's Chapel. Here Anglican clergymen, who wish to do so, can celebrate the Holy Communion. They apply to Bishop Blyth, who applies to the British Consul, who sends a *Cavasse* to the Patriarch, and after obtaining leave, the Mohammedan *Cavasse* is present to see that all goes smoothly.

I had thought that the Chapel was part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but it can only be said to be in the same cluster of monastic buildings.

On accompanying a party of some travellers over the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one was amused to hear a summary verdict as to the rival claims of Jeremiah's grotto and the rock in this Church for the right to be called

Calvary. "I prefer the other one," said a young man, and seemed to settle the question for ever beyond appeal. There is a very great deal to be said for either site, and even Herr Schick, strong Protestant as he is, believes that this Church of the Holy Sepulchre was once just beyond the wall and that it has all the weight of united tradition in its favour.

AT NIGHT.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is closed at dusk, but those who wish to do so can remain within it all night.

One night I was in the Calvary Chapel about six o'clock, as an Acathist* service was being led by a Russian woman, the leader of a pilgrim party. She read the service and all the other women responded.

The place was filled with elderly Russian women of the lower class, and a Greek priest on duty stood near the door, chatting occasionally with one of the more lively women pilgrims.

A Muhammedan custodian came up to me and asked if I intended to stay the night, for he was going to lock the great doors and go home. I moved at once towards the entrance.

When I left the Church there were some thirty Russian women, mostly forty years of age or so, and a few elderly men pilgrims, and the priests. Dim lamps burnt here and there.

At Easter the Church and all the Chapels are paved with sleeping forms of both sexes from all parts of the

* Acathist services (or *Akafist*) in Russia are Litanies and Prayers with responses addressed to "The Sweetest Jesus," or to the Virgin Mother.

world. There are grave objections to this Church being made into a dormitory. A clergyman resident in Jerusalem, speaking to me, condemned the custom in the strongest terms possible.

* * * * *

Thousands are convinced that this venerable church covers the very spot where Christ died and rose again. There are, as I have said, very strong arguments for this view. Yet I would rather be alone on a certain low hill outside the city wall when I wish to picture the Perfect Sacrifice of the Son of God for us men and our salvation. That servant of God, the late D. L. Moody, preached there one day, with tears choking his voice as he spoke, and here, rather than amid the confusion and the gaudiness of the shrine, one can meditate on the "Love which passeth knowledge."

"See! His hands and feet are fasten'd;
 So He makes His people free;
 Not a wound whence blood is flowing
 But a fount of grace shall be;
 Yea, the very nails which nail Him,
 Nail us also to the Tree."

St. Paul was nailed to that Tree, as is also every member of Christ throughout the ages, and so he cries confidently for himself, and puts the cry into every believer's heart: "I have been crucified with Christ, yet I live, and yet no longer I" (that enemy Ego) "but Christ liveth in me."

"And that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me."—(Gal. ii. 20, R.V.)

PART III.

SCENES IN JUDÆA.

CHAPTER I.

A VISIT TO THE GHOR.

"Joshua charged them with an oath at that time, saying, Cursed be the man before the LORD, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: with the loss of his firstborn shall he lay the foundation thereof, and with the loss of his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."—*Joshua vi. 26.*

"In the days of Ahab did Hiel the Beth-elite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof with the loss of Abiram his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof with the loss of his youngest son Segub; according to the word of the LORD, which he spake by the hand of Joshua the son of Nun."

1 Kings xvi. 34.

A YOUNG Moslem in flowing robes sat on the box of a three-horse carriage, which had a leather shade to protect us from the heat. We had made no overtures to the Sheykh of Abû Dis, who gives the guarantee of safe conduct through the Red Pass. If we fell among the Arab thieves it would be at least interesting. It would afford "copy," and enable us to write a chapter, "How we were captured by Bedawîn."

Except for the heat, one might have ridden down to the Jordan Valley by bicycle, using powerful brakes.

The new road led us past the Damascus Gate, down into the Kedron Vale near Gethsemane, and then up round

the shoulder of Olivet, where Dean Stanley wrote his classic passage describing the first view of Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.

The village "over against us," across the valley, was Abû Dis, thought by many to be Bethphage. Further on we came to Bethany, the Judæan Home of the Master, who, we believe, never slept in Jerusalem. This valley is fragrant with the memories of His presence. We are sure that He often travelled through it, though, of course, not by this new road, but by the old path in the centre of the *wady*.

The new road, winding in great serpentine sweeps, makes it possible for a carriage to drive down to Jericho.

Some parts remind one of the St. Gothard Pass, above the Tunnel, with its great zig-zags. We dart round unprotected corners, our outside horse perilously near to the edge, our Moslem driver quite unconcerned.

At the bottom of this part of the valley we come to a spring which has been named the Apostles' Fountain. No doubt our Lord and the Apostles would quench their thirst here. Women from Bethany are washing, for water is becoming terribly scarce. A good cistern-full at Jerusalem is worth £100 at the beginning of November, before the rain comes.

We overtake and pass trains of camels returning from Jerusalem. The natives with their donkeys often prefer the old path down the centre of the *wady* as being shorter. At the 'Ain the two roads cross, and here is a rude *Khân*.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.

At Bethany this tomb is shown as that of El Azarleh. Certainly the Voice was heard in the immediate vicinity which cried, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," "Lazarus come forth."

There is a picturesque arch over the spring, but it is now ruined. A flock of black goats is resting near, and the little kids are frisking from stone to stone.

We descend again for miles, never seeing a living creature, but at last passing some tired-looking, sun-stricken Arabs, pushing along a dozen donkeys laden with raisins from Es Salt *en route* to Jerusalem.

At the bottom of one zigzag we twist to the right and fly across a stone bridge over the ravine. The bridge has no pretence of a wall or parapet at all, and one of our wheels crunches near to the edge. We are now among the strange rolling hills of marl which we find near the Dead Sea. They are no longer strongly marked with strata in terraces as near Jerusalem.

We approach the Inn of the Good Samaritan, the "half-way house" of this wild gorge, where nearly all travellers, both in going down and in returning, stay to rest.

Here the horses had water and a good feed of barley. Water was poured over the wooden wheels lest the iron tires should slip off, through the shrinkage caused by this tremendous heat.

Two Bashi Bazouk *gendarmes* are here to protect travellers. The *Khân*-keeper and his assistant are the other inhabitants.

At the back of the *Khân* there is a great courtyard sufficient to enclose hundreds of camels or laden asses brought in for the night.

On a hill top a little further east are the ruins of a still

older *Khân*, the place to which the man that fell among thieves would be brought by that neighbourly Samaritan, if the parable was, as we may believe, also a narrative.

We descend 3,500 feet in this journey from Jerusalem to the Jordan Valley. Compare with that these heights above sea level: Ben Lomond, 3,192 feet; Snowdon, 3,570 feet; Helvellyn, 3,118 feet; then Jerusalem, 3,873 feet (above the Dead Sea); the Dead Sea, 1,292 feet below sea level. I suppose we were now on the level of the Mediterranean. One realised more than it was possible to do before, that indeed that certain man went

DOWN,—FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

Though we had no escort from Abû Dis, *we* did not fall among thieves. The sun went down in gorgeous colours, and the great Syrian moon blazed out upon us in that valley.

I cannot give an adequate idea of the apparent endlessness of that ever-descending journey, but by seven that evening we were actually on the plains of Jericho, and ere long welcomed by Mr. Max Ungar into the Jordan Hotel, beside Er Riha, the modern Jericho.

"Glad to see you at Jericho," said our host, whom we had met before, when our tired horses pulled up at his door, and we stepped out of the moonlight into his brightly-lit rooms.

What a view I had from my balcony! Quarantania, the Mount of Temptation, lit up and almost coloured by the vivid moon, and on the other side the Mare Mortis, the Sea of Death, sparkling under its rays.

What scenes had been witnessed here—the entrance of the Israelites into the Promised Land, the flight and return of David the king, the last journey together of Elijah and Elisha, the Son of Man visiting Zacchæus and healing blind Bartimæus!

How hot it was in the Ghor—that volcanic valley—nearly 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean! An African climate in fact.

CHAPTER II.

A SWIM IN THE DEAD SEA.

"And some men call that lake the lake of Alpbyledde, and some call it the flome of the divell, and some call it the stinking flome. And Burusalem is cc. furlongs from the sea, and it is called the dead sea, for it runneth not, nor no man, no beast, that bath life, that is therein may lyve, and that bath bene proved many times, for they have cast therein men that were judged to death."—*Maunderville*.

I AWOKE long before daybreak on All Saints' morning, and while the starlight was silently streaming down. I could scarcely realise where I was, when I found that I was indeed at Jericho. We had given orders to start at daybreak; and, after breakfast by lamplight, we got into our vehicle and our Moslem started off the three horses.

There was really no road now; the track was appallingly rough as we drove towards the Dead Sea. The distance seemed to me some twelve miles or more. We crossed the Brook Cherith, but it had dried up. It meant a rush down into the shallow Wady, a scramble over the stones, and a big pull out and up through the bushes on the other side.

Here and there on the plain we noticed strange scaffold-like erections for watchmen or shepherds; they were frames of boughs, &c., with a shade at the top, and made some fifteen or twenty feet above the ground.

As the sun rose above the mountains of Moab, it beat with strong light upon Quarantania with its many caves. These are occupied in Lent by dark-skinned Abyssinian Monks.

We pass through the region of the slime pits of Siddim (Genesis xiv. 10). They were not only a snare in olden time, but in modern times also. Mr. Ungar tells us of a Russian or Austrian prince, who the other year was travelling here, and sent for a bottle of water across to one of the monasteries. The muleteer did not keep to the path, but went in a straight line. Suddenly his donkey went down into what seemed a quicksand. He jumped off and saved himself, but could not get the ass out. When the others came up, all that could be seen were the two ears of the donkey protruding from the sand. This danger only begins when the rains have fallen.

At last we are on the shore of the Dead Sea, and its smooth blue waters lie very invitingly before us in the sunlight, scarcely a ripple upon them. At the northern end the lake is in some places more than 1,300 feet deep. At the southern end often not more than 10 or 14 feet.

There are sailing boats on the Dead Sea, and this is the point at which they take in their cargo.

They are mainly used in conveying materials for Turkish Government buildings at Kerak. Mr. Forder sailed across in one of them some time ago when taking some lady workers to Kerak, but he will not use her again. They struck the branches of some old trees sticking up from a

sandbank, and were on that bank for some seven hours, every wave beating heavily over them, and covering their skins with a smarting compound of salt and chemicals.

In addition to the sailing boats, there is now on the Bahr Lût also a very simple steam-launch. It makes the journey to Kerak in about four and a half hours. The same journey by horse would take about six hours.

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FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

BY THE BLUE WATERS OF THE DEAD SEA.

This morning we found some of the planks piled up to form a shelter, and we used it as our bathing machine. Oh, the sweet rest that we enjoyed floating on the top of the Dead Sea. Its buoyancy is wonderful. You can clasp your knees and sit on the surface as long as you like, as examples of suspended animation. You cannot sink—but one thing you can do—you may try to dive, and instead of succeeding,

get your nose and throat cauterized by this most caustic mixture, as mine were. How thankful I was then that we had brought a bottle of fresh water! This brine is five times as strong as the strongest sea water. Professor Hull tells us that while the Atlantic gives 6 lb of salt for 100 lb of water, the Dead Sea will yield 24½ lb. But there are also a number of strong chemicals in solution (chloride of magnesium, of potassium, and of calcium). Owing to concentration the mixture gets more and more dense as the centuries pass by, for there is no exit, only terrific evaporation. I filled a glass bottle with the salt water, and was able to bring it home for inquisitive young people to taste. When I put a little in a wine glass I say to them, "Do not drink it all," but I always find that a little goes a very long way.

One is sticky on coming out, but whilst in the water the sensation is delicious. A little fresh water to wash off the chemicals before dressing is useful.

So much did we enjoy ourselves that it was at least three-quarters of an hour before we came out.

The view down the Bahr Lût (Sea of Lot) in the early morning is very like the view down some Scotch Loch. One cannot see to the end (forty-two miles away), but the lake (about ten miles wide) stretches away down this long vista between the mountains—Neby Mûsa on the west side, and Mount Nebo on the east. The Muhammedans profess to be wiser than the Jews or Christians; they know exactly where Moses' sepulchre is even to this day. (Numbers xxxiv. 6).

The name "Dead Sea" is not scriptural. It is first used in Justin's writings. It has been also known as Lake Asphaltitus, because of the bitumen found floating at times on its waters. An old Arab name was Buhairah al Muntinah, or the Stinking Lake. Lieutenant Lynch who encamped at En Gedi noticed a strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, but it probably proceeded from mineral springs in that locality.

It is asserted that the Dead Sea is steadily decreasing in volume, and that its shores are being exposed increasingly year by year. The explanation is that much of the water of the Jordan is now diverted for irrigation by the various new "colonies," and that there is not sufficient now to replace the enormous evaporation. Geologists can point to various clear indications that this Salt Lake formerly stood at different higher levels. Dr. Hull in his "Mount Seir," page 162, gives us the heights of three well marked terraces, which have successively formed the bed of this ancient inland sea, namely—

The Upper Terrace, with an elevation of 630 to 600 feet.

The Second Terrace, ,, ,, 520 ,, 250 ,,

The Third Terrace, ,, ,, 200 ,, 130 ,,

The Alluvial Plain, liable to floods 90 ,, 0 ,,

People say that there is no life near the Dead Sea. Mr. Hensman has had some shots at wild ducks and pelicans on its waters! The pelicans pick up fish from the Jordan which have floated into this salt condensation and have expired. Mr. Hensman had his little joke out of our

swim. Some days later, at Jerusalem, I heard him telling an old lady that he had seen a body (Boddy) floating on the Dead Sea. She was horrified. On another occasion he related that, contrary to the theory that no fish could live in its waters, he had seen a pike swimming there. It turned out that the Rev. T. C. Pike had been his guest, and they had had a swim together in the Salt Sea waters.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE BROWN JORDAN.

"This flom Jordane is no great river nor depe, but there is much good flabe therein, and it cometh from Mount Tgbang from two wells, that men calle For and Dane. In this flom Jordane our Lord was baptised, and also in that flome Raaman of Surry bathed him, that was mesel, and he was made hole."—*Maundeville*.

WE journey now for about six miles over this strange plain of Siddim to the Jordan, through tamarisk bushes and poplar and acacia.

I had last seen and bathed in limpid crystal Jordan as it left the Sea of Galilee, and here I found it muddy and turgid as the Tiber and more rapid.

A wooden building serves as a sort of church at the "Blessing of the Waters," a ceremony which takes place everywhere in the Eastern Church at the Epiphany; at St. Petersburg as well as at Jericho. There were also rude steps down into the river made of boughs, and these were useful to me when I came out from my swim, and saved me from the sticky mud.

A Greek had a rowing boat (see picture) and I paid him to take us up the Jordan to see something of the scenery of the river.

A brown-skinned *Ghawariyeh* Arab swam after us; the water on his chocolate skin glistened in the sunlight.

In not very remote prehistoric times (Dr. Hull tells us) the whole of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea basin were the floor of a greater inland sea reaching probably beyond Lake Merom. One can easily see the various shores of this great lake at different periods, on the slopes of the hills around. Along the soft marly floor of this lake the Jordan cuts an ever changing bed.

About a quarter of a mile up the river the woods on the east bank gave way to white cliffs some fifty feet high, which were evidently cut into by the river in flood time; we came to a spring of sulphuretted water in the mud cliffs. The Arabian historian Nowairi tells of a wonderful stoppage of the waters of the Jordan in the 13th century. A huge mud cliff, or hill of marl, had slid down and made a dam across at a narrow place. The waters were held back from midnight on December 8th, A.D. 1267, until 10 a.m. next day, when the dam burst and Jordan returned in its strength. This stoppage enabled the Arabs to repair the foundations of the Bridge of Beibars.

Young black cattle were feeding on the green canes which grew on the banks; above us was the blue sky, beneath us the brown Jordan. Our boat was leaking rapidly, but remained afloat until we landed.

We sat afterwards on the river bank, where water wagtails very tamely walked around; a black goat rested under the shadow of a tree; two pigs squatted in the water, with their noses out. A Bedawîn family (Ghawârîneh) had built a rude thatched wigwam, and nude bronze boys played about on the banks of the river.



THE AMERICAN COLONY.

BY THE YELLOW-BROWN WATERS OF JORDAN.

The boat in which the author cruised is seen at the right side.

FROM A PHOTO BY

The sun was getting higher as we left for 'Ain Sultân. The track took us past St. John's Convent. It became very narrow, and one of our three horses had to be unharnessed and fastened behind the carriage. He broke away and set off across the plain, and it was necessary to pursue and capture him. A herd of camels, guarded by some wandering Arabs, was grazing on the burnt-up herbage.

I bought painted stones from a priest of the Convent of St. John. There was on them a representation of the Baptism of our Lord.

The sun blazed as in the tropics, the heat became fierce, and after a long weary drive we were glad to get into darkened rooms at the hotel.

THE JORDAN BRIDGE.

Some distance above the fords of Jordan there is a bridge, the tolls of which are let out by the Turks.

The late Osmanli toll-collector, was a man of independence. He did not approve of people fording or swimming the river and so avoiding the toll.

He shot an Arab dead as he was swimming over, and he was placed in prison in Jerusalem for doing so. He is there nominally for fifteen years, but it is expected he will get out before long. (A man who has committed five murders is said to be walking the streets of Jerusalem.)

The other exploits of the Turkish toll-collector are interesting. He did not keep to the fixed tariff, but increased it whenever he chose. Two Consuls and a friend crossed the bridge on a shooting expedition, and he charged

them half a Napoleon, and abused them soundly into the bargain.

They complained of him at Jerusalem, and he was sent for by the Governor, but he returned again the next day to his post. A Turk from Asia Minor, with a large flock of unusually fine sheep, had been travelling through the Haurân, and turned his steps towards Jerusalem.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

NEAR WHERE OUR LORD WAS BAPTIZED.

He came to the Bridge, and the autocratic toll-taker said he must pay £5 and give him two of the sheep.

To this the man demurred and offered £1, but the toll-collector stuck to his demands.

Some Bedawîn encamped near (they were bathing in the Jordan) offered to swim the sheep across for him, and five

or six men set to work until they had got sixty or seventy over; then they were worn out, and the owner had to submit to the toll-keeper's demands, which now stood at about £2 and one of the sheep.

He was reported again at Jerusalem, but it is said that an official received a present of some very fine mutton, and the toll-keeper again went back to his post.

SALIBA OF JERICHO.

Saliba Ben Ibrahîm Säid was the deputy manager of the Jericho Hostelry, and one of the best known characters near Jerusalem. His Syrian name, Saliba, means "the Cross." While we lunched, Saliba told us stories of life in these regions.

I told him that I thought that I had heard a hyena in the night, amid the ceaseless clamour of the dogs of Er Riha. Saliba told us of the hyena's ways according to popular belief.

The Hyena, he said, lies in a man's path in the moonlight, until the man nearly treads on him, when he gets up quickly, runs a little further again, and lying down makes eyes at his intended victim in an affectionate manner. This is repeated until he mesmerizes the man, who then follows him to his den, crying, "Stop, stop, I love you, I must caress you." In this infatuation he continues until he comes to the cave where the hyena lives. The entrance, however, is low, and the pursuer hits his forehead against the rock. The blow brings him to his senses, and he goes home a sore and wiser man.

• • • • •

Saliba told us of his escape from thieves on the Jerusalem road. The hotel was being closed for the hot weather, and he was last to leave. He travelled up the pass on a little donkey, and endeavoured to overtake the others. In a solitary part he noticed the tents of some Bedawîn on the opposite side of the gorge, and saw some men sitting with guns. As he drew nearer they called to him to stop and to give up his donkey. He did not respond to this summons, but quickened the pace of his ass. The Bedawîn ran down the other side of the valley calling to him, and then scaled the side of the gorge on which the road was. On gaining the road one of them took careful aim at Saliba and his donkey and fired. The shot went over his head, and Saliba hysterically battered his surprised ass until they got round the next corner and escaped.

The escort from the village of Abû Dis, near Bethany, is no longer deemed so necessary as it used to be, nor was it always a protection. Mr. Ellis had his donkey shot under him by a Bedawy near the Dead Sea, and was thankful to escape with his life, and yet he had a man from Abû Dis with him.

FROM JERICHO UP THE PASS.

As the afternoon cooled a little we set off once more to climb up the 3,000 feet to Jerusalem, knowing that after sunset we should have the magnificent full moon.

In the gardens watered by the 'Ain Sultân grow fine fat bananas, and we brought some big bunches on the carriage, for use at Olivet House, also some Jericho oranges,

globular and luscious. Mr. Max Ungar, of the Jordan hostelry, requested me to allow him to accompany us. So we set off, plunging across the Jericho plains, and passing the site of the Jericho of the time of our Lord, near the entrance to the gorge on Wady Kelt.

The site of the Jericho of Joshua's day is a little further to the north at the foot of a wady leading up to Beth-el.

We climb on foot up the steep ascent in the hot sun, as in places it is almost impossible for the horses to drag even an empty carriage.

I turn for a last view over the flat expanse of the Jordan valley, some ten miles across. The line of the river is marked by verdant vegetation, and then we see clearly the opening in the mountains of Moab down which the Israelites must have come,

At one point the road is very dangerous, as part of it has slipped away, but some enterprising carriage drivers, feeling sure that the Government would do nothing, brought their shovels with them and dug into the soft chalk cliff. They made the road a few feet wider and passable for wheeled vehicles.

Max Ungar told us of a driver who was returning to Jerusalem. He arrived at this place and found only enough road left for one set of his carriage wheels. A rush of water had made a gap in the road. Being a man of resource, he took his huge sack of *tibbin* (chopped hay and straw) off the box, climbed down a few feet into the chasm, put the full sack on his back, and

bending down, directed a friend to lead the empty carriage over, two wheels on the road and the others passing *over his bended back*, protected by the *tibbîn* sack! To those who know something of the strength of the *hammel's* back and legs, the story has an air of possibility about it.

• • • • •

At 4.30 p.m. we leave the carriage and climb up a path to our right. When we reach the crest we look down into the wildest part of the Wady Kelt—the brook Cherith.

Clinging to the cliffs, hundreds of feet below our level, on the distant side of the gorge, is the convent of Elijah. It looks like a toy model, so far is it below us, with its dome and precipitous walls, and its green garden with cypresses and lemon-trees clustering round the spring. Yet it is a dizzy height above the floor of the valley.

In the convent are kept tame ravens in memory of the feeding of Elijah.* There are hermits' cells in the rocky cliffs, and some are said to be still inhabited. It is the Valley of Achor, in the lower portion of which Achan was stoned (Joshua vii. 26).

Up the pass we struggle. By half-past five the sunlight is giving way, and the full moon is blazing over the Jordan Valley.

We sight the ruins of the old Khân el Ahmar (the Red Khân) and see, perched on it, three figures looking out for us. They form tiny black dots against the sky line with its sunset hues. In a moment they disappear. They are the *khân* keeper and the assistant ostler, and one of the *Bashi Bazouks*. They are hurrying off to their posts to be ready for us.

*There are, of course, those who translate the word *Oreb* "Arab" instead of "Raven."

Just at this point we get a momentary peep at the Russian Tower on the Mount of Olives, miles away still. At 5.45 we stop at the *khân* gate. In the romantic half-light eastern figures lounge and smoke. Our Muhammedan driver gets hold of the horses' ears and gives them a great pull—this to refresh them.

We sip small cups of coffee, and at last set off again in the brilliant moonlight to climb the pass, Wady el Hôd.

At the Apostles' Spring were gathered flocks and herds and noisy women. The tired horses scrambled up the last few miles, almost staggering from sheer exhaustion.

We met a party of Russian school-mistresses on horseback, with their *Cavasse*. They were travelling by moonlight down to Jericho.

I walked up from Bethany, and along the road which our Lord traversed on Palm Sunday. The historical and memorable scene burst upon me as I turned the corner. In the blaze of the full moon lay Jerusalem, with dome, and minaret, and circling wall, on the other side of the valley of Jehoshophat.

“Just as where gazing Thou did'st weep o'er them,
From height to height,
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.
These ways were strewed with garments once, and palms,
Which we tread thus;
Here, through Thy triumph, on Thou passed'st, calm,
On to Thy Cross.”

As never before one can now realise the difficulties of the journeys of our Lord and His disciples from Perea up to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER IV.

HEBRON ("EL KHALIL.")

"In Hebron, Josue and Calope and theyr fellowshipp came fyrst to espy how they might wyne the land of promysion. In Hebron David reigned xxxii years and a halfe, and there be the graves of the patryarkes—Adam, Abrahame, Jacob, and theyr wyves, Eve, Hare, Rebecca, and they are in the hanging in the byll.

Maunderville (16th cent.)

As we passed southward one morning along the Hebron road, a crimson sunrise, very gorgeous, lit up the city of Jerusalem. Camels carrying heavy loads of oak roots for winter firing met us. The Arabs in charge were suffering from the cold, which was already now rapidly changing to heat. Their hollow cough seemed to tell how they had travelled all the night, and their *abbas* were tightly swathed round their shoulders.

Leaving Bethlehem on our left we did not halt until we reached the so-called Solomon's Pools, once the abundantly sufficient source of supply of Jerusalem's needs, and now, through the breakage and destruction of the stone conduits, no longer connected with the Holy City.

Six miles further on, we came to 'Arrub, and we halted at a primitive *caravanserai*. While our horses were being watered and fed we visited a bubbling spring, which, if

utilized more carefully, might make the region blossom as the rose. As far back as 1894 it was decided by the Turkish Government to repair and re-connect the ancient aqueducts and to bring the water again to Jerusalem, at a cost of two million francs. Then the Holy City would be a healthy city indeed. But no progress has been made towards carrying the works forward.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

ONE OF SOLOMON'S POOLS.

They once supplied Jerusalem with water, and may do so again.

It was a hot November; no rain had fallen since May, and here was a brook running free and cool—a wonderful sight to those who were paying heavily for inferior water at Jerusalem, where a good-sized tank full would be worth £100.

The road to Hebron is good, if monotonous. It passes

through a country familiar to Abraham and the Patriarchs, and through the heart of David's region, for David was first crowned king at Hebron.

As we approached "El Khalil" we noted signs of ultra-fanaticism not outdone in any Muhammedan town which I had visited. The women were not content with covering up their faces, but also they must needs turn their backs to us, and so stand at the edge of the road until we were safely past. The men were often armed. I noticed one vindictive looking man with two pistols in his belt, and others on their camels with their long guns ready.

We passed dark-visaged *Bashi Bazouks* searching for those who were evading the summons to join the *Redif*. In one case we saw a wretched Arab deserter being dragged with little tenderness to receive the Sultan's reward for such offenders.

We looked along the vale of Mamre, where, carefully propped up, stands the traditional "Abraham's Oak," and then on foot we entered the outskirts of Hebron.

The crowd of Arab children who importuned us for *bakshish* was kept back by an old Turkish soldier, who took us under his charge.

The people of El Khalil, whether Jews or Muhammedans, are devoted to the memory of their common ancestor who is buried in their midst—Abraham, the Friend of God (El Khalil). All through the ages have these patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob lain (we believe undisturbed) in the Cave of Machpelah yonder, to-day concealed by the

Mosque, which before-time was a church, and perhaps originally a mausoleum erected by King Solomon.

Joseph is said to lie here also, but we know that he was buried at Shechem, where we saw his traditional tomb. Only by a process of body snatching in early days can his remains have been brought here, as Josephus indeed suggests.

It was Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, and hundreds of "The Faithful" were streaming up the stone steps and passing into the mosque for prayer.

We were only allowed to go up a few of the steps, and were told by the mosque guardian to put our arms into a deep hole in the natural rock. I felt nothing, but another visitor a day later found a piece of crumpled paper on which, in Hebrew, was a prayer. It was expected that no answer could be refused when it was offered under the patronage of the Great Friend.

THE PRAYER.

"May it be the will of our Father in Heaven, by the merit of our fathers the saints. May He have mercy on the woman Haya, the daughter of Aaron; and on Abraham Isaac, the son of Aaron; and Etta, daughter of Aaron; and Sippa, daughter of Aaron. May He send a perfect recovery to the poor sufferers, in particular to the woman Haya; also a good old age."

We went round behind the Mosque, and the guardian pointed out to us the positions of the tombs of Abraham and of other patriarchs and their wives (save Rachel).



THE STAIRS OF ABRAHAM, ISAC AND JACOB

The great Mosque of Hebron stands on the site of a temple which the Jews believe to have been the place where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were buried.

Though one had penetrated into the great holy Mosque of Kairwân, one was not able to enter Machpelah. There is no knowing what handsome bribery may effect.

An Arab writer (Ali of Herat) quoted by Guy le Strange in "Palestine under the Moslems," p. 317, tells us of the repair of the Tomb of the patriarchs in 1119 A.D., by King Baldwin II. A certain Knight Babun, who was present as a boy, related to Ali how he had entered the cave with his father. "And he saw Abraham the Friend, and Isaac and Jacob—peace be upon them! and their heads were uncovered. Now I, Ali, said to the Knight 'what was thy age at this time?' and he answered, 'thirteen years.' Now I, Ali of Herat, do say, verily and of a truth, I myself have thus seen one who himself saw Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—peace be upon them all."

Surely if the writer of this present book, together with many thousands besides, has looked into the face of Rameses the Great, preserved these 4,000 years by the skilful embalming known in those days, it would not be beyond possibility for those Crusaders to have seen Abraham. Nay if the cave is opened again in our time we may ourselves see him, or at all events, see a photograph of his embalmed remains!

If I have photographed Rameses the Great, the oppressor of Israel, why should it be wonderful if the face of Abraham, if he was as carefully embalmed, be also shown to us?

In answer to an enquiry as to whether missionaries and others had not recently been allowed in the Mosque, I received this post card from Mr. Murray at Hebron.

BERACHAH HOME,
HEBRON, PALESTINE,

2ND APRIL.

"DEAR MR. BODDY,

"Re your P.C. of the 16th March, I have the pleasure to inform you that Dr. and Mrs. Paterson, of Mildmay Medical Mission, Hebron, were admitted to the Mosque here along with Dr. Angell, American Ambassador, Constantinople (who had a special permit from the Sultan); Mr. Wallace, U.S. Consul in Jerusalem, and others, accompanied the party. Also, the previous year, I think, Mr. Terrel, U.S. Ambassador, Constantinople, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Jerusalem, visited the Mosque here.

• • • • •

Trusting you are well and the blessing of God resting on your work, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

GEO. A. MURRAY.

The great Pool of Hebron, in King David's day known as "The King's Pool" (2 Samuel iv. 12), was almost dry, and as we looked down into its muddy water we pictured the scene when the enraged fanatics tried to drown Lieut.-Col. Conder in its depths.

The Bazaars of Hebron! There were bazaars here when our forefathers were painted aborigines using bows and arrows. These bazaars have a more venerable appearance than any I have seen. The Hebronites make rude pottery

and glass bangles, and they weave the dark goat hair for tent covers.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray are two devoted Christians. Totally heedless of threats and Moslem fanaticism, they work on here. Mrs. Murray is a blind saint, whose simple loving faith touches one's heart and brings tears of joy to one's eyes. She goes among the Arab women and tells them of One who is mighty to save.

"I forbid you to teach my wives these things," said an angry Moslem coming upon her as she was speaking lovingly for Christ under the olive trees.

She turned her sightless eyes towards him, and in tenderness and truest affection pleaded with him as one for whom her Master died. He listened and argued, but at last softened and said, "There is nothing but good in what you say, and it must do us all good to hearken to such words."

It was a long journey homewards, but we reached Jerusalem again the same night.

* * * * *

When we were near Mar Elias the sun went down, and darkness came on while we were a few miles from the Holy City.

I asked my companions to leave me to my thoughts, and while they pushed on, I followed on foot over the Plain of Rephaim.

The stars in innumerable hosts filled the great dark sky. Silent forms wrapped in their robes sometimes flitted by, but I was alone, and my thoughts took me far back.

These same stars had looked down on this plain when Abraham and Isaac were on their journey to Moriah. All the great scenes of Jewish history had been enacted under this same sky. Then the blessed Master, Jesus Himself, had walked here with His disciples, and looked up through this sky at these very stars.

But ere long lights were seen twinkling through the darkness. They were lights in Jerusalem. As I descended to the Sultan's Pool, I noticed that in all the Jewish houses the Sabbath lamp was lit. It was Friday evening. The Sabbath had commenced.

CHAPTER V.

THE MONASTERY OF MAR SABA.

"The silence of the desert surrounds it, and only the shrill note of the golden grackle, or the howl of a jackal, breaks the solemn silence. Not a tree or shrub in sight, walls of white chalk and sharp ridges shut out the western breeze, and the sigh of the wind in the trees is a sound never heard in the solitude. The place seems dead."—*Conder*.

"MUHAMMED of Silwân will meet us at the Vale of Fire (Wady en Nâr)," said my Jerusalem friend.

We rode forth one day, about 11 a.m., with saddle-bags well provisioned, and journeying south-east from the Holy City we kept on the higher ground above the deep abyss of the *Wâdy*. It is wonderful how in a few minutes after leaving Jerusalem behind, as you journey eastward, you plunge into the weirdest scenes. One might be a hundred miles from any place where men do congregate.

Around that wild bridle path, through David's country, lay panoramic a most amazing view of the "thousand hills," rolling onward and downward toward the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea. Ghastly, wild, and weird, even in this blaze of noon; awful surely, and desolate at night.

Here, indeed, would the Syrian lion and fierce bear in olden time find their home and meet that brave shepherd of

Bethlehem. Here, on these endless tawny mountain tops, and in these deep and almost infernal *wādys*, under the sun going forth or under the stars at night, would he learn to



FROM A PHOTO BY

A BEDAWY OF THE DESERT.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

sing his wondrous songs of nature. He could look down into many a valley of the shadow of death in evening time where the lions did seek their meat from God ; and, then, as the sun went down, the glorious heavens would declare the glory of God to that devout man of poetry and praise.

Muhammed could not be seen as we hurried on, and all landmarks seemed lost, but after some miles we spied a Bedawîn encampment, with its dark goat-hair tents lying almost hidden in a fold of this desert of Jeshimon.

Bedawîn women bearing jars of water from the far-away depths of the deepest *wâdy* of this Wilderness of Devastation, came up the path on the side of the cliff. "Nay, they would shew us no road unless we paid them freely." Angry, vindictive faces had these dark-skinned daughters of the desert, heated and fatigued with their toilsome work. We might find our way as we chose to that abode of dogs, where no son or daughter of the Faithful was ever welcomed, the Deir Mar Saba.

Well for us, however, that we saw robes fluttering, and a white-turbaned figure traversing a far-away path down at the bottom of the gorge, and a mile away from us. It was Muhammed of Silwân.

"Yá Muhammed," we cried through the still clear desert air. The rider reined in his ass, and raising his head he caught sight of us, and then waved us on towards the right path.

My Jerusalem friend, Mr. Hensman, wears a long Bedouin *abba*, or cloak, and ties a *keffîyeh* over his shooting

cap, so that in the distance, when on his horse he is in no way different to a Bedawy.

“ These Arabs have quick eyes, and when they see one miles away on these hills, they look to see if the legs are divided, viz., whether it is one of the Bedawfn or no.”

If they saw a mounted party with no Bedawy with them, they would soon give trouble. This long cloak often saved us from being followed.

Vultures were circling above our heads when, under the blazing noonday sun, we approached this strange convent in the wilderness, clinging to the bare precipice, like that of St. George in the Wady Kelt.

Saba the Monk came down the Wady en Nâr from Holy Jerusalem, in one of the early centuries of the Christian Faith (about 460 A.D.), and found a cave in the side of the precipice to which he climbed by a goat path. When he was sleeping in it a young lion leaped up and into his retreat, but befriended by the man of God he lay down beside him, and became his life-long companion.

Other Eremites seeking seclusion came to this valley, and became his companions in prayer and praise until there arose a community with Saba at its head, which wore the Black Veil of St. Basil, and conformed to his rule of life.

The Prior, or Archimandrite, was accounted a great personage at Jerusalem, and especially at the Easter Festival.

The present buildings are the result of ages of construction and re-construction. The Monastery is a fortress in

one sense. No one can enter its walls without permission. From the valley beneath it is utterly inaccessible, as it clings to a cliff 400 feet high. The mountain path which descends to it is commanded by a high tower, in which abides a monk watchman, and only after satisfactory converse with him is there a chance of the great bolts being drawn back.

No Bedawy man or woman is ever admitted. No woman, though a Christian, may pass that doorway, and only such Christian men as bring with them the authority of the great Patriarch of Jerusalem himself.

But this all powerful letter I carried, and waved it on high as the watchman from the tower looked forth. If he had doubted us, he would have let down a rope to which I should have attached the missive, but perhaps seeing the company that I was in, he descended and opened the door, and admitted myself and the Chaplain of the Bishop of Jerusalem. He motioned us to follow, and quickly led the way through the courtyards of the Convent, where "Tristram's Blackbirds" (*Amydrus Tristrami*, the African grackle), were flying to and fro. (It is a bird only found here and in East Africa.)

I remembered my friend, Mr. Hensman, and hurrying back to the great bolted door I pulled back the huge well-greased bolts on my own account, and opening the door looked out. The warder had gone on into the Monastery. The asses and horse had been led away toward a ruined tower some distance away, where ladies on visiting this locality have to abide, with very mixed feelings stirring within.

I felt as I stood alone at that open door that I occupied a place of some power and responsibility. I might have admitted Bedawîn, or women-folk, or unauthorized persons, but I resisted any temptation that I might have had, and only welcomed in my friend, and then carefully pushed back the great well-oiled bolts and bars into their places.

Before visiting the Monastery proper we made our way to the broad divan of the Guest Chamber of the Monastery. Here Brother Yakoub helped us in laying out the contents of our saddle bags and brought us a refreshing acid drink.

We lounged, and rested, and talked, and ate, and drank, until we forgot the heat and weariness of our journey from the Holy City, though we could not forget the *pulices irritantes*.

The monks of Mar Saba were at their afternoon service in the chapel. Those familiar with the furnishing and service of Eastern Churches will know that a large part of the service is read by the priest from behind the great picture-screen, the deacon and the chorus responding from the church.

As each monk came in, he kissed the floor of the church, and then, advancing to the picture-screen, he saluted the two special pictures to the right and left of the Royal Gates, and that of the patron saint.

Then, as there is no women's side of the church (as at Solovetsky and in other Russian monasteries), the monks ranged themselves round the building in their black cassocks and tall *klubuks* (hats like cylinders).

It has been said that the Mar Saba Monastery is a place of compulsory retirement for criminous monks and insane monks.* This statement was emphatically denied by the Russian Consul one day when I asked him his opinion. (N.B.—The Russians are not generally inclined to speak favourably of these Syrians, so that the evidence of an unwilling witness is likely to be reliable.)

We did not stay for the whole service, but with the deep voices of the brethren ringing in our ears, as these sounds came through open doors and windows, we went to and fro inspecting the buildings.

We looked over the battlements, down into the Vale of Fire, and far away below could see the brown-skinned Bedawîn children looking up with keen eyes as we threw them some *bakshish*. We examined Saint Saba's tomb and Saba's cave, where the lion visited him, and which afterwards, tamed and subdued, lay each night beside the holy man. We were shown the palm tree he is said to have planted. More probably it is a successor of the palm of his day.

I asked to be permitted to descend into the deep *wâdy*. The cries of the Arabs below floated up from the depths and mixed with the chanting of the monks above.

I got through an iron trap door in the projecting floor near the wall, and then down a ladder which could always be drawn up. Then on to some steps hewn in the rock, and out into the scorching heat of the *wâdy*, well called a Valley of Fire. The Bedawîn children, urged on by their

* Lieut.-Col. Conder, "Tent Work in Palestine," p. 156.

parents, clamoured round me for *bakshish*, and even when they had received a present Brother Yakoub found it hard to keep them off. We visited the 'Ain, the outlet of the



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

A MONASTERY IN THE WILDERNESS.

This Monastery of St. George, in the ravine of the Wady Kelt (Brook Cherith) is (like that of Mar Saba) perched on the precipitous sides of the valley, which lies deep below.

spring which supplies the convent with water. Then, pursued by the Arab youths and children, we clambered up again in safety.

It is said that these Bedawîn tribes are always hovering around this strange monastery in the hope of suddenly attacking it, and carrying off the treasure which is reported to have been hoarded there.

In 614 the Persians, under Khosroes, fell upon the place and massacred forty-four monks, whose skulls and bones are shown (1) in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. It will be remembered how in that Year of Terror these Fire-worshippers seized Jerusalem and carried away to Persia that which was considered to be the True Cross, where it remained for fourteen years, until Heraclius, on September 14th, 629, carried it into the Holy City once more, on his own shoulders.

It was specially interesting to stand beside the tomb of him who wrote the well-known hymn—

“Those eternal Bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers,
Round the throne of God :
Who may hope to gain them,
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white ?”

To this strange home in the wilderness of Judah came from Damascus one named Brother John, and at Mar Saba were lived out the latter days of that same St. John Damascene, answering the question above with his life, and thus practically echoing the sentiment of his best-known hymn—

“He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground ;
He who, like the Martyrs,
Says ‘I will be crowned’ ;

He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the Blest above."

Here, also lived Euthymius, Nicholas, and Cyril, men whose names are revered in the Eastern Church. Their home was in this wild wilderness of Judæa, where the Baptist spent his youth, where our Blessed Lord Himself was so sorely tempted, and where the scape-goat of old was led to death.

The hot afternoon was wearing away as we passed out through the doorway in the wall and bade the monks of Mar Saba farewell.

We mounted our steeds and rode homewards by another way which Muhammed now showed to us winding up the side of the *wādy*.

"Beware of the Muslin Divines of Jerusalem,"* was the burden of my friend the chaplain's discourse on our homeward way. Mr. Dowling has, since my visit, been appointed to the chaplaincy of Constantinople, and so is no longer in any danger from divines of Jerusalem, either Muslim or Muslin.

No view of Jerusalem is more interesting than that which one obtains as, after journeying up from Mar Saba, one turns the last corner in the Wādy en Nār and sees the Holy City piled high above, and the south-east corner of the Temple Area pointing towards one, somewhat like the great ram of a line-of-battle ship.

* A reference to certain ladies of definite views residing in Palestine.

As we re-approached Jerusalem that hot November evening the setting sun lit up all its heights, and the tops of the houses of Siloam seemed on fire with its glory, while the Russian Church at the foot of the Mount of Olivet seemed to blaze in the golden light.

As we passed the lepers' colony we saw a party of these poor stricken creatures returning from the result of their day's begging. They had an ass heavily laden with sacks of baked food, &c. One of these lepers is said to be a landed proprietor, or, at all events, to be the owner of a fair garden. But they stretched out hands to us and cried again "*Bakshîsh, Bakshîsh, Lebbra, Lebbra.*"

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE COURTS OF THE TEMPLE.

"I think that the Cross stood on the top of the Skull Hill. Leviticus i. 11 says the victim was to be slain 'on the side of the altar, northward before the LORD,' and literally they were to slay the victims 'slantwise to the altar, northwards.' The altar was on the knoll in the Harâm enclosure, and if the cross were placed in the centre of the Skull Hill, the whole city, and even the Mount of Olives, would be embraced by those stretched out arms: 'All day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.' (Rom. x. 21. from Isaiah lxxv. 2.)"—*General Gordon, "Reflections in Palestine."*

GUY LE STRANGE, in his "Palestine under the Moslems," commences his chapter on Jerusalem thus: "Jerusalem is known to the Muslims by the names of *Bait al Mukaddas*, signifying 'The Holy House,' or else simply as *Al Kûds*, 'The Holy.'" That which makes it Holy for Muslim and Jew this chapter attempts to describe.

Doubtless a very large number of the pilgrims who come up to Jerusalem from distant lands return home without entering the Harâm (site of the Temple). Only Muham-medans can enter without let or hindrance. For all others there is expense, and oftentimes a good deal of trouble. Once, when wandering alone and rather aimlessly in the eastern portion of the Holy City, I was indignantly stopped by an Ottoman official, who held out his arms to bar my further

progress—calling out “*Harâm, Harâm, ya Kassîs,*” meaning that it was “sacred,” or “forbidden.”

This *Harâm esh Sherif* (“the Noble Sacred Place”)* is one of the Holy places of Islâm. It will be remembered how, in his earlier days, Muhammed made El Kûds the Kibleh to which all should turn in prayer. He did this in order that he might win over many of the Jews, but, finding it unsuccessful, he honoured instead the Beit el Allah of the Koreshites, and though he condemned idolatry he thus encouraged the veneration of the Black Stone—the *Caaba*.

In order to enter the great open space once occupied by the Temple Courts a Christian has to pay a fee and obtain leave from the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, through his own Consul. The morning on which I first visited the Temple I employed the following :—

1. The *Cavasse* from the British Consulate.
2. A soldier from the Turkish Government.
3. An English-speaking Syrian.
4. A *Bawâb* (one of the Moslem door-keepers of the mosque).

Passing in by the deep covered gateway leading from the former Cotton Bazaar, we emerged into the glaring blaze of the huge Temple Area. Ascending the steps to the higher platform we looked up at the light ornamental arches called the Balances. In the Moslem Judgment Scene these are to hold the scales at the Last Day, and good and evil actions will here be weighed carefully.

*At Jerusalem. There is a *Harâm* also at Hebron, and at El Meccah.

On the platform of the Temple Area scores of men were drawing water from wells, or rather openings which penetrate to great rain-water cisterns beneath the stone terrace. Early in November water was becoming a great luxury and expensive, and many must have longed for that supply which one day is to come in again from the neighbourhood of Solomon's pool. (Poor Jews at that time were actually begging from Europeans the water in which they had washed, in order that they might use it for cooking purposes!!)

From the Muhammedan point of view the Harâm and all it contains are part of the Mosque of Aksa. The building of the Mosque of Aksa is known as the "covered portion."*

The huge "Dome of the Rock" (so erroneously and persistently called "The Mosque of Omar") is only a "Station" attached to "The Mosque of Aksa (or the "Further Mosque"). Though using this name "Aksa," Mahomet refers to the whole of the "Harâm" enclosure, however, when he describes his aërial journey on the Night of Wonders, from Mecca to Sinai, from Sinai to Bethlehem, and thence to the Further Mosque (El Masjed el Aksa) at Jerusalem, and thence to the Seventh Heaven.

Of course only after the capture of Jerusalem by Omar could the Christian Church of S. Mary, built by Justinian, be turned into the Mosque of Aksa by the victorious Omar, who built a little prayer chamber of his own hard by it. This latter, and not the great Dome, is really the Mosque of Omar.

* See "Palestine under the Moslems," p. 96.

But there is a third Mosque of Omar, near the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

When Jerusalem capitulated to the Moslems, Omar behaved handsomely to the Christians. Being in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at the hour of prayer, Sophronius, the patriarch, invited him to say his prayers there in the



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

This Holy Place of Islam is commonly (but incorrectly) known as the Mosque of Omar.

church. Omar knowing that that would practically be a dedication of the Sanctuary to Islam, went outside the church to pray. The stone on which he is said to have knelt has been built into a modern minaret hard by, called also the Mosque of Omar.

This present building was probably erected about 1854 or 1855—at the time of the Crimean War. But an older

mosque bearing the same name, and at a lower level though adjoining the new mosque, is thought to be the true Mosque of Omar, built on the spot where he prayed on coming out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on that memorable occasion. Two letters which I now quote are worthy of careful consideration :—

JERUSALEM,

May 15th.

“DEAR MR. BODDY,

“Mujir ed Din, writing about A.D. 1495, describes all the Mosques and Schools in Jerusalem in his day. He mentions the Muristan, east of the Mosque, that is said to have been Omar’s place of prayer ; and also the Mosque of the Serpents, which is near it ; but he does not name the Mosque itself, which now bears the inscription telling how it was built or rebuilt by Abdul Medjid, after the Crimean War, marking the place where Omar prayed outside the Church of the Sepulchre, to prevent his followers from claiming that as a Mosque.

“Mujir ed Din speaks of the Mosque of the Serpents as being one of the Omarite Mosques, and as dedicated to the Commander of the Faithful, Omar bin al Khuttab, so that this would be more likely to be the Prayer Place of Omar, although the other bears the inscription, but seems to be of modern date.—See Mujir ed Din, ‘Il uno el Jalil,’ Cairo Edition, vol. ii. p. 398. Biggs then had the Mosque pointed out, opposite to the Church of the Sepulchre, which bears the inscription which speaks of it as Omar’s Praying Place,

Scenes in Judæa.

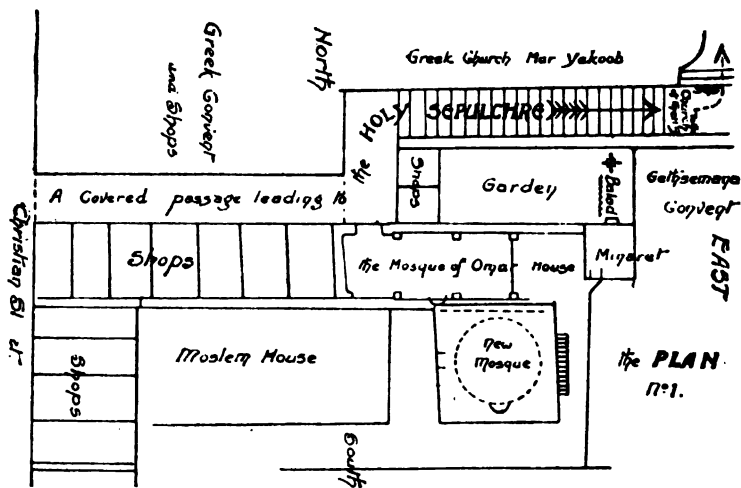
but as this seems to be modern, the Mosque of the Serpents close by is more likely to be the true place.

I remain,

Most truly yours,

A. HASTINGS KELK.

"The tradition about Omar refusing to pray in the church, and the Mosque being erected, seems to come from the Greek writers.—See 'William's Holy City,' vol. i. p. 315."



JERUSALEM,

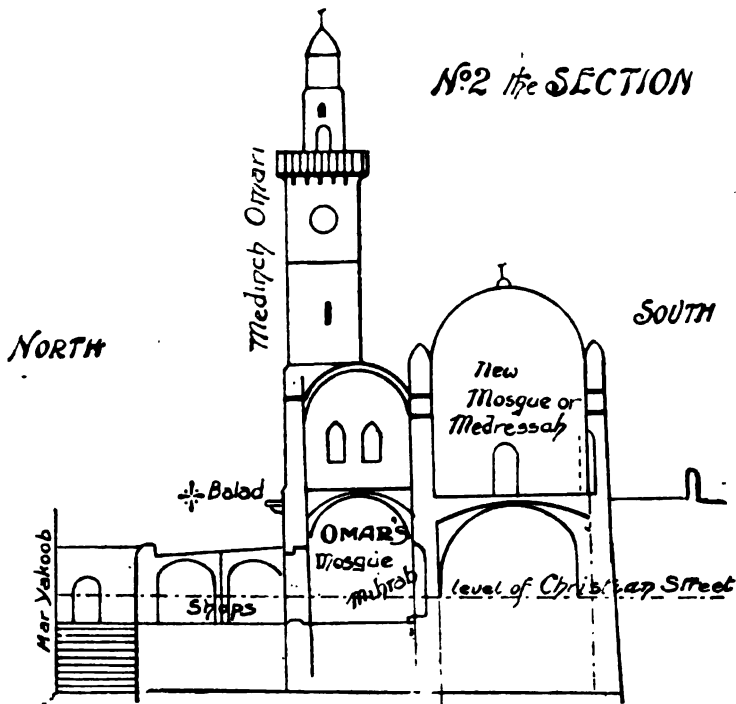
May 15th.

TO REV. ALEX. A. BODDY, F.R.G.S., Sunderland.

"REVEREND SIR,

"I have your enquiry to hand, and beg to be allowed to send the inclosed drawings, Plan and Section of the place you require. You will see that exactly opposite the gate of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the small

Greek Convent, Gethsemane, and *west of the latter the Mosque Omari*, which also may be called opposite to said gate. You will remember and see on Plan, that if one wishes to make a visit to the said church, he has to go eastwards and downwards from Christian Street, first along a covered street; now where it bends northwards is, on the south side,



the door to the entrance of the Mosque Omari. After the short piece you have to bend again eastward and down the broad (uncovered) steps along on south side of a wall, outside of the wall of the Church Mar Yakoob (i.e. Holy Jacob). Then, by a few steps, the face turned

northwards to the court or yard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

“But you may kindly mark that there is a Minaret and another Mosque higher situated, and built not later than 1855. It is called ‘Maktabeh,’ or writing-place, meaning a Muhammedan School, where boys learn writing, this Mosque may also be called Omari—as belonging to the place where Omar prayed, as thought in the neighbourhood. The minaret is called ‘Medineh Omari,’ and a stone slab, or in Arabic *Balad*, in the open air, stands on two brackets, or Corbel stones, and is said to be the very *Balad* on which Omar put his face when praying.

“You see, Omari is the Arabic name, but there are also others not strongly meaning the mosque but the place in general. ‘Alami’—this is the name of the *family*, the mosque and the place round about being in their custody. So the place may also be properly called the ‘Alamieh.’ There is existing also the name of the builder of it, but seldom used.

“Wish that this may be to your satisfaction, I express due compliments, and have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,

Dr. C. SCHICK.”

This would give us three Mosques of Omar at Jerusalem :

1. The Mosque of Omar erroneously so called—really the Dome of the Rock.
2. The Mosque of Omar to the east of Aksa, a small *Kubbet*.

3. The Mosque of Omar near to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

* * * * *

To all comers the great attraction of the Temple Enclosure is the glorious Dome of the Rock, which rises with its symmetrical canopy shining far and wide over Jerusalem, and very conspicuous when seen from the hills around. (Probably in some form much older than Islâm.)

The *Bawab* (door-keeper) supplied me with slippers, and leaving my boots behind, I went in. A dim religious light shone through strange stained-glass windows, the glass of which is placed diagonally. There, within the inner arcade, rose the old brown rock, jealously circled in by a low wall and railings, on which had stood the Brazen Altar.

I put my hand in the cleft where so many thousands have placed theirs, and felt "the print of Gabriel's hand," made when he held down the rock that sought to fly after Muhammed to heaven.

But putting aside Muhammedan fables, one was almost certainly face to face with a spot which has few peers in the history of Israel, and which is the site of the Holy of Holies, or very near indeed to it.

It is said that no Jews will come into this Temple Area, for fear lest inadvertently they might tread upon the awful place where the Shekinah of Jehovah was manifested. So they wail over yonder at the far side of that foundation wall, and pray God to restore to them that which for their sins He has taken from them.

Down below the Rock we descended, and listened to "the murmur of the souls departed," really the trickling of some subterranean waters. They may have been in the conduit along which, in the Temple days, the Altar washings were swept.

Now we pass out into the overwhelming sunshine again (it was nigh to midday), and from the platform one looked across to the Mount of Olives quivering in the heat. Then, approaching the corner of the wall which looks down towards Siloam, we saw the white houses far below and the narrowing Wady en Nâr beyond the Bîr el Ayûb. Here the depth in the Kedron Vale is great, though the ruins of centuries have fallen into that valley, and taken from the sheer descent. Here surely was situated the "Pinnacle of the Temple," when the Royal Cloisters rose above the spot where we are standing.

I descended to see the sub-structure of the Temple platform (passing the so-called "Cradle of Jesus.") At the South East it consists of series of enormous arches and cavernous cellars, where the Crusaders stabled their horses. These are commonly, but incorrectly, known as Solomon's Stables.

Lastly, at the south end of the enclosure, I visited the Aksa Mosque itself. This, in crusading times, was known as Solomon's Palace, whilst the Dome of the Rock was called the Templum Domini, and formed the model of all the round "Temple" Churches.

There is little attractive (to my mind) in the interior of

the Aksa Mosque beyond that which is found in other well-known Mosques of Islam.

Descending to the Old Huldah Gate beneath it, one sees the remains of the ancient way down to the Pool of Siloam.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

**THE PULPIT, OR "MIMBAR," AND THE "MIHRAB," OR PRAYER NICHE,
IN THE MOSQUE OF AKSA.**

The "Mihrab" (of which part only is seen) is the prayer-niche, alcove, or apse, in which stands the "Imam," on Fridays, with his face towards Mecca—leading the prayers of the "Faithful," who stand in lines behind him. All kneel together, rise together, and lift up their hands at the same moment as they pronounce, "Allahu Akbar."—"God is most great." According to some Moslem writers, this Prayer Niche ("Mihrab") is known as the Mihrab of Omar. Others give this name to another Prayer Niche in this Mosque, and all give Omar's name to a small building hard by.

Sitting here for awhile alone, and looking at some carved pillar work which seemed to be Solomonic in character, one meditated on the days when our Lord and His disciples

passed out by this gateway. And many other scenes crowded in on one's mind as one went to and fro in this Temple Area, especially as one passed the Golden Gate once leading to the Mount of Olives, and thought of the Royal Colonnades and of Solomon's Porch, those great pillared structures, aforetime rising here so nobly, and forming the "Lecture Halls" wherein our Lord taught. From the Dedication Feast of Solomon, when the glory of the Lord overwhelmed the ministering Priests, to the days of the destruction of Herod's beautiful building by the exasperated Roman soldiery, how many wonderful incidents had taken place in this Area.

Not only the sacrificial blood-shedding of millions of lambs, bullocks, and goats, but scenes of terrible butchery when devoted, if mistaken, Israelites were slain by the armies of Nebuchadnezzar, of Antiochus Epiphanes, and of Titus and Vespasian.

Then, as we look around, we remember again that here the Divine Founder and Object of our Christian Faith, Jesus of Nazareth, taught daily, and He called it His Father's House.

CHAPTER VII.

THE JEWISH CAPITAL.

“My kinsmen according to the flesh: who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises, whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.”

S. Paul, writing of the Jewish People (Rom. ix. 4—5).

JERUSALEM is again a Jewish capital. The larger number of the permanent residents of Jerusalem, intra-mural and extra-mural, are Jews. In Palestine, within twenty years or so, the Jews have increased enormously in numbers, notwithstanding the restrictions placed upon their immigration.

Their three main divisions are:—

- 1—Sephardim,
- 2—Ashkenazim,
- 3—Karäites.

The first are the old Spanish-speaking Jews of the Levant—the original inhabitants (going back, of course, to mediæval times only). The Ashkenazim, who have come in like a flood since the Russian persecution were by no means welcomed by their Spanish speaking co-religionists. It is

only quite recently that friendly feelings have been advanced and reciprocated.

The Karäites are the Puritan Jews who, rejecting the enormous masses of tradition which overlie the Old Testament, have swept away the authority of the Talmud, Gemara, and Mishna. They contend that they keep to the letter of the Law. "The Karäites are no Jews at all," said an indignant "orthodox" Jew to me.

I visited the little Synagogue of these Karäites one Sabbath morning. Unfortunately the service was ended. Their tiny underground sanctuary emphasized the statement that they were only a small community in Jerusalem.

It would accommodate some twenty persons, and it is said to be eleven centuries old. A very ancient roll of the Torah was brought out for us to examine, and we noticed on the parchment some ornamental borders, which proved on examination to consist of written letters, so minute that it would have been impossible to have detected them if one's attention had not been drawn to their existence.

The elders then shewed us a Reader's Tallith (the veil worn during Divine Service) and on it was embroidered, in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One God," and, strangely enough, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be on His shoulders."

Moses Ben Ibrahim Levi,* the Rabbi of the Karäites had invited some friends and myself to his house, and so we

* An excellent picture of him appears in "Two Years in Palestine and Syria," by Miss Margaret Thomas.

climbed the narrow steep steps which led to the white stone-paved upper court on which opened the chambers of his household.

He was a venerable Patriarch, with white beard and benevolent face. His oldest son, Raphael Ben Moses, and a grand-daughter, Amurika (the moon), helped our conversation by interpretation. Our visit being made on the Sabbath they could not cook anything for us, but they brought some cool refreshing drink and some sweetmeat like blanc-mange, which we ate with a teaspoon. The Karäites are extremely strict in their observance of the Sabbath. We were told that they would not have a fire on Saturday, even in the coldest weather, and therefore no warm food at all on the Sabbath. The white chamber in which we sat had a high stone divan running round the wall. It is the chamber used for the Passover feast. The Karäites, I was told, sacrifice "a Lamb for an house" still at the Passover time, being the only Jews who do so. The word Karäite had been explained to me as simply meaning "pure," but I was informed by the old Rabbi that it signified "Children of the Learned."

We went into the Ashkenaz Synagogue hard by—a great building turned towards the site of the Temple. The service was ending, and all was clamour and disorder. Everyone seemed to do as they pleased save that on entering they reverently touched the Mezuzah placed by the doorpost. The elders, in their Sabbath robes and fine furry caps, were more picturesque than they are on weekdays, in frowsy, greasy clothes.

There are many smaller synagogues now in which worship takes place. In the so-called colonies or rows of houses round Jerusalem many a room is converted into a sanctuary, and filled with a most earnest crowd of elderly Jews, who fairly tremble with emotion in their worship towards the Holy Temple. The Jews of Jerusalem are amongst the most religious Jews in the world.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

ALMOST IN THEIR TEMPLE.

The Jews pray outside the Temple Area at the base of the great wall on the west side, which supported the platform on which the Temple stood.

We passed on to the Wailing Place, on the western side of the Temple platform foundations. The great massy stones rose above us tier upon tier. From time to time into the cracks and crannies between the stones are thrust written prayers from distant parts of the world. That

Saturday morning hundreds of devout Jews were assembled and completely absorbed in their fervent devotions. The women were grouped together at the south end, and the men at the north. One leading man read a liturgy of psalms and prayers, and all burst in with antiphons and responses.

Some kiss the stones caressingly, some with eyes fast closed jerk their heads up and down in emotion. Women, going from stone to stone, press their hands on each, and then kiss their hands reverently. I noticed that many of the stones had Hebrew characters painted on them. The men's robes here were very brilliant and gorgeous. They were yellow and crimson, silk and velvet, some with great chains of embossed silver round their necks. And so the cry goes up for ever from these earnest members of the Israel of God, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

I had said that there were three classes of Jews in Jerusalem. Yet there are other strange representatives of the Wandering Race who have found their way here of late years from Yemen in Southern Arabia. Outside the city, some little distance beyond the village of Siloam, is Shebet Tsedek, a colony or long row of houses especially allotted to them. Yellow-skinned, poverty-bitten Arab-like beings they are. They have recently begun to come back from a land in which they resided from the early days of their nation's reverses.

I looked in at their school. The teaching seemed to be very primitive, the children crowding on the floor, and the

turbaned teacher deriving any authority that he had over the noisy crew from his ever useful *Kourbash* with two light thongs, which he used freely but not cruelly. Some fifty children were packed into that tiny cottage room. They sang a Yemenite chant for me. It was a very Babel of nasal sounds, but eastern ideas of music are very different to those of the west.

There are several agricultural colonies in different parts of the Holy Land, some large, some small. Both Baron Hirsch in his lifetime, and the Rothschilds endeavoured to help their co-religionists (and that in a wise way generally, I believe), by encouraging them to help themselves. Nearly all the Jews in Jerusalem receive charity ('*Haluka*') from Europe and America, but the object of the Agricultural Colonies is to get the members to return any loan made to them, and to enable them to make a comfortable living in Palestine.

Of the colonies in the Haurân and near Lake Merôm I cannot say much, but I have heard a great deal of the Rishon le Zion ("The first to Zion") to the south-east of Jaffa. Baron Edmund de Rothschild bought 2,000 acres at £1 16s. per acre, and introduced vines from France and America. About four hundred Jews have worked at planting thousands of almond, pomegranate, and mulberry trees, as well as over a million vines. A well-to-do American on board the S.S. "Charkieh," described his visit to this thriving colony, and stated that he had found enormous underground cellars containing thousands of hogsheads of

wine of the Burgundy type now maturing for the market. In Alexandria I see that there is an agency for its distribution, and the wine is making its way in the market. These Jewish families are now prospering among their vineyards.

Something about my American informant led me to conclude that he also was a Jew, but not a religious Jew. Actually he was returning to New York without taking the trouble to see Jerusalem, having come all the way to inspect the Rothschild colony. How different are the rich and worldly Jews from their poorer and more earnest co-religionists.

* * * * *

I went up twice to see "Abraham's Vineyard." I rode up the first time in the days when Mr. Hughes had charge. Since then he and his kind wife have started a hostelry in Jerusalem, known as the "Pension Hughes," and he has been succeeded by Mr. Dunn. They have carried on the work of Mrs. Finn's Committee. She is the well-known energetic widow of a former Consul, and a capable authoress. Her book "Home in Jerusalem," throws more light on the ways of the inhabitants of the Holy City, than any book that I know. I think that she herself is of Hebrew descent. She raises a fund in England by means of which employment is given to a certain number of poor Jews, while no attempt is made to proselytize. I found that there were Circassian, Persian, Yemenite, and other Jews employed. They were just then building a great

cistern to hold £100 worth of rain water. They were covering the stone work with cement, both the floor, the walls, and the exterior of the roof. Then I watched them boiling olive oil which was squeezed out of the new olives. They were making "Kosher" soap. On this is stamped on one side in Hebrew: "Pure" (ceremonially) and "Jerusalem." On the other, in English, "Abraham's Vineyard, Jerusalem."

In another place the men were at work carpentering. Only thirty men altogether were then at work on the estate, but more are always taken on if the English funds permit.

These Jews are most devout. I noticed a book of prayers lying open in the fork of a tree. The men take it in turn to act as leader in prayer. They all attend the Synagogue prayers at daybreak, but at 9 a.m. they have prayers here in the open air.

Under a building here I was shewn a fine *columbarium*, a circular cave with niches all round for the ashes of the departed.

Ascending the roof above Mr. Hughes's sitting room, I had a panoramic view. To the east Nebi Samwil rose over the rolling land; to the north the hills near Bethel; near to us Mount Scopus and Jerusalem sloping down towards the Kedron, backed by the Mount of Olives.

* * * * *

One day when wandering in the crooked by-ways of Jerusalem I came across the Bikur Cholim Hospital for Jews. The members of the Jewish Committee who were

visiting it took me over the whole building and they were very anxious that I should report in England the work that they did. They had fifty beds, they had two European (Jewish) doctors, a dispenser, and thirteen servants. There seemed to be a large number of aged and infirm Jews in the hospital.



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

ASHKENAZI JEWS AT PRAYER.

(In Abraham's Vineyard.)

This Jewish Hospital is supported by voluntary contributions, and is an attempt on the part of the earnest Jews to prevent the Christian Hospital from attracting any of their co-religionists.

The view from the roof is panoramic. I looked down on
s

the flat-roofed houses with small whitewashed domes rising in the centre of each; a palm tree here and there waved its branches—but the general impression was a wilderness of whitened houses.

To the east, above all, rose the Mount of Olives. And one had a glimpse of the Temple Area, but the two domes of the large Synagogues hid Siloam from view.

We are speaking in this chapter of the Jews in the Holy Land, and I must not close it without remembering the untiring work of faith by which Christianity is ever seeking to shew to our Hebrew brethren their own Jewish Messiah. Nowhere is the opposition more constant or the work more difficult. Here, as I have said, all the poorer Jews receive European charity through their Rabbis, and this (on which they absolutely depend) is stopped instantly if there is any listening to the voice of the Christian worker. Dr. Wheeler, of the Christian Hospital, found the following put up:—

“IMPORTANT NOTICE!

“Brethren of the house of Israel! Several times we have given great warnings that the Children of Israel should separate themselves from the Mission; as on account of our sins many (Israelites) were caught in their (the Mission) snares, and to our grief and sorrow the leprosy has spread, and thus we become a reproach, mockery, and derision. How long shall this be? Are there no clever doctors in Israel, who by day and night go (visiting the sick) gratuitously, and spare no trouble? Therefore, we again, in the name of our Holy Law, command each one who

is called an Israelite to keep at a distance from them (the Mission), and to abstain from obtaining or receiving any benefit from their hospital, and from seeking any medical advice from their doctor, and from bringing him to their houses. And whoever transgresses our words or commands will not be free from the guilt of the sin of profaning the name of God, though we ourselves abstain from punishing such. But those who hearken shall enjoy pleasantness, and joy shall come upon them."

The beautiful new English Hospital, which I found complete on my second visit, at first had but few patients. It is said that this is owing to the sight of the words carved over the doorway and for the first time exhibited in Hebrew, "Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews."

A Jewish woman who sought refuge here died and was to be buried. But a Jewish mob would not permit burial, and said she should be cast to the dogs. An escort of Turkish soldiers covered the funeral party, and she was hastily interred on the slopes of Olivet, but amid showers of dangerous stones flung by the mob.

This event somewhat intimidated others for a time from coming to the hospital. But we who believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and who believe His words, must continue the work of preaching the Gospel to all nations, "beginning at Jerusalem." Christ's brethren after the flesh should have our first consideration, however bitterly at first they repel the message.

CHAPTER XIII.

VARIOUS SCENES ABOUT JERUSALEM.

"For to speake of Hierusalem, ye shall understande that litte standeth fayre among bylles, and there is neither ryver nor welle, but water cometh by conduit from Ebron, and ye shall wete that men called it first Jebus, and sythen it was called Salem unto the tyme of King David, and he set these two names togither, and called it Hierusalem, and so it is called yet.—*Sir John Maundeville.*

IN the early morn at Jerusalem I was often up with the dawning and out, after a very acceptable cup of coffee. One early morning I walked towards the Jaffa Gate. As I passed through the deep recesses I saw "a fire of coals, for it was cold." The Turkish guard who had been there all night had filled a brazier with charcoal, and placed it on the stone divan that they might see the fire and warm themselves.

It was a picturesque sight to see the shivering men crouching over the little fire, and stretching out eager hands over it to catch the warmth.

I strolled through the busy market and by the Armenian Church to the Zion Gate. As I passed out, the Armenian Patriarch, preceded by his *Cavasses* with loaded staffs, passed in. Then I turned eastward, and kept close beneath the high wall until I came to the Gate of the Moghrebim ("Moors" from the West or *Sunset*). Then scrambling



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.
THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS AND THE ENGLISH COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

by unseen paths, I came to the outside of the Temple, and at last stood beneath that wonderful south-east corner. I looked up at the great height above me, and then out over the Valley of the Dead and up to the Mount of the Ascension. They were solemn moments that morning when I was alone above Siloam.

From that village the dark-skinned women were climbing up into El Kûds with their garden produce on their heads, and near me, beneath the Temple wall, a dark-skinned, solemn Moslem offered up his prayers.

* * * * *

After one of my visits to Abraham's Vineyard, we rode to the so-called Tombs of the Judges—fine rock carved entrances with inner chambers, near to the road side as you approach Jerusalem by one of the northern roads. They are known by the Jews as the Tombs of the Sanhedrin. They have fine vestibules and ornamental architraves, but inside there is nothing specially noteworthy excepting that the bodies were not placed on shelves (*loculi*) but in tunnel-like holes (*kôkim*).

Then we rode to the Tombs of the Sultans, better known as the Tombs of the Kings, close to the Anglican Bishop's New Buildings. Archæologists identify them as the monument of Helena, Queen of Adiabene. She was a wealthy lady who became a Jewess, and spent her money in good works in the time of "the famine in the days of Claudius Cæsar." (Acts xi. 28.)

Josephus speaks of this tomb which she was preparing aforetime for her burial. (Ant. xv. chap. 2 and 4.)

We descended a grand flight of rock-cut steps, and turning to our left into a court we passed under a kind of portico, and then crept past a real rolling stone into the beginning of a suite of chambers, where it was fearfully hot as well as dark. Insect life is abounding and ever aggressive and on the alert in these tombs round Jerusalem. This circumstance detracts from the sentimental or romantic side of the subject. The man who can be sentimental, or even calm, when hosts of vermin are coursing over him, is a philosopher, or a very absent-minded enthusiast.

* * * * *
Another afternoon we rode along the southern side of the Valley of Hinnôm, with its countless tombs, and came to the place called Aceldama, or the Field of Blood. Here was a tree which would have just answered Judas' purpose. It was on the edge of the steep place. If a branch had broken after he had attempted to hang himself he would have been dashed headlong below, and all that is written would naturally take place.

A horrible place is this Hinnôm, where the children were passed through the fire to Moloch. Here were the great ever-burning rubbish heaps which gave force to the expression Hell-fire, or "Gehenna" of Fire.

We rode down to Joab's Well, in the King's Gardens, and watched the men drawing water with ropes some eighty feet long, and drawing up sewage from Jerusalem as well as water. Quarrels seemed frequent and much shouting over the watering of flocks and herds was heard. The poor women did not seem to have much of a chance.

After looking at the lovely pool of the Virgin (the true well of En Rogel) with its creepers and ferns, and descending the steps to see the women washing clothes, we crossed over into Siloam village and found some difficulty in getting



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

An intermittent spring whose water communicates with the Pool of Siloam by a rock cut channel. It is called by the Arabs here "the Dragon's Well." The only true spring at Jerusalem, and formerly within the walls. (said to be the true Bethesda by Conder).

out again, for house is perched above house on the hillside, and a bridle path will sometimes suddenly end on someone's roof.

After extricating ourselves we passed the tombs of Zachariah and Absalom, and visited the memorial Russian Church or Cathedral, near Gethsemane.* On the *iconostasis* are fine paintings by Vereschagine. The face of one of the Mary's is a likeness of the royal lady to whose memory the *Sabór* is erected,—the wife of H.I.M. Alexander II.

BETHESDA, WHERE IS IT?

Until lately the popular idea as to the position of the Pool of Bethesda was, that its site was that of Birket Israel at the north-east corner of the Temple Area.

But at the Church at St. Anne, on the other side of the road, has been discovered the old pool with five porches. I went down to the water (still there in a dry November) and could almost picture the scene. Of course there have been alterations in the buildings, but before the crusading times, and since, it was held to be Bethesda, and its position near the Sheep Gate confirms this opinion. As I stood by the water I heard the chanting of the White Fathers in the adjoining church and the distant chords of the organ rising and falling. (Cardinal Lavigérie formed the Order of the *Pères Blancs* for African Mission work.)

My friend, Rev. W. M. Teape, writes to me as to Bethesda as follows: "S. John v, 3 and 4, gives us what must at any rate be a very early tradition. It is, therefore, held by many that the Pool of Bethesda was the intermittent spring Gihon (the Virgin's Fountain); the intermittency would explain the belief mentioned in verses 3 and 4.

* A view of the exterior of this Russian *Sabór* is given on p. 271.

Colonel Conder (Handbook to the Bible, page 357) tell us that the spring is still frequented by the Jews who bathe in it to cure various diseases."

* * * * *



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE POOL, CALLED BETHESDA.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

"Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches."—S. John v. 2.

Then we found our way again into the Via Dolorosa and visited the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, where, I believe, a good educational work is done among girls. One of the

Sisters took us upon the roof whence across the street we had an excellent view of the whole of the Harâm.

Without paying to go into the Temple Area one can view it from this roof.

In their Chapel and at the Chancel is one of three Roman arches, another crossing the Via Dolorosa outside. On the top of this Roman arch and over the High Altar is a striking figure of the "Ecce Homo."

In the cellars are seen the marks made by the Roman soldiers as they played their games when lying in barracks here. Also a short pillar from which the crier made his proclamation. Probably all this building was part of Antonia and witnessed the condemnation of our Lord.

• • • • •
Yet one other place I must refer to. I went out one day through the Zion Gate, and on a few yards to the Moslem Mosque known as the Nebi Daûd (Prophet David). This Mosque, tradition says, was both the Tomb of King David and the scene of the Last Supper, and on account of this is called "the Cænaculum."

The tradition is very old, but can scarcely be proved to exist from the beginning of the Christian Era. The Mosque is in charge of fanatical Moslems. Formerly it was in the hands of the Christians.

The story told is that a rich Jew of Stambûl, who wished to pray at the Tomb of David, was not permitted by the Christian doorkeeper to do so. On his return to Constantinople he visited the chief Pashas, and abused the Moslems for not taking the tomb of one of their

chief prophets into their own hands. The Christians were then ejected and are now only admitted on sufferance. Can it be possible that this was the very spot where our Lord spoke these wonderful words recorded in S. John xiii.—xv. ? Did the Holy Spirit the Comforter Himself come down here also, and fill the House where they were sitting ?

CHAPTER VI.

THE RUSSIAN PILGRIMS.

"In Jerusalem the songs resound, the evening bells ring out
their note,
Whence came ye, pilgrims, brothers, say, your homage who to
God devote?
I come from where the quiet Don glides forth, the beauty of
our homes:
I come from where stern Yonnisee in boundless water proudly
foams.
My home is on the Euxine shore; I come from Neva's soft
blue face;
I come from Kama's flowing stream, and I from Moscow's
fond embrace.
And so, from strange and distant lands, from far off steppes,
from unknown homes,
From deepest rivers of the south, a crowd of praying children
comes."—*Russian Lyrics (Wilson)*.

It is not always realized how enormously the Russian pilgrims at Jerusalem out-number those of all other nationalities put together. They are mostly Government aided; the steamers which run from Odessa down the Levantine coast are subsidized in order that they may carry the pilgrims at the lowest rates.

M. Arsenieff, the Acting Russian Consul for the Holy Land, received me warmly when I called upon him in his rooms in the new buildings of the Imperial Russian

Palestine Society, at Jerusalem. After a friendly chat about Anglo-Russian affairs, the Consul kindly offered to shew me over these fine buildings of the Society which lie to the north-west of Jerusalem and beyond the great Hospice of the Russian Ecclesiastical Mission (the older establishment).

Once a year the I.R.P.S. (Imperial Russian Palestine Society) has an offertory for its funds in every Church throughout Russia, and it has of late years erected this handsome hostelry for "paying" pilgrims. There is accommodation for "First Class Visitors" (such as Princes of the Blood, and other titled or wealthy persons); Second Class (for well-to-do middle class folk); and Third Class (for such as need not to be objects of charity).

The poorest pilgrims are received in the vast barracks of the Ecclesiastical Mission close at hand. These are built in a large enclosure of some twenty acres, granted for a nominal sum to Russia after the Crimean War. This Russian Colony lies half a mile or more from the city walls (to the north-east), and comprehends a Cathedral, a Hospital, and a number of long buildings intended to hold nearly 3,000 pilgrims, as Easter, when the crowd is greatest, approaches.

As we walked through the dormitories and other buildings we found that many pilgrims had arrived (it was November), but they were nearly all women. The men had stayed to visit Mount Athos, with its innumerable monasteries (containing 8,000 monks), and from which women are rigidly excluded.

The poorer pilgrims are entertained in this hostelry for

fourteen days without any charge. After that they pay three *kopecks* per night for lodging, and eight *kopecks* for a meal of three courses; (a *kopek* is about one halfpenny).

The majority of the pilgrims are of the poorer class; I think that the most religious people in Russia are found in



FROM A PHOTO BY

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL, AT GETHSEMANE.

the middle and lower classes. Yet M. Arsenieff interested me much by saying:

“A clever financier—Bishop Spiritus—made the calculation that on an average the Russian pilgrim leaves some

200 roubles per head in this Holy Land. (About £20.) He brings money from other members of his village to be laid out in paying for prayers to be offered by the Clergy at the different holy places."

These pilgrims also buy quantities of relics and souvenirs at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Jordan, etc. Some are bought on commission for home friends, and some are for sale in the villages through which they tramp on their long journey homewards after regaining Odessa.

"Will you give me an hour or so on Saturday afternoon," I asked M. Arsenieff. "I shall be at home at Olivet House then, and I should like to have a longer chat."

Very courteously he acquiesced, and then, preceded by his *Cavasse* in Montenegrin costume, I returned in state through the dusty lanes of extra-mural Jerusalem to Olivet House.

* * * * *

In the pleasant drawing room I received M. Arsenieff at the appointed time on the following Saturday, and his *Cavasse*, who always preceded him, waited outside beneath the vine-trellised porch.

"What do you think, Mr. Consul, is the motive for these pilgrimages?" I asked after the inevitable cigarettes and coffee had been brought in by the black negro servant in his white robes.

"Sometimes it is, I fear, from the desire to lead a vagrant wandering life. In the case of the women it often leads to their becoming nuns, though, as you know, none can take the veil in our Russian Church till they are middle-

aged. These pilgrim women dress as much like nuns as they can and are indeed pleased if thought to be professed.

"What do you say as to their morality?" I asked.

"The pilgrims who give the most trouble are those who prolong their stay the most, some staying even for a year or two, or three years if they can. On arriving at Jaffa the pilgrims sleep at the Greek monastery and then next day set off to tramp to Jerusalem. Soon after arriving they pay their formal visit to the Patriarch and receive his blessing. They visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, making a point of *sleeping at least one night in the church.** They visit Gethsemane, Bethlehem, and Jordan, and some of the stronger ones tramp all the way to Mount Tabor and Nazareth, though we try to discourage this, as it is sometimes risky."

"Tell me, M. Arsenieff, what you think about the so-called miracle of the Holy Fire."

He answered without reserve, "I was with the (late) Patriarch (Gerasimos) on one occasion when there were present besides several bishops and some other gentlemen. The Patriarch said on that occasion, 'the Church does not claim to work a miracle,—it is but an emblem of the spread of the Evangel through the world.'"

The Consul agreed with me that the responsibility of denying the miracle rests upon all concerned, but he added that a Patriarch who made public such a denial would probably be assassinated. "When there is any delay in making the fire the crowd becomes angry in less than half-an-hour."

* The italics are mine.—A.A.B.

The Russian Hospital doctor finds that his patients, even when very ill, implore him to grant them leave of absence for four hours to attend the ceremony; "they have come from very distant homes in Russia for this and shall they miss so great a thing? nay they would far sooner die in this Holy Land."

The pilgrims endeavour to preserve the flame in their little lamps to carry it on board ship, and take it carefully nurtured even to Russia.

"The spirit of pilgrimages," continued this liberal-minded Pravoslav, "is mediæval."

He continued, "Our Lord said to the Samaritan woman, 'Neither on this Gerizim nor yet at Jerusalem shall ye worship my Father in the coming age.' Gregory of Nyssa wrote a tractate in his day, entitled, 'Against Pilgrimages,' and you would do well to read what he says."

Before we closed this interesting afternoon chat I ventured to broach another topic.

"M. Arsenieff, I am much interested in one subject, and that is the possible occupation of Palestine by your Government. The other day, in Northern Palestine, an English Colonel (retired) told me that he would gladly see Russia in possession of the Holy Land, for he considered that she was the natural guardian of holy places. I must admit that I was astonished, for I know that our Missionaries dread such an event."

"Do you think," I continued, "that religious liberty would be guaranteed if the powers would agree to offer

Russia an occupation of Palestine ? ” And I added, “ Would it be possible for Russia to have one policy at home and another abroad ? ” I referred also to the transportation of the Stundists to the Caucasus.

Mr. Arsenieff seemed to admit the use of repressive measures towards the Nonconformists of Russia, and did not think that there could be a different policy at home and abroad. He explained it thus :

“ The policy of our country is fatherly. It says ‘ Do not play with that, boy—it will be bad for you.’ It removes the sharp knife from the room where the child plays. The Moslem may continue to be a Moslem and the Jew a Jew, but it forbids the Orthodox to become a Moslem or a Jew. To do so is to commit a crime.

“ The fatherly policy endeavours to protect the children, for you know well that our country is still in its infancy. We are mediæval. The strangest sects spring into existence. I have heard but recently of Russian peasants, who speak nothing but Russian, becoming Jews in fact, and calling themselves Sabbatae.

“ Again, we do not allow anything to be printed in the Russian language which may tend to alienate from the Orthodox faith. The German-speaking may print their religious works in German, Polish Catholics print in Polish, but we defend our priests from polemics.

“ Perhaps this is bad for our *popes*, and may tend to make them lazy when they know they are always guarded by a soldier, and so have no fear from arguments,”

"*Do svidania*" (*au revoir*), we said to one another at last, for we had talked for nearly an hour. The *Cavasse* leapt to his feet and saluted. He then placed himself in front of his master, the Consul, and led the way back towards the Russian Colony.

* * * * *

No one who is not familiar with the Holy Land can realize how much Russia is in evidence there. A noble tower on the summit of the Mount of Olives dominates the whole landscape, and has become a feature in almost every view of the Holy City. It has been built by voluntary subscriptions from Russia, and contains great bells which were dragged up from Jaffa by gangs of devoted men and women pilgrims.

We are told that some died by the way, but they would glory in such an end. There is for them no greater honour than to leave their bones in the Holy Land.

Some have suggested that this tower is for flashing signals to the Russian Fleet on the Mediterranean—but the Great Sea is not visible from its highest pinnacle.

Others have suggested that the great buildings I have attempted to describe are ultimately to be used as barracks for Russian troops. In any partition of the Turkish Empire some of us would prefer to see an English Governor at the Seräi at Jerusalem, but failing such a happy state of things, perhaps Russia is the next best fitted by religion to be the "Guardian of the Holy Places."

I am thankful that, having seen the patient *Boghomoletzi* (God-Reverencers) reach their northern goal in the White Sea Isles,* I have also seen them here in that Holy Land, to visit whose sacred soil they will sacrifice almost anything.

* See "With Russian Pilgrims at the White Sea Monastery."

CHAPTER VII.

THE JERUSALEM-JAFFA RAILWAY.

"Awake, awake, O Zion; arise Jerusalem;
Shake off thy chains and sackcloth, put on thy diadem.
And lift thine eyes, O Israel, forget thy Wailing Place;
Once more thy King is coming in glory and in grace.
Thy streets and walls are spreading with many a structure fair,
Thy thoroughfares are crowded with traffic everywhere.
And many a town and hamlet is growing o'er the land,
The harbinger of progress, and brighter days at hand.
And many a little circle of Israel's sons has come,
And in thine ancient valleys has found a prosperous home.
And now the engine's whistle is heard on Sharon's plain,
And Judah's mountains echo the rushing railway train."

A. B. Simpson.

DURING my last days in Jerusalem bugles were sounding for ever and Turkish troops marching and counter-marching. The *Redif* (Reserve) was called out and encamped near the Green Hill to the north of Herod's Gate.

Crowds of wild and wicked looking Bedawîn and Fellahîn in *abba* and *keffiyeh* were "rounded" up from the villages of Southern Syria. Sometimes they sang as they marched, but always they looked villainous and desperate.

They had been torn from their homes, and whither they were going they knew not, but they believed that the

Roumis and the Sultan were to commence war, that the Giaour and the Moslem were soon to be at each others throats.

Then came a startling but inaccurate story of a massacre of our Missionary staff at Nablûs. We could not get at the truth, but there was a feeling of insecurity among all our English folk.

My time was ended and I was bound to return. I felt sad at leaving behind me those whom I thought were in danger, but I could do nothing in Syria whilst I might do something in London. I travelled thither quicker than the mail, and driving up to the "Times" office gave in an account of the state of affairs and the anxiety of the Christians to be remembered by England.

Not many days elapsed before I read to my joy that two of Her Majesty's ships were speeding to Syrian ports. I felt thankful indeed, though I know not whether my visit to the "Times" office was the cause of that action.

* * * * *

The Railway line to Jaffa is worthy of a chapter to itself.

My driver frantically urged his horses over the white macadamized road, lest we should be late, but eventually we had a long time to wait. The platform at the railway station was thronged with a heterogeneous crowd. Russian *Cavasses* in Montenegrin costume, Syrians in fez and baggy divided skirts of brilliant hue, and others in *keffiyeh* and *abba*, Greeks, Frenchmen, Quakers and Priests, Americans and English.

As we were in an eastern land there was a special women's carriage.

"Do you see Amurika and her mother Rachel," said my Jerusalem friend.

Yes; there was the daughter and grand-daughter of the old Karäite Rabbi, who had been so civil to us, and so we bade one another "farewell" ere the train moved away.

I rode in the cheapest class, answering to our third class in England, but called "second" on the Jerusalem-Jaffa Railway. At last we moved, and the eastern crowd *salaamed* and waved.

"I hope we shall soon see you back in Jerusalem," my friend cried, as we glided away down the steep curve.

A last glimpse of some of the buildings on Mount Zion, as we pass from the plain of Rephaim, and then we fly down the Valley of Roses (the Wady el Ward). The engine has little or nothing to do for many miles as we descend the steep pass, by winding serpentine curves following the course of the *wády*. The line is of narrower gauge than that which is used in Europe and America (it being only one *metre*), but the permanent way is in good order, and the "road" well "ballasted."

The engine whistles loudly, and its echoes reverberate along the pass. There are some camels and Arabs using the railway as their road up to Jerusalem, and they are in no hurry to get off the track. After seven miles we stop at the first station, Bittir, the ancient Bether. Here, after the last revolt against the Romans (that of Bar Cocheba) this valley ran with the blood of thousands of slaughtered Jews.

The open balcony at the rear of the train gave me an uninterrupted view of the great valley down which we sped, its natural terraces reaching up the treeless hills, even to the sky line. We crossed 176 bridges, small and large, seven of these were of iron, and the others of stone.



I have heard expressions of horror at the very idea of a railway in the Holy Land, yet after the weary ride under a tropical sun from Nazareth I was devoutly thankful for it,

The Jerusalem-Jaffa Railway.

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and it detracted in no way from my appreciation of the scenes through which we passed.

Up this valley down which the train is speeding was borne the Ark of God, on its way from Beth Shemesh. The gradients are intensely steep (34 in 500) and the line

THE ROAD AND THE RAILWAY BETWEEN JERUSALEM AND JAFFA.

(To illustrate the railway journey and also the cycling journey of the author.)

12



winds like a camel path as it follows the doublings of the crooked valley.

On the day that this line was opened (September 26th,

* This Map is reproduced, by permission, from the "Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement," January, 1898.

1892), trains were run by way of excursion from Jerusalem, and they were crowded, for the journey was a free one. But these inhabitants of Jerusalem were carried far away down the valley, and when the engine tried to push the train up again, it was too weak for the work—the gradient too steep and the load too heavy. It was very late that night when the passengers reached their homes again.

That day of opening was a great one in Jerusalem. We are told that three he-goats were solemnly sacrificed in front of the engine, as a *Corban* or offering, and prayers offered by Mullahs from the Mosque of Aksa, and in the evening there was feasting in a tent. There were present one hundred and fifty guests. The fireworks did not arrive in time. What would Solomon in all his glory have thought if he could have viewed the scene?

We are rushing down the steep gorge, which grows wilder and wilder at every turn. Fanatical looking camelmén, with gleaming teeth, stand back from the track to look at us, shading their eyes from the fierce sun; but others, wishing to appear quite unconcerned, sit on adjacent rocks with their backs to us, and never so much as look at this hateful invention of the infidel.

Our train consists of an engine (from Baldwin Works, Philadelphia, U.S.A.), then four goods wagons, then a first-class carriage, and then a second-class car. This car is divided into two, the rear portion being for the veiled eastern women. The first-class passengers are less romantic than the second, for they consist chiefly of a party of

Americans, some of whom are dressed in old-time Quaker costume. In the second-class are Easterns of all kinds in romantic robes, but more picturesque than clean. There are two Russian *Cavasses* from the Consulate in Montenegrin costume, and some Russian pilgrims of the *moujik* type drinking *tchai* (tea) and getting hot water from the engine



AN ORIENTAL ROADSIDE STATION.

for their national beverage. From the women's compartment comes the shrill sound of chattering, scolding, chaffing and laughing voices.

So we travel along the vale of Sorek and finally emerge from the hills as the line runs out on to the great maritime plain. We are in

SAMSON'S COUNTRY,

and yonder is the spot where Manoah offered his sacrifice.

Jackals are plentiful here still, as in the days when Samson sent them among the dry corn here with firebrands fastened to their tails. We stop at Deir Aban station (possibly Ebenezer), and another train taking goods up to Jerusalem passes us. The sun blazes now with great power, for we have left the cool breezes which play on the hills of Jerusalem, and have descended more than 2,000 feet to another climate, another zone.

The engine whistles, and a faint echo is heard from the hills we have left behind. As we move onward we see the site of Beth-Shemesh to the south of the line. The railway is in the hands of a French company. They have, I suspect, some power of obtaining native labour at a low rate. In one place the permanent way was being banked up, so as to make it safe before the heavy rains came down and floods rushed by. I counted twenty-seven brown-skinned Arab women in their loose dress, carrying basket loads of stones upon their heads. A little further on we came to another set of more than one hundred, all hard at work in the terrific blaze of the sun.

A great flock of goats and sheep in front gives our engine driver some anxiety. They insist on crossing the unprotected line in front of the train. We slacken speed and they all get over safely, but a misguided young kid of the goats wildly pursued the train for a distance, bleating shrilly as it galloped between the lines as if the train was its mother.

The engine has an American cow-catcher in front. The

line is not fenced in. A great vulture hovers lazily in the burning sky above us, looking with keen eye for a meal. The scenery on the Plain of Sharon is very monotonous. The country is now thirsting for rain. The train stopped for a moment, and an American jumped down and gathered some of the seeds of the "Rose" of Sharon. On our left was the site of Ekron, the Philistine town where the ark in captivity brought such gruesome plagues upon the inhabitants ("the Bubonic plague," suggests Dr. Adam Smith).



EASTERN SHEEP AND SHEPHERD.

We circle round an Arab village with its dome-like granaries. Further we see a white tent near the line, and a number of Arab masons repairing a bridge. Our train is stopped and a saloon carriage from a siding is taken on. It contains the European inspector.

"Is he asleep?" anxiously enquires our conductor.

The special guard in charge peeps through the window and then signals the good news to the other officials

that their superior officer is fast asleep on the cushions, and away we go. Near to 'Ain Sejed station we can see among the hills to the east the Pass of Bethhoron down which I gazed a few weeks before from Ramallah. Fierce and awful have been the scenes of carnage in that pass from the days of Joshua to those of the Maccabees and of the Romans.

At eleven we pull up at Ramleh, whose square "Tower of the Forty" we have seen for some time. Ramleh is a town of 6,000 inhabitants. Here the line crosses the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa along which I was to cycle later. The old Greek priest of Ramleh is lifted carefully and placed in the train. He is accompanied by a nice-looking boy in flowing robes and with long hair, and a chattering old woman who looks well after him.

We move away from Ramleh, and enter a more cultivated region, where olives grew in great abundance, and so we come to

"LYDDA," OR "LŪD,"

of which we read (Acts ix. 31), "And it came to pass, as Peter went throughout all parts he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a certain man named Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years; for he was palsied. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee: arise, and make thy bed. And straightway he arose. And all that dwelt at Lydda and in Sharon saw him, and they turned to the Lord."

Ere long we see the lovely orange groves of the Temple

Colony, and other groves on the outskirts of Jaffa. The golden fruit was hanging in myriads on the boughs (all the Jaffa oranges are bought up for English use). I was told by an expert that the ripe oranges have always alcohol in their rinds. If you squeeze the orange peel gently near a lighted candle, the spirit will burn with a blue flame. We see a Turkish camp near the railway line. There is evidently much excitement among the troops. Now we approach the deep blue Mediterranean, and circling round to the north of the town we run into Jaffa Station. Our railway journey in the Holy Land is ended. A crowd is waiting on the platform for the arrival of the Jerusalem train!

Here are the stations in order:—Jerusalem; Bittir, 7 miles; Deir Aban, $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Sejed, 30 miles; Ramleh, 40 miles; Ludd, $42\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Jaffa, $54\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

* * * * *

Nigh to the terminus there is a little hostelry kept by an American. As we entered we noticed in German text over the doorway,

“GO THROUGH, GO THROUGH HER GATES.”

When we were inside we saw a large clock, which was to remind those who were travelling up to the Holy City that their train was ready to start. Over it were the words,

“OUR FEET SHALL STAND WITHIN THY GATES,

O JERUSALEM.”

We all sat down to dinner—that is all the first class passengers and one second class passenger. We were a

rather solemn and uncommunicative party. My eyes roamed round to see if there was anything else interesting in this establishment, whose owner seemed recklessly given to quoting texts. I could scarcely refrain from misbehaving myself when I saw, on the beam across the ceiling above the table, that which the American had evidently thought a highly appropriate text for a Jaffa dining-room,

“RISE, PETER, KILL AND EAT.”

* * * * *

Sailing that afternoon in an Austrian Lloyd Steamer, I caught, next morning, another ship from India at Port Said. The *Imperatrix* put me ashore at Brindisi a few nights later, and then I travelled night and day until I arrived in London, eight days from leaving Jerusalem. “Where to, sir?” said the driver of my hansom. “First take me to the ‘Times’ office,” I replied.

PART IV.

CYCLING IN SYRIA.

CHAPTER I.

DAMASCUS.

"This fayre citie of Damas founded Delugeus, that was Abraham's servaunte before Isaac was born, and he thought to have bene Abraham's beyre and therefore be named that citie Damas, and in that place slewe Cayne his brother Abel, and besyde Damas is ye mount of Syry, and in the citie is many a pbsicion & ye holy man S. Paule was a pbsicion to save men's bodys before yt he was converted, and after he was a pbsicion of soules."—*Maundeville*.

Two years had gone ere I returned to the Holy Land. Then, with a strong "Humber" bicycle, I arrived again off Jaffa, intending to ride up to Jerusalem. I was on board a Russian steamer, and we had received a warning telegram at Port Said containing the words "Storm at Jaffa." And now that we had arrived, great rolling waves were careering ashore and dashing on the rocks. We waited for a day, tossing unhappily in the rollers, and that day we often thought of Jonah who took ship here. We read of him (Jonah i. 3—4), "Jonah went down to Joppa, and found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the

presence of the LORD. But the LORD sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken."

We steamed northward at last to Beyrout, I hoping to return by another steamer, when finer weather came. At Beyrout I cycled along the romantic coast road, looking up



VIEW FROM MY BALCONY AT BEYROUT.

at the grand snow-capped Anti-Lebanon and Jebel Sunnin, and across the blue water to the mouth of Dog River. Then my cycle had a rest until I could get back to Jaffa.

By train I travelled one cold night along the French Mountain Railway over Lebanon to Damascus. In the middle of the night as I tried to sleep I was awakened by the crunching of heavy boots on crisp frozen snow, as the men of Lebanon, with heads covered up in sharp-pointed

hoods, tramped along the platforms of stations some 6,000 or 7,000 feet above sea level. It was early in November.

Next morning, while it was yet dark, the train stopped a long time at a roadside station, and then a Turkish soldier came and flashed a lantern upon my recumbent form.



FROM MY WINDOW AT DAMASCUS.

A small crowd assembled at the carriage door and clamoured.

Where was my *Teskerah*? What was my name? They tried to write "Boddy" in Turkish with the help of the lantern, but I had no *Teskerah*. I had a passport with the Turkish *visa*.

The stars were shining and the air was very cold. The train did not seem inclined to go on, and then it gradually dawned upon me that I had arrived at or near Damascus. Turkish is not one of my languages, but I found out that the train was going round to the Maidân Station, at the far end of Damascus, but that this was the nearest station for the Russian hotel.

At last a certain Girgiz, a Syrian Christian, turned up, who spoke French and a few English words, and with him I walked out into the starlight and along the road towards the City of the Damascenes.

Grey daylight began to disclose minarets high above us in the air, and rushing streams near at hand. The morning air was crisp, dogs were waking up, and now and again a muffled figure glided by.

Suddenly we entered a great square (outside the walls) where some two or three hostelrys kept by Greeks or Russians look across to the Barracks and Government Buildings on the other side. Here we hammered at a door studded with iron nails, and a head was thrust out above, to see if we were dangerous. Being satisfied that all was well, a long process of unbolting was gone through. Then we climbed up a flight of stone steps, and I was shewn into a bedroom whose iciness chilled me to the marrow.

Before I had been long at Damascus I found good friends in Rev. J. and Mrs. Segall and their little girls, and in response to a kind invitation I soon removed my quarters across the city to their house. With my Kodak and Girgiz

I visited the street called Straight, and St. Paul's Gate (near which I saw many "a window on the wall"), the reputed house of Naaman, the reputed house of Ananias, and what I was told was really the Tomb of Fatimah,* daughter of Mahomet.

Enchanting is the oriental panorama of kaleidoscopic costumes in the Bazaars. Bedawîn may be seen in red



HOUSES AND WINDOWS ON THE WALL.

"In Damascus the Governor kept the city with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me; and through a window in a basket was I (Paul) let down by the wall, and escaped his hands. (2 Cor. xi. 32-33.)"

boots, Persians in grey tall *taj*, Turkish officers, veiled women, Kurds from the suburb of Salahieh, Druses from the Lebanon, Jews, and Syrian Christians.

For picturesque romance no Bazaars in the east can surpass those of the Damascenes, though no longer can the keen swords of former days be found there.

*Burton, in his "Meccah and Medinah," says that Fatimah is buried in at least three places in Medinah as well.

Sometimes one sat in an Arab *Caravanserai* watching the scenes around. Then one would stroll along the banks of the rushing Abana (Barada), or wander into the sheep market, where fat Damascene sheep with enormous tails were being suddenly slaughtered and skinned, and trotted off in wobbling halves on donkey back.

I was glad to visit Saladin's Tomb. One has learnt almost to venerate the memory of that Bayard of the Saracens.

The Great Mosque was burnt down the other year, and the fanatical Moslems ascribed the conflagration to the malice of Christian incendiaries.

"I came home that afternoon," said Mr Segall, "and knew nothing of what was going on, when someone burst in and told me the Mosque was blazing. I went up on my house-top, and sure enough the flames were leaping up from the roof, which soon fell in with a crash.

The Christian inhabitants were in danger for some time.

They are now rebuilding the Mosque. The outer walls and the three minarets had remained. The view from the chief minaret (Madinet-el-Ghurbiyeh) is very extensive. The domes and flat roofs below are intersected by the Via Recta. The long line of covered Bazaars, the country beyond, and the mountains framing it in on every side, these reminded me much of the view of Kairwân the Holy from the Minar of its Jama el Kebîr.*

"That is the Minaret from which Jesus Christ will descend to judge the world," said Girgiz, pointing to the

* See "To Kairwân the Holy," p. 173.

Madinet 'Aissa (Minaret of Jesus), "so the Moslems say."

I made Girgiz find out for me the old gateway with the Christian inscription in Greek—

"THY KINGDOM, O CHRIST, IS AN EVERLASTING KINGDOM, AND THY DOMINION ENDURETH THROUGHOUT ALL GENERATIONS."

It runs along the frieze of the well-carved cornice of a



TOMB OF FATIMAH.

The daughter of Mahomet the Prophet is buried here at Damascus. I was shown her tomb and took this photo of it, but I am creditably informed that she is also buried at several other places (and especially at Medinah).

fine Byzantine doorway. With the aid of a rickety ladder we climbed on to the top of some shops built right up against it, and hiding it almost out of sight.

The rivers of Damascus, at the present day, are not always the limpid streams which one expects to see. What

they may be like in the hot season one knows not, but in cold winter, with the thermometer eight degrees below freezing point (at night), the smells from that open sewer, the Barada, were sufficiently appalling. Probably in hotter weather the melting snows swell the water floods.

Those November days in Damascus were piercingly cold. I thankfully sat near the stove in the warm nursery, the windows of which looked out on the narrow street. Baby Margery clapped her hands as she saw trains of *Jamals*, with sweet-sounding bells, pass beneath on their way in and out of Damascus. The telegraph wire to Baghdad and Persia one could reach with one's hand from the lattice.

Kathleen (five) and Hilda (three) used to chase me up on to the flat roof, where we vigorously exercised ourselves to get warm in the bright sunshine, with snow capped Hermon in the background.

One afternoon I took the little girls, mounted on their white donkey, out to the village of Jobah. This Dean Stanley identified with the "Hobah which is on the left hand of Damascus" (Genesis xiv. 15). Here it was that Abraham by night fell upon the four kings who had carried off Lot from Sodom and smote them.

At the village of Hobah we found the very interesting old synagogue which has been a place of pilgrimage for the Jews of Damascus for countless ages. There is a cave where sick Jews spend the night expecting to find themselves healed when morning comes. It is said to have been the spot where Elijah anointed Hazael.

The inhabitants of Hobah are Jewish looking, but are all now Moslem, probably owing to some compulsion in by-gone days.



TWO FAIR DAMASCENES.

Hilda and Dorothy, with Gingiz, on the way to Jobah.
(From a Snapshot taken by the Author.)

As we drove one morning up "the mountain" to the Kurdish village of Salahîyeh, we passed the house where Sir Richard Burton used to live, and where his romantic and devoted wife wrote her "Inner Life of Syria," when her husband was Consul there.

I should fancy that the popular idea of the English lady, as it exists in the Syrian mind, must have been somewhat coloured by the personalities of three Englishwomen, viz. : Lady Hester Stanhope, Lady Digby, and Isobel, Lady Burton.

In "Eothen," Kinglake describes his visit to Lady Stanhope in her eyrie in the hills behind Sidon. She had lived as a lesser "Queen of the Arabs" for years, and had persuaded her dependents, and possibly herself, that she was almost divine.

Then there was Lady Ellenborough a little later, known in Damascus as the Honourable Jane Digby El Megrab.

She was a beautiful English lady, married to a dark-skinned Bedawy sheykh who promised to take no other wife. She lived most of her time in Damascus, and he joined her there from time to time.

Her gardener told her one day that Sheykh Mijwal had taken a Bedawy wife, and for his pains he was slain by his master when next he came to Damascus. I heard this in Damascus where she lies buried. The English inscription on her grave has an Arabic addendum of a less complimentary character I am told, which the Sheykh composed. Lady Burton also writes at length of her in her "Inner Life in Syria."

Then there was that remarkable wife of Sir Richard Burton (the Meccan pilgrim), he who was Consul here for two years. She (Lady Burton) tells us how she dressed in Arab costume like a boy, and accompanied her husband into

the desert as his younger brother. She could split an orange at seventy paces with her pistols, and loved to ride the wildest horses.

In Damascus she visited the bazaars, she says, dressed as a native woman, and could hear all that was going on. The romance of Isobel, Lady Burton, is indeed interesting reading, but one is sorry that she did not have a large family of children to bring up. This would have effectually



WAYSIDE SCENE IN THE EAST.

cut out some of the "romance." She was indeed a clever woman, and her devotion to her husband was unique.

* * * * *

The view over Damascus from the "Mountain" is very panoramic. Its frying-pan shape, with the extra-mural street or suburb called the *Meidan* or *Maidan* for the handle, is here very clearly seen. "The Gates of God," at the

south end, form the starting point for the great Mecca Caravan. On this mountain one could best picture the approach of the earnest young Rabbi of Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago, as he was riding from the south to capture a number of his fellow countrymen who had joined the new "heresy" as he then thought it to be. But the strange courage of one of this "sect" whose terrible "lapidation" he had witnessed, had, I believe, caused him some uneasy moments. How could he banish the thought of that young Hellenist falling on his knees on the knoll at El-Hieremiyeh, and with an angel-face crying for pity not *from* but for his executioners?

Within sight (as we were) of esh-Shems—the "Pearl of the East," he was felled to the earth by a terrific flash of heaven-sent light—and then was led as a poor blinded creature into yonder beautiful town, hereafter to be one of Christ's noblest apostles, soon to realize that he was crucified, buried, and risen with Christ.

The Jebel Druze is very clearly seen rising to the east of the Haurân, and Jebel esh-Sheyhk (the white-robed Hermon) is a prominent feature in the picture.

The village of Salahîyeh is inhabited by Kurds brought here by the Turkish rulers. They are sometimes a source of terror to the people around. A Turkish officer had taken a company of Kurdish soldiers out for drill and ridden a little distance away from Damascus. The villagers of a certain village caught sight of this company of horsemen and thought it was an enemy coming to massacre them.

They ran for their lives towards Damascus, deserting their village. They passed another village which took the alarm, and then another, so that a flying rabble in a panic was soon streaming across the plain.

People in Damascus saw a herd of panic-stricken folk running along the streets leading into the town and heard that massacres were going on in the villages. It was a considerable time before the panic was allayed and the people returned to their deserted homes.

I had the pleasure of dining at the consulate before leaving Damascus, and found that I was to have the Consul and Mrs. Richards as travelling companions on my return journey to Beyrout.

This was for every reason a most enjoyable ride. We looked back at "Damas" bathed in the early sunlight, and then we climbed up into the Anti-Lebanon mountains. Where the grade became very steep our engine let down a middle wheel with cogged teeth which fitted into a special centre rail, and so we were hauled up and up for some 3,000 feet (Damascus is some 3,000 feet above the Mediterranean).

We dipped down again into El Bukaia the great plain on either side of the Litany.

Snow-covered Hermon was in the middle of our picture for many miles.

Great quantities of mulberry trees grow here for the silk worms. The half-way station which has taken the place of the Shtaura of the diligence days is Mallaka. From this station one can easily drive to Baalbek, but the snow was too deep.

We, therefore, had lunch, photographed the trains for Beyrout and Damascus, and set off for the remainder of this interesting railway journey. This time we climbed the Lebanon range, up and up until at the summit we passed through a tunnel, and then emerged to see like a fairy scene the great Bay of Beyrout, far, far below us, the town like a toy model by the blue sea, and the noble mountains framing in the picture on the North beyond the Nahr el Kelb, or Dog River.

It was more than an hour before our train had climbed down a series of zig-zags. The engine was taken from one end and put on the other as we went sliding down and switching back time after time. On these heights are the summer resorts for the people of the Levant, such as Aleih and Brumana. The railway has been made by the French company which made the excellent diligence road. This is now almost deserted and is said not to be very safe for a solitary bicyclist.

One can see a very striking difference between the Turkish soldiers in Damascus and those in the Lebanon district. The Lebanon is under a special Governor, and is almost autonomous. Its soldiers are well clothed, well fed, and properly paid, and are of better physique than the soldiers directly under the Sultan, whose food, clothing, and rations are not at all regular or certain.

I had charge of Mr. Segall's little daughter, aged three, who was going to stay with a lady missionary at Beyrout. She kept us very lively on the journey. "Well, Hilda," I

said, "how do you like your ride in the *taboor*?" "Oh!" she screamed, "it isn't a *taboor* at all; it's a *baboor*," and she had a good laugh at my mistake. I had used the word "drum" instead of "railway engine." Poor Hilda had a little bit of a weep that evening when I left her with her lady friend, and she wished me to stay also. I promised to come next day to see her. Alas! I was unable to fulfil my promise.



TURKISH GUARD-HOUSE.

(From a Snapshot taken by the Author.)

CHAPTER II.

CYCLING ACROSS SHARON.

“Thy sons are crowding to thee, thy wastes are tilled once more,
Thy latter rains returning, as in the days of yore ;
Thy vineyards and thy olives once more the mountains crown,
And 'neath their vine and fig-tree once more thy sons sit down.
Once more the grapes of Eshcol in Hebron's vale are seen,
Once more the plain of Sharon is clothed in richest green ;
The orange groves of Jaffa hang rich with harvests rare,
And hill and valley blossom with flowers sweet and fair.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

FROM the lovely Harbour of Beyrout, next evening, we steamed away southward once more, in a very luxurious Russian vessel.

A glorious sunset lit up snowy Sunnîn and the Lebanon. The whole coast from the Dog River down to Tyre and Sidon glowed in colour, and then very soon came the grey night.

One was up betimes in the early morn as the engines were, stopped, and we lay-to opposite the reef of Jaffa once more. If one had thought of Jonah and his storm when we lay here before, one could now think of the calming of that storm, for all was different to day. The sea a week before raging in foam and spray over the rocky reef was once more blue and placid.

My bicycle was carried down the gangway of the Russian steamer, and in a very small boat indeed we easily pulled through the reef to the shore.

The usual crowd awaited us at the Custom House. The Turkish Officials made no charge on my cycle, and in a few minutes I had the delight of my first ride in the Holy Land.

The bicycle is still sufficiently rare to cause intense



ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM.

Since the opening of the Jaffa—Jerusalem Railway the old road is but little frequented. At first it passes through the suburbs of Jaffa, and here it was that Mr. Hanauer took this picture (using the writer's Kodak). It was a hot, bright morning, and they had just passed a troop of merry olive-gatherers singing "O olives, turn into lemons; O olives, turn into lemons."

surprise. "*Irkab, Irkab*" ("ride, ride"), was the cry everywhere whenever I dismounted. Instead of turning up to the German hostelry, I mistook the way, and pushed on past startled camels and shying horses on the Nablûs Road. Then a man girt up his raiment and ran to overtake me. He lifted up his voice and cried as he ran after the swiftly

disappearing cycle. I heard him, but thought it was only an ordinary ebullition of excitement among the Arabs. At last I stopped, and the swift-footed runner came up breathless, and intreated me to turn back.

So we turned, and on the way I gave him a race. He put on a spurt and so did I, and arrived near the hostelry amid much laughter, and just before him.

After breakfast I arranged to send up my luggage to Jerusalem by train.

Mr. Hanauer, so well known as a good worker among the Jews of Jaffa, came with me along the road to see me off. It was still early morning as we passed under the palms and orange trees, and the sun was streaming through the foliage. We took a few pictures, and then, with "Good-bye" and "A safe journey to Jerusalem" in my ears, I put on full speed, and soon was out on the great plain of Sharon, leaving the bright lanes of Jaffa behind.

For some miles one was never out of sight of some scattered eastern folk. They were making their way in to the Jaffa market from the country.

Strings of laden camels, asses, and mules, passed often. The camels quickened their pace, as with lack-lustre eye and woe-begone expression they glanced down upon the strange vehicle. They sometimes turned aside abruptly and threatened to jump into the dry ditch at the roadside.

Arab horses reared and pirouetted round and round until in mercy I alighted or went very slowly.

Delighted Fellahin children scampered across country

to intercept me, and an old dame standing in a pool, washing clothes, laughed outright.

Over yonder to my left was Lydda, where St. George slew the dragon. Some people say he didn't. Some say it was Perseus who nobly rescued Andromeda on the neighbouring Joppa rocks, and that his heroism was misapplied to George of Lydda. Others say it was simply



ON THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

The Syrian Arabs did not all like the "Arabiye Afrit," nor the black box which made a "Sowarr" (picture). The writer had saluted all these travellers, and when they passed took this snapshot. They are crossing the old Philistine country and journeying toward the Great Sea.

a picture of Christianity overcoming the horrors of paganism. As for the "dragon" say some, there was only a mispronunciation of the word "Dagon" and an ignorant confusing of the episode of Dagon, the Fish God—half man, half fish—falling prostrate before the Shekinah of the true God. The Moslems of Lydda have a legend that the Lord Jesus

will, at the end of all things, slay anti-Christ by the gate of Lydda.*

After an hour or so on the plain of Sharon I saw the tall tower of Ramleh before me—the Tower of the Forty—and ere long I was among its houses, where for a moment I patronized the unpretentious German hostelry. I did not tarry long, but pushed on at full speed toward the Judæan hills, now standing out clear in front.

Some Fellaha women had laid down their loads of bamboo in the middle of the road and were having a *siesta* when the noiseless bicycle was nearly on them.

They were much excited as they seized their white *izzars* and endeavoured swiftly to veil themselves. Their merry screams died away in the distance behind me as I pushed ahead. Arab ploughmen were scraping up the country in patches, using diminutive oxen and light ploughs. In the Springtime this land is a "Garden of the Lord." "Over corn and moorland a million flowers are scattered—poppies, pimpernels, anemones, the convolvulus and the mallow, the narcissus and blue iris, *roses of Sharon and lilies of the valley*. Lizards haunt all the sunny banks. The shimmering air is filled with bees and butterflies, and with the twittering of small birds, hushed now and then as the shadow of a great hawk blots the haze."†

I was crossing athwart the bridge between Asia and Africa. I was journeying from west to east, over that broad causeway which had resounded with the tramp of

* See "Clermont Ganneau," P.E.F. Mem. ii.; also Dr. Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land," p. 164.

† Dr. G. A. Smith.

mighty armies journeying north and south. Thothmes, Rameses, Sennacherib, Cambyses, Alexander the Great, Pompey, Titus, Salah ed Dîn, and Napoleon, had wearily tramped with their hosts where the cyclist was quietly wheeling on his solitary journey. The clear air brought all sounds within a mile to my ears as I travelled almost noiselessly along. A Syrian fox charged across my path,



THE KHAN OF SOLOMON.

At the Bab el Wady, or Gate of the Valley, leading from the plains into the Hill-country.

not having seen me until it was too late to go back. Syrian lizards sometimes darted away in amazement.

The country now ceased to be a flat plain and I found myself among the rolling foot-hills. I climbed on my cycle slowly into the Moslem village of El Kûbab, among olive trees and cacti, and came across the fathers in council gathered round their Sheykh. The women shouted, and the boys, with brown limbs and gleaming eyes, gave chase,

but away I sped down the next slope and soon crossed the Vale of Ajalon.

Here in old days the victorious Israelites chased the Philistines from yonder pass of Beth-horon down to Makkedah. (Josh. x. 10.) Somewhere up there, too, was the home of that hero, Judas Maccabæus, at Modin.

The hills of Judæa were coming closer and closer. After Amwas (the Emmaus of Judas' victory over Gorgias) and Latrûn,* I ran down in brilliant mid-day sunshine into the Wâdy-el-Khalîl, and following it I came to the real Gate of the Valley, the entrance to the wilder scenery of the hills.

Here was a Turkish Guard-house, where two Bashi-Bazouk *Gensdarmes* live. It is rightly called the Bab-el-Wâd, or Gate of the Valley. The gorge is only a few yards wide at this point, and there is perched here a stone *Caravanserai* over some arches. Here cattle or horses can be tied up. Not another house is in sight.

On the balcony or head of the staircase sat a bearded old man in eastern robes, and another who seemed to be his servant.

I looked at them smilingly, and they looked down on me benignly. I was now sure that this was the Khân el Bab-el-Wâd, and that aged personage was none other than Solomon himself.

So I bid them "Good Morning" and putting my cycle in a safe place, I climbed up the stairs and asked for some *kahweh* (coffee). After coffee and eggs and bread I fell asleep, and so soundly that I did not awake until about two p.m.

* The map on pp. 280—281 will here be found useful.

Then, seeing how the day was going, I made up my mind to stay the night at Bab-el-Wâd, and to go up the pass in the early morning.

So that afternoon I strolled on the stony hillsides with the dark-skinned Arab shepherds, and had some mild jokes with the swarthy Fellahîn ploughmen on the plains, helping them (?) to drive their absurd little oxen.

As one clambered over rocks, or roamed all solitary up the mountains, one thought of the days when the Philistines from the plains here fought with the Israelites among the hills: and again of later days, when the brave Maccabæans here struggled against fearful odds to free their land from the heathen oppressors.*

Solomon the Wise was interested in my cycle. He thought that I ought to have travelled in one hour from Jaffa, and I sank in his estimation when I told him it had taken me about three hours.

"Is not the Bab-el-Wâd the half way house between Jaffa and Jerusalem," I asked him.

"To Jaffa it is seven hours, to Jerusalem it is five," replied Solomon.

It was the eve of his Sabbath, so the Sabbath lamp was lit early, and the chicken slain and made ready by his wife for my supper betimes.

My room, with its stone floor and barred windows, was now prepared, and I soon retired. Solomon chanted his Sabbath prayers in the adjoining chamber, and quietness then fell upon Bab-el-Wâd.

* Judas Maccabæus himself marched down through this path to his victory over Gorgias. He and his army had spent the preceding night in prayer at Mizpah (Nebî Samwîl).—See "Judas Maccabæus and the Jewish War of Independence," by Condor, p. 95.

CHAPTER III.

BY BICYCLE UP TO JERUSALEM.

"Nowe will I tell you the way of Hierusalem, for some men will not passe it, some for they have no companie, and many other causes reasonable, and, therefore, I shall tell you shortly how a man may go, with litle coste, and short tyme. From Jaffa to Mount Joye and from thence pilgrims see Hierusalem. It is a fayre place and a liking, and there lieth Samuel the propete in a fayre tomb."

Maundeville.

COCK-CROWING roused me, the stars were dimmed a little by the greyness of approaching dawn when I turned out. Breakfast was taken by paraffin lamplight, and then having paid my Jewish host I was ready for the pass.

A young Moslem carried my luggage-laden cycle out of my bedroom and down the stone steps into the road where one of the *Bashi-Bazouk's* horses was hopped.

Sunrise was near when I started up the steep road at a good speed shouting farewell to the two interested spectators. I kept up the pace until round the second bend, but it was too steep at this point, so I walked and pushed for a while.

The surface of the road was good, and the steep gradients had been well managed by the French engineers who made it, but I could not ride much at this part of the journey.

Now and again I met an Arab camel driver, or a sun-burnt Bedawy with long gun.

Up and up I travelled, past a Moslem tomb (the Kubbeh of the Imâm Ali), up and up, with the round stony hills on every side.

Then I saw a wooden leg sticking out behind a rock.

I did not pass by on the other side but went up to a clean looking Italian pilgrim from Firenze, who was stumping up to the Holy City. I was thankful to be able



SITTING IN THE SUN.

to help him, and to give him some provisions. The bread and cheese he ate hungrily, and exclaimed again and again. "*Multo forte.*" We kept company for a mile and then I had to leave him.

The road is lonely in the present day. Before the railway line took the traffic another way, there were guard houses occupied by soldiers every mile or so. Now these posts are empty and forsaken.

Two or three times a week, during the night a mail carriage passes up from Jaffa—down again another night.

I was told that I was the first traveller to bicycle up *alone*, and it was thought not to be quite safe.

After a long climb, I looked back and saw the blue Mediterranean in the distance, some thirty miles or more away. Then came a rush down-hill, near Abu Ghôsh (where is buried by the roadside that bandit, the "Father of Lies.")

A Fellahin family here overwhelmed me with attentions. Mother, three daughters, and two sons accompanied me up the mountains. I gave one of the sons a ride for a few yards as we climbed the next hill. Then when we came to a down-hill piece I gave them all a race, and eventually left them far behind.

Now I bade "Good-bye" to the blue distant sea, and descending from the next stony ridge, I descried Kulonieh (Colonia) far, far away below.

The descent was zig-zag and very steep, but by keeping my feet on the pedals and using the brakes near the end of each slope, I safely dropped down some 700 or 800 feet, and was among the olive groves of Colonia.

Colonia is a Moslem village, but there are two Jews of Wilna stationed here under the Baron Hirsch scheme, superintending the growing of grapes.

It was Saturday, and these Jews were not working. Outside the house of one of them I sat and ate my food. His wife brought me some preserved melon. The baby was soothed by my bicycle bell, and the whole family looked

at 'Ain Karīm through my field glasses. After an hour's rest I bade my Jewish friends "farewell," and commenced the last climb up to Jerusalem.

Along the roadside were placed for many miles heaps of "metal," ready to put on after the next rain. All these hundreds of tons of broken stones had been carried there on the heads of Arab women.



ON THE EMMAUS ROAD.

The West obtrudes into the unchanging East. The writer rests beside the road. The countryman journeying up to Jerusalem looks with suspicion on the two strange wheels and the mechanical contrivances. This road is high up on the mountains; at this point more than 2,000 feet above Jaffa.

The road runs along the side of a deep, broad valley. The hills are marked in terraces made by nature. The limestone strata crop out throughout Judæa. The village of Lifta, with numerous flat roofed houses, lay beneath one as one climbed higher and higher. Tradition (Dragomanic or otherwise) says that Lifta was the home of the two malefactors who were crucified with our Lord. In the present day it is said that the inhabitants are indifferently

honest. Give a dog a bad name and he seems to be encouraged to deserve it.

Looking down upon Lifta—its grey houses are stone cubes, one flat roof behind another—the many sounds of an eastern village come up through the clear air. There are voice arguing, hens cackling, babes complaining, dogs barking, and many other sounds of trades, hammering of wood, clinking of iron, etc.

Now down the pass comes charging a three-horse carriage, the first I have met since Jaffa. It is carefully closed, and contains veiled women. Then another comes with their male belongings, and in a whirl of dust they dash round the corner and disappear.

For a time now I was almost certainly on the road from Emmaus, on which Cleopas and his friend walked that first Easter evening. The way was long among these rolling hills of Judæa. Setting my cycle at one side of the road, I sat on a big stone and waited until a Syrian Arab came by. He was rather afraid to pass the cycle, and while he was carefully regarding it I took a kodak picture of him.

I was glad when I saw signs that I was approaching Jerusalem. It was the Jewish Sabbath, and many Jews and Jewesses were walking a Sabbath day's journey after synagogue service. I thought at first I saw a conference of clergy of High Church persuasion, punctiliously dressed in very long coats and broad brimmed wide-awakes. They turned out to be Ashkenazi Jews with their peculiar curls in front of their ears.

Passing the deserted guard house, I sped on past the 'Ain Karim road, and passing the poor Jewish Colony (a row of low stone houses) I now saw the great blue dome of the Abyssinian church rise before me (often mistaken for the Dome of the Holy Sepulchre).



THE FIRST HOUSE.

On approaching Jerusalem from the sea, by road, some far-reaching extra-mural suburbs are seen. I dismounted near the door of the first house and took this picture. It is one of a row—such as are erected now for the Jewish Colonists from Russia, &c. These women are probably from Wilna.

I was impressed with the tremendous growth of extra-mural Jerusalem during the previous two years. For nearly three-quarters of a mile I ran through Jewish colonies—rows of single-storied cottages. Crowds of Jews in their best

clothes strolled on the road, or keenly watched the bicycle as they lounged at their doors.

On and on I glide along the dusty road, down and down towards the Jaffa Gate. I pass well-known hotels and rows of shops, and then I approach and enter the Jaffa Gate, and



PASSING THE DAMASCUS GATE.

The Bab-el-Amood (Gate of the Column) is on the north side of Jerusalem, and is near to Jeremiah's Grotto, and to the Green Hill above it (called F. Hieremiyeh).

passing through a crowd of astonished orientals, I and my bicycle are within the walls of Jerusalem.

"Reverend, Reverend, please stop," I heard vociferated by a little Syrian in a fez. I dismounted, and he told me

that my luggage had come up from Jaffa and was in his charge.

So ordering it to be brought to Olivet House I cycled thither, and astonished Mrs. Hensman more than at my first visit. "How have you come this time, and where is your carriage?"

"Just come out to the verandah and you shall see my carriage," I replied.

"Do you mean to tell me you have cycled alone up from Jaffa?" "Yes, indeed, and I have enjoyed the lonely ride immensely," I replied. Yet I was glad to be safely in Olivet House once more.

CHAPTER IV.

CYCLING ROUND ABOUT EL KUDS.

"This lande of Hierusalem hath been in dyvers nations hands, for Chryste will not that it be long in the hands of traytours ne sinners, be they Christian or other. And now hath the mistrowing men bolden that land in theyre bandes **IX** yeare and more, but they shall not holde it long and if God wyll.—*Maundeville*.

November 21st, the Sunday before Advent.—There is a double solemnity in the Lord's Day at Jerusalem for anyone who can be quiet, who does not make it a day of feverish sight-seeing. My cycle was laid aside on the Sundays altogether, and I wandered with my Bible to familiar spots outside the City Walls.

Soon after daybreak, this Sunday, I found my way down to the Green Hill, where the pretty pink crocuses were forcing their way up in response to showers which were now beginning to fall occasionally, the heralds of the "former" rains.

The doctrine of the Christian's identity with his Christ upon the Cross is emphasized in the Latin poem of which we sometimes sing a beautiful translation as an evening hymn.

"As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting Soul resign'd;

"So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give
 Into His sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live;
 "So now beneath his eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast,
 "Save that His Will be done,
 Whate'er betide,
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In Him to all beside.
 "Thus would I live; yet now
 Not I, but He,
 In all His power and love,
 Henceforth alive in me."

These last two verses are but a paraphrase of Galatians,
 ii. 20.

This Green Hill is the first spot to become verdant after the dusty days of summer and autumn, and the last place to lose its verdure when the hot weather sets in, so Mr. Hensman tells me. The Moslem graves at El Hieremiyeh preserve it from being acquired by Greek or Latin, and it is generally very quiet, so that one is undisturbed when meditating there.

In Christ Church on Mount Zion, and also with Bishop Blyth in his Church, I joined with Jerusalem Christians in their worship, later on in the day.

November 22nd. Monday.—I cycled over all the roads and by-roads to the north-west of the city, noting the great number of new houses, and the extensions in that direction. An Italian town in appearance,—a very NEW Jerusalem indeed.

November 23rd. Tuesday.—Photographing along the Jaffa Road. Arabs from the country crowded round my cycle.

In the afternoon I cycled out to Bethany. The people of El-Azariah turned out in strong force to watch the *Arabiye*.

On the road down to Jericho there opened out exquisitely clear views of the Jordan Vale and Dead Sea, and mountains of Moab. I was chased by two Bedouins with guns but they did not use them. Rode past groups of lepers near Gethsemane, they were astonished at the *Arabiye*, but moaned "*Lebbra, Lebbra, Bakshish, 'Howaja.'*"

November 24th. Wednesday.—Went to the Green Hill with Miss Hussey, a resident in Palestine. She is an authority on antiques, and a thorough student of history and topography. She takes a special interest in the Garden Tomb. At my request she wrote, and permits me to make use of, the account printed below. It was deeply interesting to stand in that rock hewn sepulchre, and by the light streaming in through the doorway to read aloud the description in St. John's Gospel (Chapter xix. 38 to xx. 18). To picture, also, that other disciple stooping down and looking in, and Peter going within to see the slab where the linen clothes and the headgear may have lain when Christ's Quickened Body passed through them, or left them behind.

THE GARDEN TOMB.

"Outside the 'Damascus Gate,' on the north side of the city, is a rocky hill which slopes gently down to the north

and east, but on the southern side presents a cliff with one or two caves in it, which gives it the well-known skull-like appearance to anyone looking at it from the city walls.

“This hill is now generally known as the ‘Skull Hill’ or ‘Green Hill’ among English residents and travellers, but it is called by the Arabs ‘El Hieremiyeh,’ and by the Jews one side is known as ‘The House of Stoning,’ as it is their traditional place of execution. Two main roads passed very near this hill in Roman times, one on the west side northward to Nablûs, the other on the south to Jericho and Damascus. For these and other reasons this hill is supposed by many who do not believe in the traditional ‘Church of the Holy Sepulchre,’ to be the place of crucifixion of our Lord; ‘The place which is called a skull’ (John xix. 17.)

“At the foot of this hill, to the south-west, is a garden, the only one which could ever have existed ‘in the place,’ unless on the top of the hill, and here, therefore, we must look for the tomb, that is if we believe the hill to have been Calvary. Wonderful to say, some thirty years ago or more, a tomb was found hewn in the rock that forms the hill, with the opening in this garden. It is the only rock-hewn tomb which can be said to have been ‘in the place where He was crucified,’ and the only tomb for one family which exists near it. It is a small double room intended to hold at least four bodies, but never finished. The place for one corpse only is finished, or nearly so, for there are no traces of the slab which should have been placed over it. This is on the

north side of the inner or eastern room, the entrance to the cave being at the south side of the western room. A step leads from one to the other. A window-like opening, which is unusual in these tombs, lets light in, so that we can understand how St. Peter 'stooping down,' 'looking in' could 'see the linen clothes lying' without going in. I do not know of any other rock tomb near Jerusalem in which this would be possible.

"When discovered, this tomb was half full of earth, and on this a good many bones were found, possibly belonging to Crusading times; but no traces of any remains in the lower strata of earth, which was examined by the British Museum specialists, in order to find out. About the time that these bones were thrown into the cave, two crosses were painted on the rock walls, one of which can still be seen, though it is fast disappearing. There is no doubt, I believe, that the Tomb is of the Herodian period, but has been altered since in several ways, such as the enlargement of the doorway, and the cuttings in the rock outside.

"There is a sort of channel or groove just outside the door, which might have been intended for a rolling stone, but this may have been cut later, and the Bible does not mention a 'rolling stone,' merely 'a great stone.' (Matthew xxvii. 60.)

"The Tomb and Garden have been bought within the last few years by an English committee, formed for the purpose, in order to save them from being built over.

"The Hill is safe as it is a Moslem cemetery, but there

was some danger of the Garden being covered with Jewish houses or shops if not secured in some way. The place is being kept as a garden.

“Close by there is a Dominican Monastery and Church which are built over a series of old vaults and tombs. Some passages of tombs lead a good distance underground, and it has been ascertained that one or two tombs are only separated by a very few feet of rock from ‘The Garden Tomb.’ In one of these a slab was found, which bore the inscription in Greek, ‘Buried near his Lord.’ Another tomb, further away, had a slab in much better condition, on which the words were read, ‘To Demus and Oresimus, Deacons of the Church of the witness of the Resurrection.’ This slab is to be seen in the monastery by anyone who cares to see it. The old church on this spot is, however, known as ‘The Church of S. Stephen,’ as the tradition runs that he was stoned here.”

Miss Hussey has contributed also a valuable paper on the subject to the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

November 25th. Thursday.—Before breakfast I cycled past the Abyssinian church and then some miles along the ‘Ain Karīm road. ‘Ain Karīm is said by some to be the birthplace of John the Baptist. At ‘Ain Karīm General Gordon lived for a while, when in the Holy Land. After breakfast at Olivet House, I roamed through the crowded Jerusalem bazaars with the authoress of “Two Years in Palestine” and her friend, and we rested in a picturesque

Arab *Caravanserai* which had been a Crusading church, and drank Arab coffee whilst watching the scenes around. I visited the Wailing Place again and the densely-crowded streets of the Jewish Quarter, and then along the South Wall to the west of the Temple Area. Here we had a panoramic view down to Siloam and the Wâdy en Nâr. I was sorry to see a mosque recently erected near the church discovered at Siloam by Dr. Bliss.

In the afternoon I set off to cycle out to the Deir es Salîbah (Monastery of the Holy Cross), but I had to walk most of the way. The simple Monks were delighted to see the cycle when I rode it on a level place near the Monastery Gate for their amusement. A tradition is handed down that the wood of the Cross grew here. It is one of the headquarters of the "Orthodox."

Cold weather and neuralgia unfortunately necessitated a number of visits to a German dentist who had recently commenced practice at Jerusalem.

He is a smart well-educated young fellow, and has plenty of business. He stops the teeth of Pashas, Bishops, Franciscan Friars, and Travellers.

In broken English he told me of an American lady who had rushed in upon him suddenly a little time before.

"Doctor, I reckon I want a tooth stopped," she said. "Kindly take a seat, Madam," he replied.

She sat in the Dentist's chair and opened her mouth. The Dentist carefully looked in and after a time said, "Which tooth, Madam?"

"Oh, that makes no matter—any tooth," she replied.

"But," remonstrated the Dentist, "I don't see any tooth which requires stopping."

"I'm going to have a tooth stopped in Jerusalem, anyhow," she replied. "if you put in ever so little gold it will do, but I must have a memento of this city, whatever I pay for it."

To satisfy this enthusiastic lady he managed to make a hole and put in some gold, for which he was rewarded handsomely.

A strange way of remembering Jerusalem!

November 26th. Friday.—In the early morning I cycled from Olivet House down to the Bab el Khalîl, and through it into the Market Place. No carriage may pass through the Jaffa Gate without a written order from the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem. But my two-wheeled vehicle trundled gaily through the gateway, and without dismounting I went on past the Armenian Church and out by the Zion Gate, where I turned to the right, and at the south-west corner of the wall I alighted, and for a long time enjoyed the view along the Bethlehem Road, and of the fair for cattle in the dry pool of the Birket-es-Sultân below, where the potters also were kneading their clay, and others breaking up sherds for cement.

I had a long talk with our Bishop in Jerusalem to-day. Dr. Blyth had been endeavouring, like myself, to land in Palestine a fortnight before, and was delayed by the same storm which prevented my landing at Jaffa. He was on

board a French steamer, and I on a Russian. We were both taken on to Beyrout, and both brought back again after the storm subsided.

He licensed me then to act as one of his clergy in Egypt and elsewhere under his jurisdiction.

I had accepted the charge of our English Church at Ramleh, some six miles along the Egyptian coast from Alexandria, and now I received my license from the Bishop.

November 27th. Saturday—Out early, cycling. Down by the road past the Green Hill and Damascus Gate. Then I quietly cycled in at Herod's Gate into the Moslem Quarter of Jerusalem. It is said to be turbulent and troublesome, but it was not annoying this morning.

Down by narrow streets to the Via Dolorosa, and then I rode slowly past Antonia and St. Anne's, and out by the Sheep Gate (Bab el Sitti Miriam.) I turned to the north by the path behind the Arab graves and came westwards along the North Wall, turning up to the Collegiate buildings, where I went up on the roof and enjoyed the extensive view.

I had an interesting Saturday afternoon. I set off on my cycle to Bethlehem. Leaving the Jaffa Gate behind, I quickly ran down the dusty road past the Sultan's Pool, and up again towards the Railway Station.

Then over the plain of Rephaim and past the Mar Elias beyond. What a glorious view of the Shepherds' Fields and distant Bethlehem.

I paused at Rachel's Tomb and soon afterwards I entered Bethlehem. Later on I cycled along the Hebron

Road to the Pools of Solomon, I found the way was lonely, and the faces of the Bedawîn anything but reassuring. One fierce-looking creature raised his *nabûl* or club to fell me, but I smiled and offered to give him a ride, and he



THE GREAT NORTH WALL.

This road leads down to the Valley of the Kedron, and then round the Mount of Olives and down to the Jordan Valley. To the left (and out of sight) is the "Green Hill" (Calvary.) The present walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt and repaired by Suleiman the Magnificent in 1536-42. A.D.

became less rude. I returned to Bethlehem, and pushing my cycle through the streets, I was followed by crowds of children. I gave them rides in turn on the bicycle, and

so became overwhelmingly popular. At last we emerged by the Jerusalem Road, a crowd of some hundreds strong. Then I mounted and swept away down the slope, leaving the children of Bethlehem amazed, but good-naturedly shouting farewells to the '*Howaja*.

November 28th. 1st Sunday in Advent.—At the early Communion in the Bishop's Church one had a solemn and helpful time. After breakfast I walked past Gethsemane and by the steepest path up the Mount of Olives. Then sitting "over against the Temple" I read S. Mark, xiii.

Down below me was the Temple Area, all so clear. Every figure passing into the Dome of the Rock, or on to the Aksa Mosque, could have been recognised if known to one. Jesus and His Apostles could have recognised Annas or Caiaphas if those Hierarchs had crossed the Courts of the Temple over there.

A walk through the village at the top of Olivet, called Et Tûr, and another long quiet time at the Bethany side of the mount, with Gilead lying before me, and then I returned, visiting the Pater Noster Church, with its Credo Crypt, on the way, and chatting with some Arab boys. One of them could manage a word or two of English. He said, "Can you tell me when Miss Atlee come back, sir?" She was living at Et Tûr when I was here before, and had returned for a while with her father to England. But she came back once more to work among the Moslems on the Mount of Olives, by whom she was deservedly beloved. Alas! on December 23rd, 1898, she passed from her work on the



WHERE THE LORD'S PRAYER WAS GIVEN.

The Church of the PATER NOSTER is on the Mount of Olives. The cloisters contain the Lord's Prayer on marble tablets, and given in some fifty different languages and dialects. The Church is attached to a Carmelite Nunnery and contains a monument to the Princess Latour D'Auvergne.

Mount of Olives to the place her ascended Lord had gone to prepare for her. Beside the remains of her mother in the Mount Zion cemetery lies all that is left on earth of that noble woman ; waiting for the resurrection of the dead, but already a partaker of the life to come.

In the afternoon I was at service in the Bishop's Church. He had asked me to preach, but I preferred this time to listen. He gave us an excellent sermon on looking for the coming of our Lord and Friend.

At the Bishop's invitation I went back to dinner, and had a home-like and happy evening, full of pleasant kindness, innocent humour being by no means excluded from that family circle. I returned past the "Ash Heaps" in the starlight to Olivet House.

November 29th. Monday.—I rode up to the Abyssinian Church before breakfast, and leaving my cycle outside I went in to the service. The singing was accompanied by large drums beaten with the fingers, the musicians being seated cross-legged on the ground.

The black-skinned choir sang plaintively, and an aged leader, with face lit up with devotion, raised his hands beseechingly towards heaven, as he rose each time on tip-toes in ecstasy. These devout Abyssinians suffer much from the cold here in winter time, and often die of consumption.

On board a Russian steamer, between Alexandria and Port Said, I found a company of Cossacks and a staff colonel and other officials, who were proceeding on an

embassage to King Menelik. They had with them two young princes who had been educated in Russia, and were now returning home. Intelligent faces have all these people, with refinement stamped on their features. One can scarcely think of them as warriors able to annihilate a European army, or drive back dervishes.*

Later on in the day I re-visited Abraham's Vineyard. Mrs. Finn's work is, as I mentioned, now being superintended by Mr. Dunn. Mr. Hughes, the former manager, now keeps a comfortable English *pension* on the Jaffa Road, and is a trustworthy and superior conductor through the country.

In the evening I dined at the British Consulate. Mr. Dixon had read my "To Kairwân the Holy," and had been interested with the description of Tarabolus Gharb, and of his uncle, Frederic Warrington.

The evening was full of interest. I wish I could remember many of the strange reminiscences of our Consul and his kind wife.

We heard of the sailor who used to walk to and fro in the streets of Jerusalem, dragging behind him a heavy wooden cross. How at last he died and was buried on Mount Zion, and the cross he dragged was placed at the head of the grave.

We heard, also, of a strange being who arrived one day bareheaded. He had walked from Port Said across the desert, and said he had come to meet "Christus Secundus"

*See "From the Egyptian Ramleh," pp. 392-396

on a certain day on the Mount of Olives. I think he was an American.

The day came and went, and though he was on the Mount of Olives nothing occurred. Then he said he had a revelation that Mount Hermon was to be the meeting place, and he set off in the blazing sun to journey alone there. Mrs. Dixon insisted on his accepting a cap for his head. He reached Mount Hermon, but still he was not gratified, and he returned to his country and now is a clerk in a railway office at New York.

Truly Jerusalem is a place where strange folk may be found.

A WORD ABOUT DRAGOMANS.

I feel it right to put on record here some advice to English ladies, perhaps especially single ladies, but even to others also. It is as to their relations to their Dragomans and other natives with whom they are thrown in contact. There have been some very unhappy marriages contracted by infatuated English ladies with Syrians or other Orientals. The Dragoman is generally dressed in very charming fashion, and often is handsome.

He pays the greatest attention and deference, perhaps, to one lady of the party. They are thrown together for weeks, it may be, in travelling through the country.

The Holy Land, alas, could reveal some sad stories and even worse. A friend writes: "Will you warn ladies who are not used to the Oriental Dragoman to be careful. There have been two or three ladies with small means who have married their Dragomans."

“ Now if these Syrians are ever so nice yet in every case it is a dangerous and risky thing to do. These men have no feelings nor ideas in common with their European wives.



FROM A PHOTO BY

A DRAGOMAN.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

He is attired in semi-Bedawin dress. He accompanies parties of travellers who travel with their tents, &c., in Syria. The above picture represents a well-known and respected Jerusalem Syrian, dressed up for the while in Bedawin costume, but he is not (I believe) a Dragoman by profession.

A Syrian does not seem to support the Scripture which says, ‘ A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife.’ When he cleaves instead to his mother or

sister, or makes her the practical head of his establishment, it is almost impossible for husband and wife to get on well together."

November 30th. Tuesday.—The winter has begun to set in. The rain came down in terrific torrents last night, and it is very cold. I found Mariamne's Tomb to-day (Mariamne, the murdered wife of Herod the Great), and gained access to it after much difficulty. It contains some five marble sarcophagi, but its special interest is its doorway, guarded by a large rolling stone, five feet in diameter and one foot in thickness. It is in a district called Nikephoriyeh, to the west of the Sultan's Pool.

Miss Thomas' recent work* gives a fuller description than any I have seen.

In our wanderings we reached the Lepers' Hospital (German), and met the leper patients wandering over the adjoining hillsides.

December 1st. Wednesday.—This morning I left Jerusalem. The heavy rain had made all roads impassible, so I was glad to put my cycle in the luggage van and ride down by the morning train to Jaffa. Miss Elverson (C.M.S.) and her Syrian Bible-woman travelled by the same train down the Wady to Bittir. I felt strangely moved when I saw her as the train left, going off unprotected to visit the Moslem villages near. At Deir Aban, twenty-two miles from Jerusalem, I found Herr Baldensperger with a caravan of camels from the Bab-el-Wâd. He had brought a load of

*"Two Years in the Holy Land."

agricultural produce, which was flung by Arabs into two open trucks, and then we were off. The unladen camels were browsing far and wide over the open country, or resting from their journey. This German merchant deals largely in honey also.

At Jaffa I cycled from the station to the Bazaars, and then to the landing place, pursued by mobs of boys and men



LEAVING THE HOLY LAND.

to whom the cycle was evidently a noteworthy sight, and especially the cycle which had been ridden by the '*Howaja*' up to "El Kûds."

In the Jaffa Market Place the clamouring crowd grew so large that the owners of stalls besought me to go away for fear they should have something stolen in the crush.

At last I cleared a space, and in response to the ceaseless cry, "*Erkab, 'Howaja,*" I gave a final exhibition, and then jolted down to the sea, and being still pursued I found safety in the Custom House.

So my good old cycle, which had taken me over the passes again and again into Scotland, had had the honour of travelling over the soil of the Holy Land. I thought I should never like to clean that soil off, for was not this earth the very *Terra Sancta* itself?

That evening, on the Khedivial steamer *Charkieh*, I was steaming to an Egyptian parish at Ramleh, in Lower Egypt, and we were leaving the Holy Land behind. Jaffa had sunk beneath the horizon ere the red sun dipped into the ocean, and so a second time I bid farewell to the beloved Holy Land of Christ,—the Glorious Land (Dan. xi. 16.)

CHAPTER V.

A SERMON PREACHED IN JERUSALEM, ON THE 21ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.*

“O PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM.”—Psalm cxxii. 6.

Many of us feel that our Blessed Lord Himself cannot fail to take a special interest in this Land of His Incarnation. He cannot but be deeply touched by all that occurs in the place where He gained the Victory on the Cross for us.

Surely that Ascension Day, when He bade His friends “good-bye” is but as yesterday with Him, and *that* parting must have made yonder Mount of Olives very dear to Him. We need to remind ourselves also that here in Jerusalem, the City of the Holy Ghost, God descended on the Day of Pentecost, never more to leave Christ's people.

In God's inscrutable wisdom strange scenes have been permitted to be enacted here as Roman, Persian, Moslem,

* My attention was directed to “Notes of Palestine,” in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*. The writer, whom I have never met, was a member of a party visiting Jerusalem. I became aware through the columns of his paper that he was one of the congregation assembled on the occasion he refers to. He says:—

“We had the pleasure of attending evening service at the Bishop's Chapel; it was conducted with great reverence and decorum; distinctly high, though not ritualistic; white cassocks were worn by the clergy; probably because they are more suitable on account of the great heat; the Pope, if we are not mistaken, wears a white cassock, but the use in Jerusalem is governed doubtless by climatic, not Papal reasons. Talking of the Pope, Gibbon mentions in his history as a curious fact that up to his own time no Pope had ever visited the Holy Land; is there any record that any Pope has ever done so since? An admirable sermon was preached in Bishop Blyth's Chapel by a Rev. Mr. Boddy,—observe two ‘d's,’ not one, not the Canon,—quite a perfect sermon in its way; most thoughtful, earnest, and pathetic.”

These words are all too kind—but they caused one to turn again to the notes of that sermon, and to think they might be worth recording here.

Crusading, Egyptian, and Turkish armies have contended for the possession of the Holy City.

How often from God's people must the cry have gone up, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem!"

Are not prayers still needed, that the hearts of its present rulers may yield to God's will? How much prayer should go up! The sufferings of the present and past times may be a chastisement for the absence of believing prayer.

Our Church, perhaps, prays for the Sultan and the Moslem rulers of this Holy Land more than others do in their services, but how much earnest prayer is there in the *private* devotions of her children for the conversion of those rulers to saving faith in Christ?

Perhaps we have yet to learn to pray. Which of us wrestles in prayer with God? Which of us lays hold of His promises with child-like simple trust, and believes with unreasoning faith that He will answer? According to your simple belief in an all-powerful God, so be it done to you.

* * * * *

But may we not think to-day of a better peace—a truer "truce of God"—than any which comes through our rulers.

In Jerusalem we see all Christendom by representation. We are fascinated as we see the dark-skinned Abyssinian gazing in awe on the gorgeous treasures of the Church of the Resurrection. We see Copts from Egypt, Armenians, devout Pilgrims from Russia, perhaps from within the Arctic Circle, French Pilgrims, and English sight-seers, and men and women of great power of observation from across the Atlantic.

We Christians have many ways of worshipping Christ the Lord. Too often each one is ready to condemn all others, and to do it, perhaps, in great ignorance. We, who belong to the Anglican fold of the great flock of Christ, alas! amongst ourselves are sadly divided. One's heart is very sad as one ponders over this. Earnest, Christ-loving men, devoted servants of the Cross, are at times even suspicious of one another.

Oh, for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost until hearts overflow to one another in love! There is no other solution of these difficulties but the yielding to the full possession of the Spirit's power. Then the spirit of condemnation and criticism in our Church, at home and abroad, will be flooded out with the spirit of love.

Shall we not pray for this? Here, in this House of God, beautiful prayers for unity are, I know, offered constantly, and God will answer them in His own way. But what are we doing to aid these prayers? The power to answer our own prayers is sometimes given to us.

The members of a quarrelsome family cannot hope to be good peace-makers until first they endeavour to heal their own divisions.

Some of us long for a wider spirit which shall see the best in all men.

The earnest Evangelist, the devout and reverent Liturgist, may find much to love and admire in the other.

The time surely is coming when, in answer to our prayers, it may be said of our communion, "Jerusalem is as

a city that is at unity in herself." Then may we stretch out loving hands to all who love Christ and His Word in sincerity, and Jew and Moslem in the Holy Land and elsewhere, will have an object-lesson of Christ's teaching. "Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces."

May we turn now to ourselves and ask the question: "Is it peace?"

We have an implacable foe. He is either lulling us into a false security and calling *that* peace, or he is waging a fierce battle, endeavouring to take us out of the hand of Christ.

Too often it seems as if Christian people were on the wrong side. They look on God with fear, alas! and not with love. Our position is to be this—"Being justified by faith we have *peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In Christ is my peace. He bore all my sins in His own body on that tree, which was planted here at Jerusalem. God has not forgotten that day. The words are as true as ever, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

This peace is sometimes dimmed by sin and inconsistency; and perhaps most especially when Christians are travelling, and are far away from home, are there temptations besetting them, and no less in the Holy Land of Christ than elsewhere.

Is it peace? God says it is, if we will just rest on His word. If we look to our own unworthiness, there is no

peace, but the very God of peace tells us once more to trust Him Who is our Peace, and even better still, is our Resurrection Life.

As we go forth from our worship this afternoon we shall perchance look across to yonder Mount of Olives, lit up with the radiance and glory of sunset. Some of us will think of that time when the glory that departed shall return. Some of us believe with all our hearts that this same Jesus shall so come in like manner, and one day, with His saints about Him, His feet shall stand on yonder Mount of Olives. Some who have never been privileged as we have been to see the holy places with the eyes of these unglorified bodies, will yet see this Mount of Olives in that day when He returns.

Many who have misunderstood each other sorely on earth will understand each other then and love each other then. Many who were afraid of the Lord's Coming will have forgotten all their fears when they see their King in His beauty, Jesus of Nazareth, transfigured, glorified—the Prince of Peace.

Best of all, "we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

THE END.

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Athlit. 9.

Arabic Words:

Bakshîsh—a Gift.

Beit—House.

Erkab (or *Irkab*)—Ride.

Fen—Where.

Harâm—Forbidden, Sacred.

'Howaja—Traveller (lit. Merchant).

Imshi—Be off.

Kassts—Priest.

Kûds—Holy.

La—No. (*Haiwa*—Yes.)

Lebbra—Leper.

Maflsh—There is nothing.

Malaish—Never mind.

Nahboot (*Nabût*)—Club.

Shertf—Noble.

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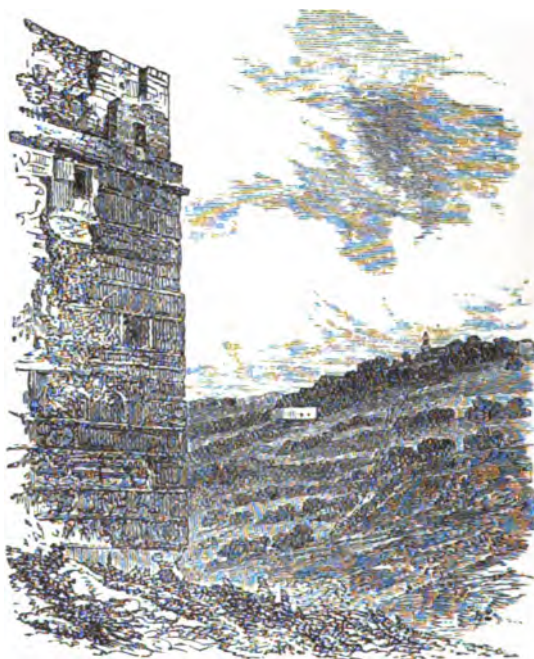
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Preface.

xv.

The title of this book contains the word "Ramleh" (Arabic: sand). It is qualified by the word "Egyptian." Visitors to Palestine are so familiar with Er Ramleh near Jaffa, where its "Tower of the Forty" rises above the plain of Sharon that the writer feels it is advisable to use the explanatory word "Egyptian."

**VILLAGE NEAR THE NILE MOUTH.**

Muhammed of Dumyat holds my cycle whilst I take a photo of Esbet-el-Borj.

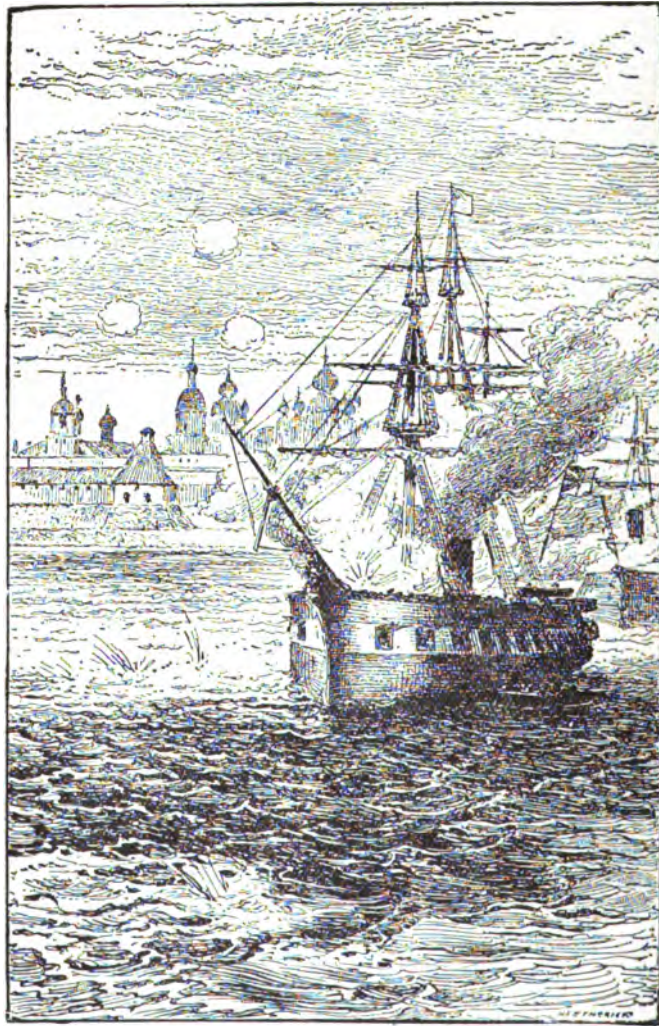
The writer found a bicycle very useful to him when residing at Ramleh and Alexandria. It saved a considerable and otherwise very necessary outlay on carriage hire. In the interior it was a source of amusement and a happy form of introduction to the *Fellaheen* and others. Nothing but a very strong machine could have borne the strain of the camel-track and rough country "road." The writer's "Humber" was

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* See last page of Advertisements.

TO SOLOVÉTSK THE HOLY.

79

almost entirely by the monks and volunteer workers, but it is slow, and we were thankful to be on the *Solovétsk*, a more trusty vessel for White Sea weather.

About eighteen hours' steaming from Archangel brought us round the southern point of the islands and opposite the monastery into Solovétsk Roads. Slowly now we pick our way along the channel into the monastery inlet. We pass Péshii Island, and, warily swinging this way and that, at last are safely in the wonderful land-locked harbour of Solovétsk. As we glide up the wharf a crowd of eager pilgrims and monks on shore keep pace, running along with cries of interest, and all the Orthodox on deck drink in with reverent loving eyes the welcome scene.

We made fast within a few feet of some of the monastery buildings, and were astonished at the massy walls of the Solovétskii Kreml', rising from the strand, and enclosing three cathedrals with their green cupolas with gold crosses and pendent chains, and many other buildings. Seagulls flew around and perched in the rigging, and the morning air, fresh and crisp, was filled with the cries of hundreds of sea-mews sailing in the bright sunshine.

The voyage was now over, and the long journey from distant England ended, and I was actually at my goal, the home of Zosíma and Savvátii—Solovétsk the holy.

A good monk, Vissarión by name, comes down from the monastery in his black habit and flowing klóbuk. He is one of the superior monks of his

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INDIAN BURIAL-PLACES.

125

Our Indian ponies kept up a long ambling "wolf-loup," until we had approached a wood, outside of which we fastened up our "shag-nappies."

We found a trail which took us into the densest part of the bush, and looking up into the cotton-



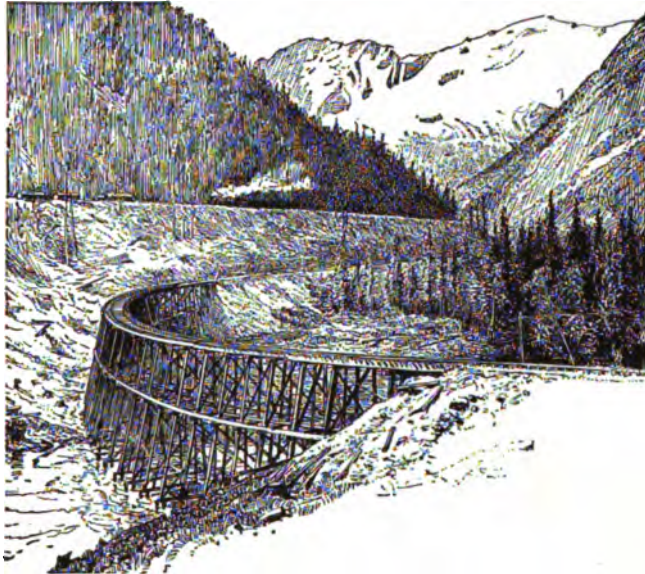
JIM BIG PLUME, A SARCEE INDIAN.

wood trees, we soon began to see the bodies of dead Indians up in the boughs. Here was a rough corded box containing probably the body of an infant. Further on, an adult wrapped up in the willow bed-rest on which he had died. Below were the bones of a horse which had been sacri-

* See last page of Advertisements.

152 BY OCEAN, PRAIRIE, AND PEAK.

anything we have seen to the east. Hundreds of miles of deep cañon and swirling rivers. In the evening we skirt the great Shuswap Lake and see



THE GREAT BEND.

the Indian in his frail canoe fishing; the tranquil surface reflecting the purple clouds so clear in this marvellous atmosphere.

YALE, ON THE FRASER RIVER.

I could not wish to live to the end of my days in a more noble spot than at this point in the gorge

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18

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.

"One Sunday morning, hearing the church bell ringing for Holy Communion, CHRIST spoke to me. He seemed to say, 'Why don't you obey My command, and come to this holy feast?' I stood and listened. Yes, JESUS was inviting me. How could I go? 'I would have to be confirmed,' was the next thought. Then came Satan tempting me with doubts and fears. 'I have commanded it,' JESUS seemed to say, 'and you must obey Me;' and He was victorious.

"I prayed and asked Him to make the way easy; this He also did, and in due time I was confirmed—made a member of His Church. Did God leave me there? No. Although there have been times of darkness, and as if God had forsaken me, yet He is always the same LORD. I received the gift of the HOLY SPIRIT, and He has taught me many things—how that CHRIST cleanses from sin now; also to say, 'I am crucified with CHRIST; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me;' He (CHRIST) in me perfecting holiness in the fear of God, and now to look and long for the appearing of our LORD, when we shall be caught up to meet the LORD in the air, and so shall we ever be with the LORD."

XV.—THE SERVICE ITSELF.

"Well, that's ower (over) at any rate," were the words I heard from a thoughtless young lad in Durham Cathedral some years ago. I was standing by the steps down which he and his companions came from the sanctuary, where our dear Bishop had that moment laid his hands upon him.

What do we not miss by such conduct? That boy, I'm afraid, had never thought of receiving or taking the HOLY GHOST. Brothers and sisters, be much in prayer that blessed day. In the church do not stare at the dress or appearance of

* See last page of Advertisements.

TO KAIRWÂN THE HOLY: Scenes in Muhammedan Africa.
Illustrated by A. F. JACASSEY. This description of a visit
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CHAPTER X.

IN THE SAHARA.

A cavalcade—The steed of the Prophet—*Al Borâc's* trappings
 —His voice—Through the Mesheyah—The desert—Its
 colour—Bedouin and *Bindiggah*—*Hubz*—Ain Zhara—Up
 a *Nuklah*—*Palman qui meruit ferat*—Trot to Tripoli—*Al*
Borâc's last.

"WE are just off to the desert," I hurriedly added
 as a postscript to my letter home one afternoon, and
 then rushed along to Mr. Grace's, where it seemed as
 if half the donkeys in Tripoli were assembled and
 showing off their voices.

It would be about three o'clock in the after-
 noon, when, under the blazing sun, our cavalcade of
 seven quadrupeds, some equine, some asinine, swept
 through the Bab el Fondouk, a European caravan
 on its way to the oasis, Ain Zhara, far away in

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